The Saturday Evening
POST
January 23, 1960 – 15¢

I CALL ON PRINCESS GRACE

BY PETE MARTIN

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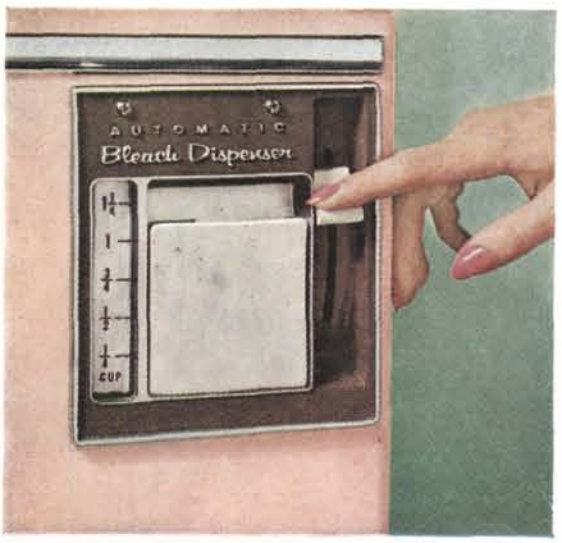
PROBLEM:
to store, measure, dilute and add bleach to your wash water... and avoid risk of bleach damage

ANSWER: Only the new General Electric Filter-Flo® Washer with Automatic Bleach Dispenser

Only the General Electric Washer stores a month's supply of bleach. Just tip the economy-size bottle into the convenient spout; the dispenser stores 3 full quarts. And remember: fill the dispenser only once a month—after that bleaching's automatic.



Measures, adds, dilutes the bleach for you—automatically. Press the fingertip pump to measure the bleach you need for any wash load. Then—even before the bleach is added to the wash water—it is diluted to safe solution. Result: sparkling, spotless, perfectly bleached clothes every time.

No lint fuzz. Lint is caught in the non-clogging moving filter, not on your clothes. Plus: Big 10-pound capacity, Cold Water Wash Key, Rinse Agent Dispenser. Mix-or-Match colors, or white; full General Electric Written Warranty.

5 automatic cycles bring "hand laundry" care to all your washables. Just touch a key, turn a dial to get correct wash and rinse water temperatures, correct wash and spin speeds and times for any washable fabric. Even wrinkle-free treatment for wash 'n wear, special handling for woolens.

Only $3.30 weekly, after a small down payment. See your dealer for his prices and liberal terms. Ask to see the matching high speed dryer, too. Most models available in Canada. General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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One menthol cigarette has to taste best—
and that's Oasis!

7 out of 10 menthol smokers say Oasis has just enough menthol . . . *just enough!*

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A SPORTING OFFER WITH A

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

In 9 big cities, coast-to-coast, menthol smokers tested Oasis against the three other leading menthol brands . . . and 7 out of 10 said Oasis has just enough menthol . . . *just enough!* Make your own taste test! Buy two packs of Oasis. Finish the first, and if you don't agree Oasis has just enough menthol . . . is the best-tasting menthol cigarette yet, return the empty wrapper and the second pack to Box 140, Dept. C, Mt. Vernon 10, N. Y.—and we'll refund your money for both.

Note: Money-back offer expires March 31, 1960; good only one time to each customer.

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Change to Oasis—the best-tasting menthol cigarette yet!

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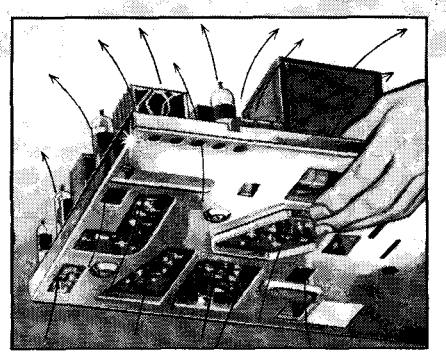
PHILCO BEATS THE HEAT...THE MAJOR CAUSE OF ALL TV FAILURES

with new COOL-CHASSIS TV

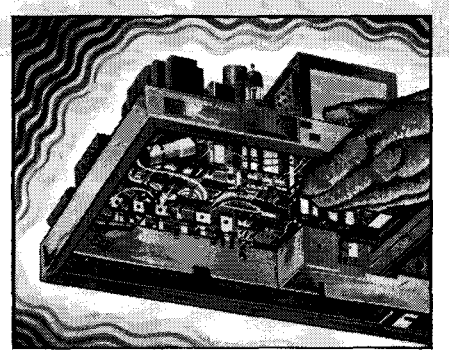
After a million hours of life testing, Philco solves the problem of heat-induced TV breakdowns!

Heat in a TV set shortens component life, weakens TV signals and causes permanent damage to chassis parts. Now, Philco beats this costly heat.

Philco creates a chassis with a ventilated base, no heat traps. Philco does away with "stacking" TV parts, mounts them *all on top* of the exclusive "Air-Flo" base. And, most important, Philco designs the chassis with an invisible heat barrier that keeps all delicate elements away from heat-producing components so they perform better and last longer! You get 43% longer TV life.



PHILCO COOL-CHASSIS
No parts underneath, no heat traps. Heat-barrier design directs heat away from critical parts. "Air-Flo" mounting of parts permits maximum cooling. Perma-Circuit® panels are non-conducting.



OLD-FASHIONED HEAT-TRAP CHASSIS
Stacked components – one below the other – pyramid and multiply heat intensity. Parts, mounted underneath, generate heat which is *trapped* by old-fashioned oven-type, upside-down chassis.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

Why did Mr. Holladay of New York fly down South—to make it more inconvenient to get his daily work done? This is only about 50 per cent a silly question. Anyway, his wife is enjoying his vacation 100 per cent. Meanwhile the eager-trayed bellhop is probably saving up money to emigrate to New York and there become rich enough to fly down South. A daffy thing about winter vacations is that the idea seems to be to get into the sun but keep in the shade. The gentle, azure water, the soft and lazy trade winds—they kindly soothe the psyche. But the sun is likely to cook the flesh before reaching the psyche. This can be solved by everybody's being given a two-month vacation for slow tanning. Or, as artist Jim Williamson has done, go down South and live there.

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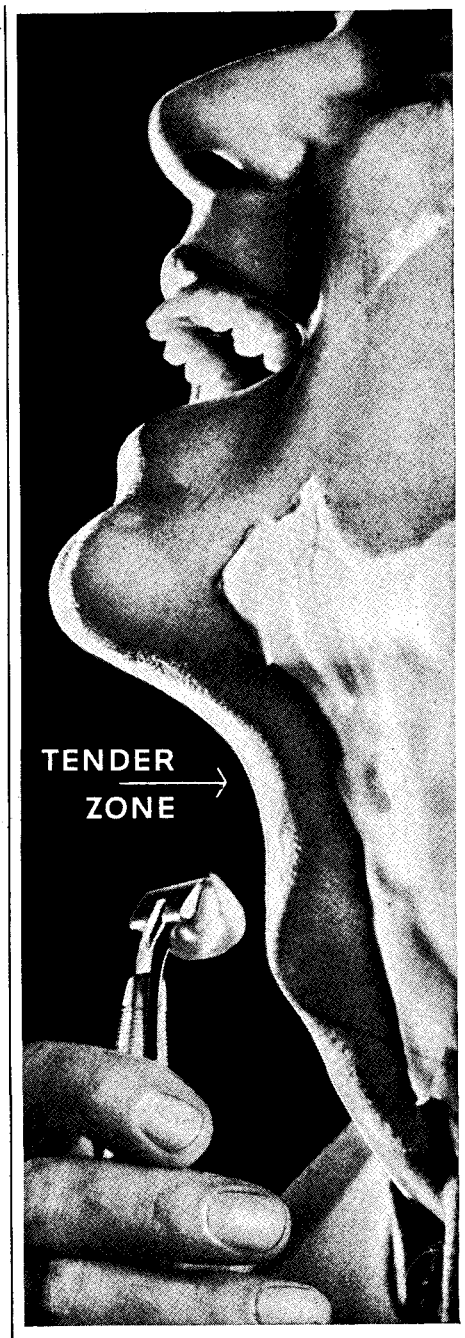

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No Antiseptic . . . not even any other leading mouthwash . . . gives you the wonderfully refreshing feeling you get from LAVORIS.

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- Kills millions of odor-causing germs on contact.
- Cleans away odors.
- Freshens your breath.
- Keeps your mouth tasting clean, feeling healthier for hours.

Try LAVORIS! You'll say . . . "No wonder more dentists use LAVORIS than all other mouthwashes combined." The best prescription for your mouth . . . see your dentist for professional care, use LAVORIS every day.

LAVORIS® Mouthwash and Gargle

Your mouth feels sparkling clean for hours

Only LAVORIS, of the 4 best selling mouthwashes, is accepted for advertising by the AMERICAN DENTAL ASSOCIATION.

Letters

"Devilish Good"

Dear Sirs:

The philological *vin rosé* of C. S. Lewis' SCREWTAPE PROPOSES A TOAST [ADVENTURES OF THE MIND, 42, Dec. 19] so tickled the taste buds that I exclaimed, "Renaissance vintage!" and laughed so hard I could think.

JAMES BALL
Middletown, Ky.

Dear Sirs:

Devilish good dope.

HANS R. POULSEN
Old Lyme, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

It is difficult to calculate the great good that will come from exposing your readers to such an important question as mass mediocrity and Christian principle.

Screwtape must be howling with displeasure at seeing his speech in print.

EDWARD R. GAINES
Fort Worth, Texas

Dear Sirs:

His wit slyly forces his reader into serious reflection, the deadly enemy of both conformity and self-righteousness which he correctly holds in such dishonorable esteem.

MRS. PETER J. VAN MELLE
Homewood, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Must we be subjected to the snobbishness (running mate to envy) of an "individual" whose exalted professorship raises him above the "Little Man"? . . . .

Even us "Just Folks" are capable of understanding morality and righteousness without having it translated into a satirical invective by a Screw (ball).

MRS. J. W. GIBBS
Martinsville, Va.

Dear Sirs:

It would be possible to be quite impressed with Mr. Lewis' "Screwtape" if one hadn't read enough of his other writing to recognize that he actually believes most of his Technicolor theology.

DONNA TRELOAR
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Grading the Teacher

Dear Sirs:

My first impression on seeing [Amos Sewell's] Dec. 12 *Post* cover—fire a teacher who shows no interest in talking to a parent [about] Johnny's marks.

Then I looked again.

Teacher is not wearing a wedding band. She probably had a late date the night before and has been sleepy all day.

MRS. LEROY FRITTS, *Truste.*
Dimondale Area Schools
Dimondale, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

I could be on either side of that desk as I am a teacher and also the mother of

(Continued on Page 6)

WANDERING EYES

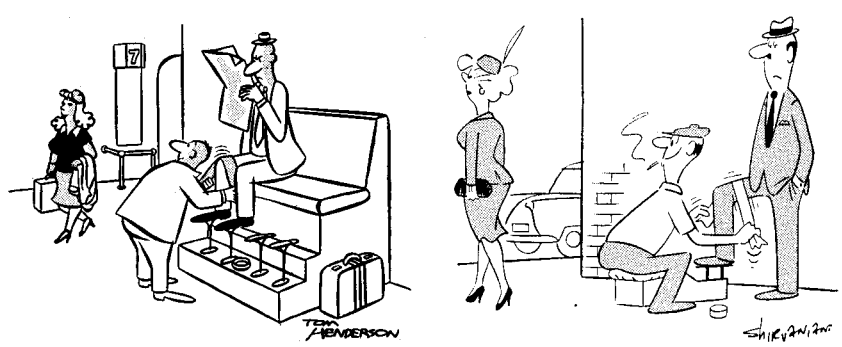
Dear Sirs:

In reading past issues of *The Post*, I noticed that the cartoon on page 70 in the April 1, 1950, issue is almost the same as the one on page 88 of the Dec. 19, 1959, issue. . . .

I admire your persistence but it was not funny the first time.

RALPH GARY
Baylor University
Waco, Texas

● *Actually, the second version is quite different. See letter below.* —ED.



Dear Sirs:

The man who is having his shoes shined has two eyes on one side of his nose.

ROGER E. WILLIAMS
Jacksonville, Fla.

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THE WORLD'S LARGEST RECORD CLUB
celebrates its
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with the greatest offer in its history
Limited time only!

8. Also: Let It Rain, Stairway to the Sea, Flame of Love, etc.

4. A Night on Bald Mountain, Steppes of Central Asia, etc.

2. Bess, You is My Woman Now; It Ain't Necessarily So; etc.

1. Also: Everybody Loves a Lover, Love Me or Leave Me, etc.

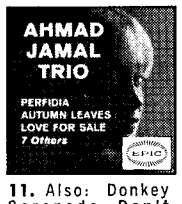
7. 1001 hi-fi delights. "...top-notch sound" — Billboard

38. Complete score of this Rodgers and Hammerstein hit

30. But Not for Me, Fascinatin' Rhythm, Man I Love, 9 more

15. This musical portrait is a beloved American classic

12. A brilliant new performance of this popular concerto



11. Also: Donkey Serenade, Don't Blame Me, etc.

13. "Musical excitement that's hard to beat" — Variety

45. A musical landscape... "spacious, noble"—High Fidelity

60. Malaguena, Fire Dance, Golliwog's Cake Walk, 10 more

21. "No symphony like it . . . incomparable"—Olin Downes

17. Pacific Sunset, Stella by Starlight, Yesterdays, 9 more

5. Tales from the Vienna Woods, Blue Danube, 8 others

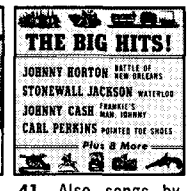
16. "Hilarious . . . truly priceless comedy"—L.A. Examiner

20. Sweet Adeline, For Me and My Gal, Pretty Baby, 13 more

18. Also: Blessed Are They That Mourn, Come Ye Saints, etc.

6. Blue Moon, Fools Rush In, Don't Worry 'bout Me, 9 more

59. Where or When, April in Paris, Red Top, 8 others


THE BIG HITS!
JOHNNY HORTON BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS
STONEWALL JACKSON WATERLOO
JOHNNY CASH FRANKIE'S MAN, JOHNNY
CARL PERKINS POINTED TOE SHOES
Plus 8 More

41. Also songs by Price, Walker, Hart, Morgan, Frizzell, etc.

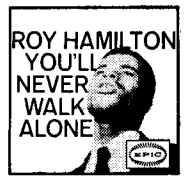
57. 12 hymns: Walk Over God's Heaven, Didn't It Rain, etc.

27. Complete score. "...practically flawless" — New Yorker

3. You Do Something to Me, When You're Smiling, 10 others

14. Rain in Spain, I Could Have Danced All Night, etc.

36. Superbly played by one of Europe's finest orchestras



37. Ebb Tide, If I Loved You, Unchained Melody, 9 others

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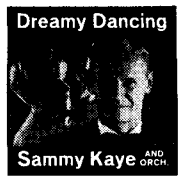
50. All the fire and dash of this ever-popular ballet score

48. Tico-Tico, My Shawl, Besame Mucho, 9 others

40. One Kiss, Will You Remember, Song of Love, 9 more



52. Remember, Sweet and Lovely, No Greater Love, 9 more

62. Rags to Riches, Because of You, Sing You Sinners, 9 more

29. A superb recording of this enchanting dance drama

51. The Man I Love, Blue Room, Stardust, Am I Blue, 11 more

63. A thrilling performance of 4 sparkling folk melodies

35. Also: Please, Mr. Sun; Just Walkin' in the Rain; etc.

43. Solitude, Where or When, Dancing in the Dark, 6 more

32. Also: That's My Desire; Rose, Rose I Love You; etc.

34. Three of Beethoven's most popular piano sonatas

56. No, Not Much!; Moments to Remember; Istanbul; 9 more

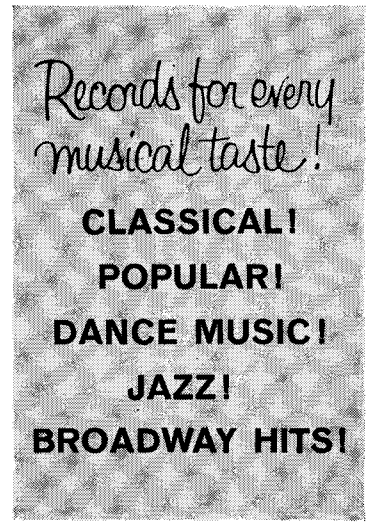
58. Rodgers & Hammerstein's fabulous Broadway musical

47. Arioso, Air for the G String, Come Sweet Death, 5 more

39. The great Metropolitan tenor sings 12 Italian favorites

19. Autumn Leaves, April in Paris, La Vie en Rose, 13 more

24. Seven brilliant selections played by a great young pianist



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You may accept the monthly selection for your Division . . . take any of the wide variety of other records offered in all Divisions . . . or take NO record in any particular month.

Your only obligation as a member is to purchase five selections from the more than 200 Columbia and Epic records to be offered in the coming 12 months . . . and you may discontinue your membership at any time thereafter.

The records you want are mailed and billed to you at the regular list price of $3.98 (Classical and Original Cast selections, $4.98), plus a small mailing and handling charge.

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SEND NO MONEY — Mail coupon to receive 5 records for $1.97

COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB, Dept. 205-3
Terre Haute, Indiana

I accept your special 5th Anniversary Offer and have circled at the right the numbers of the five records I wish to receive for $1.97, plus small mailing and handling charge. Enroll me in the following Division of the Club:

(check one box only)

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☐ **Broadway, Movies, Television and Musical Comedies**

I agree to purchase five selections from the more than 200 to be offered during the coming 12 months, at regular list price plus small mailing and handling charge. For every two *additional* selections I accept, I am to receive a 12" Columbia or Epic Bonus record of my choice FREE.

Name.....
(Please Print)

Address.....

City.....ZONE....State.....

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CANADA: prices slightly higher; address 1111 Leslie St., Don Mills, Ont.

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Dealer's Address.....27

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4	16	35	51
5	17	36	52
6	18	37	56
7	19	38	57
8	20	39	58
9	21	40	59
10	24	41	60
11	27	43	62
12	29	45	63

Q-AC

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P. S. Send cash anywhere, anytime–in minutes –with a Telegraphic Money Order.

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

three school-age children. I know the anguish that might be in the heart of that mother when she senses that the teacher really doesn't care about Johnny's success or failure.

It would have given the parents of America much more confidence in our schools and teachers, if an expression had been chosen which would have portrayed the deep interest which many teachers have for their charges.

MRS. W. H. OSTERHAUS
Arlington, Va.

Dear Sirs:

Teachers, at least the ones I have been privileged to consult with, have always been appreciative that the report card was getting some attention. . . .

The cover was an insult to the teachers of America. . . . I am not a teacher.

MRS. DONALD E. GRAF
Kenmore, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

A+ to artist Sewell.

KEITH MARTIN, *Asst. Supt.*
Enterprise School District
Compton, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

The [assignment noted on the blackboard] reveals the flaw in the American educational system. It is already time for the ten weeks' report card, but the class is still on page 12 in the spelling book and page 15 and 16 in the arithmetic text. At this rate, considerable time was no doubt allotted to a memorization of the publisher's address and the table of contents.

GERALD BLANKENSHIP
Visalia, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Miss Boredom must have a very retarded room. . . . My average room was on page 30 of our spelling book and on pages 160–165 in our arithmetic as of the twelfth week of the school year.

GAIL ACORD
Seattle, Wash.

The Case of The Dislodged Detective

Dear Sirs:

In THE CASE OF THE MYTHICAL MONKEYS by Erle Stanley Gardner [May 2–June 20, 1959], it states that detective Paul Drake has his offices on the *same* floor as Perry Mason's. Just a few days ago I completed *The Case of the Curious Bride*, also by Mr. Gardner, and it states that Drake's offices were on the floor *below* Mason's. Do they move very often? . . .

Incidentally, Erle Stanley Gardner is my favorite mystery writer.

MRS. FAY SELLERS
Montreal, Mo.

● *Knowing that author-lawyer Gardner is never at a loss for words, we invited him to testify in his own behalf. His explanation follows.—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

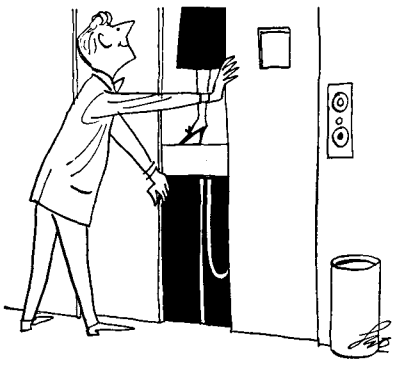
The Case of the Curious Bride was published in 1934. I have a vague recollection that around January of 1935 the landlord raised the rent on Drake's offices to about twice what it had been, and Drake got mad and told him he'd move out. So the owner of the building came to Drake and said, "Now, Paul, don't get mad about this. We've had to raise the rent of your offices because Madam Curlicue, who has the beauty parlor in the adjoining offices, has expanded her business to such a point that she needs these offices and said, 'If you don't dig me up more room, I'm going to move.'

"Look, Paul," the owner said, "we've got a wonderful suite of offices on the floor above, right next to the elevator, on the same floor as Perry Mason. We can give you space that is suitably designed and let you have it at less rent."

Drake was still mad. He said, "I just don't like being pushed around. And who the hell is Perry Mason? I never heard of the guy until two years ago. Why should I change my offices to be near him?"

Well, the agent for the building, who was a fellow named Smoothinplush and was a glib-tongued, sweet-talking salesman, came to Drake and said, "You think it over, Paul, because I think Mason is going to have a career. He's a comer. You don't realize it now, but he is going to become one of the greatest criminal attorneys in the United States and you better get your office next to him. But don't say anything now while you are still mad. Just think it over."

Then Smoothinplush took the elevator up to Mason's office and went to see Mason's lovely, good-natured secretary, Della Street, and said, "Miss Street, would you do me a favor? You go on down and get Paul Drake in an amiable mood and tell him that you'd like to have him up here on this floor so that when he rides up in the elevator with you he isn't always getting off on the floor below and leaving you to complete the ride in mid-sentence, so to speak."



So Della did and Paul did, and he's been up there for some fifty books, and now whenever Della Street comes into the room, he says, "Hi, beautiful!"

So you just tell Mrs. Fay Sellers of Montreal, Missouri, that she certainly is a close reader, but she just didn't understand all the facts in the case.

ERLE STANLEY GARDNER
Temecula, Calif.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

13–Philippe Halsman. • 14–Zen Yonkovig. • 15–Philippe Halsman. • 16, 17–Sam Bates. 18–Bill Shrout; Hans Knopf. • 19–Two from Camera Press—Pix; Two by Hans Knopf; Wide World. • 20, 21–Joe Bowler. • 22, 23–John Burns. • 24–Robert Jones. • 25–Bill Shrout. • 26–Ollie Atkins: New Bedford Sunday Standard; Wide World; Religious News Service; Ollie Atkins. • 27–Two from Wide World; New York Times; Wide World. • 28, 29–Peter Stevens. • 30–U. S. Navy; Bob Towers. • 31–Stan Galli. 33–Philippe Halsman. • 37–Bernard D'Andrea. • 38, 39–Don Ornitz. • 96–Bob Towers; Richard Fish; Anonymous.

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How come one of the world's most important insurance companies is located in Wausau, Wisconsin?

The fishing's good near Wausau. It's only a stone's throw to where the deer run. Once in a while, they say, a lynx comes down from the north.

And it's the home of one of the most important insurance companies in the world.

How come?

This was lumber country once. And lumbering was a hazardous business. 48 years ago a group of lumbermen joined together to pay the claims of injured sawmill workers under Wisconsin's new workmen's compensation law. The group came to be called The Employers Mutuals.

Wausau is no longer lumber country. But Employers Mutuals has stayed. So have the men who guided it from the beginning.

How come?

Because they knew that something good had grown up there. A certain way of doing business that was good. An almost *personal* character. A fairness that bent over backward rather than forward. Policyholders and their employees kept saying that Employers Mutuals were "good people to do business with."

There was a "Wausau personality" about us that people seemed to like and we didn't want to lose.

We're a large company today. We write all types of casualty and fire insurance, and are one of the very largest in the field of workmen's compensation. We have two reputations, born and raised in Wausau, that we aim to hold. One is unexcelled service on claims. The other is an accident prevention program that means lower insurance costs to policyholders.

We're still "Wausau." But today there are offices of Employers Mutuals of Wausau in 110 cities. "A little bit of Wausau" is near you, wherever you live. And we're still good people to do business with.

Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau

"Good people to do business with"

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sixty's sizzler ...that's Chevy!

If this one doesn't give you a case of new-car fever, nothing will. For where—even among the most expensive makes—can you find any thing more zestful to look at, more restful to ride in than this superlative new Chevrolet? No other leading low-priced car coddles you wit Full Coil springs at all four wheels, custom-fits your driving foot with such a wide choice of engines and transmissions or looks afte your welfare with Safety Plate *Glass all around, crank-operated ventipanes and dozens of other refinements that make a car a comfor to own. Check your dealer on all the ways Chevy has gone out of its way to please you without once going outside your budget*

See The Dinah Shore Chevy Show Sunday, NBC-TV—The Pat Boone Chevy Showroom Weekly, ABC-TV

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Roomier Body by Fisher *with a lower, narrower transmission tunnel that gives you more foot room.*

Pride-pleasing style (*you'll like the way it combines good looks with good sense—take a look at that easier-to-load vacation-sized trunk, for instance*).

New Economy Turbo-Fire V8 (*makes friends fast by getting up to 10% more miles on a gallon of regular—yet gives you the "git" Chevy's famous for*).

Widest choice of engines and transmissions (*24 combinations in all—with output all the way to 335 h.p. to satisfy the itchiest driving toe*).

Hi-Thrift 6 (*savin'est six in any full-size car—built with Chevy's ever-faithful dependability*).

Coil springs at all 4 wheels (*with the extra cushioning of newly designed body mounts, Chevrolet almost lets you forget there's a road under you*).

Bonded-lining Safety-Master brakes (*they stop quicker with less pedal pressure—another important reason Chevy's the kind of friend you can count on. And they last longer between relines, too*).

CHEVROLET

Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan

there's nothing like a new car . . . and no new car like a '60 Chevrolet. This is the Impala Sport Sedan.

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Editorials

Khrushchev Holds the Key to U.S. Arms Reduction

By
CAPT. W. D. PULESTON
U.S.N. (ret.)

Although events have tended to cool down the enthusiasm of some Americans for Khrushchev's proposal for total disarmament, his suggestion is still taken seriously by many whose understanding of the horrors of nuclear war has weakened their critical faculties. Few dispute the validity of the objective, if it could be achieved; but there are many obstacles in the road. The immediately controlling one is the difficulty of setting up an inspection system capable of seeing to it that all great powers observed their pledges. In fact, there are so many obstacles that to many peace-loving people disarmament is just "pie in the sky."

There is one sure and simple way for the U.S.S.R. to bring about at least partial disarmament of the United States. If the Kremlin can bring itself to loosen the bonds of its captive nations, beginning with Hungary and Poland, tension between the Communist empire and the free world would decrease at once.

The Soviet leaders could follow this up without danger to their country by releasing the Balkans. Before long these governments would look to Moscow for counsel and aid as they did prior to 1914. An honest effort to persuade Red China to end its aggressions in the Far East would ease the anxieties of Japan. The release of several hundred Americans, presumed to be prisoners, by Mao Tse-tung would help convince the United States that international Communism wanted to coexist peacefully with the free world.

The first nation to reduce its heavy expenditures on its armed forces would be the United States. Americans are satisfied with their possessions. They are maintaining an enormous military establishment and aiding their allies with arms and men only because they place no confidence in the Kremlin's pledges. If Khrushchev would just redeem some of the pledges made by his predecessors and himself, world-wide tensions would ease immediately. And when that happened, our Congress would be the first to chop appropriations for war preparation.

Indeed, at the end of World War II we were rushing to dismantle our military establishment at a dangerous rate of speed until the Red aggression in Korea convinced us that peace was farther away than we had fondly imagined.

There are many ways by which the Soviet leaders could convince us that a genuine "thaw" justified reduction of armaments. The German problem is more difficult, but European statesmen have solved similar problems before. In an atmosphere created by the voluntary withdrawal of Red satraps in countries less closely related to its strategic problems, the Kremlin would find world opinion supporting its natural desire for secure frontiers against a rehabilitated Germany. Moscow could then depend upon France and Great Britain to take measures needed to prevent Germany from becoming the overlord of Western Europe.

The United States would gladly leave European frontiers to Europeans, if the Kremlin would consent to the rehabilitation of Europe and permit free elections in each nation. In such improbable circumstances, public opinion in the United States would insist more vociferously even than now that steps toward disarmament be speeded up.

The Oil-Lamp Era Was Fun—if You Liked to Trim Wicks

By RICHARD ATTRIDGE

There are many Americans in our modern, push-button times who have practically no knowledge or memory of our country's "oil-lamp era." We were well into the present century before electric switches put out most of the kerosene lamps, and millions of Americans over fifty can easily work up a little nostalgia for the old lamps that softly brightened a simpler day.

The "gaslight era" has, of course, been well romanticized in plays and movies—usually, for some reason, in a sinister setting. But the fact is that before electricity most American homes were illuminated with oil lamps, and they leave a cheerful glow in our memory.

There was usually a weekly ritual of preparing the household's lights. The lamps were assembled customarily on the big kitchen table—the "parlor" and "piano" lamps with their great green glass shades that glowed like jade in the cozy evenings; toylike lamps with hobnailed bases from the ladies' "commodes"; lamps daringly fitted with rose-colored silk and tassels and that "had to be watched" when lighted; the safety lamp with metal receptacle for the oil that a boy carried carefully, shielding it from drafts as he chased the gloom from the long attic stairs on his way to bed.

The lamps were wiped clean and filled, and the chimneys were washed in a dish pan of sudsy water. It was a pleasure for an industrious small boy—or girl, if she got the chance—to immerse a soot-blackened chimney into the frothy pan and take it out dripping clean, opalescent with the soap bubbles that clung to it. A kid could devote minutes of loving care to stuffing the dish towel gently inside the fragile, flared-top glass, setting it gingerly upright on the table without a fingerprint to mar its crystal beauty.

A boy could become an artist in trimming a wick, stepping back for perspective, clipping a smidgen here, turning the wick up just a trifle there, creating brightness for the night until his grandma told him to stop dawdling. And when he was allowed, at the very end of that long day in his life, to "blow out" the big kitchen lamp suspended from the center of the ceiling, lowering it to within reach on its endless chains, cupping his left hand delicately behind the top of the chimney, puffing his cheeks and holding his breath to savor the moment and finally extinguishing the flame with a soft swishing sound of air, then he was a small Prometheus in reverse, dealing personally with the materials of the gods.

In a Free Country We Cannot Be Our "Brothers' Keepers"

A common fallacy about man's duty to man was repeated recently by a prominent layman at a religious conference. As an expression of our social responsibilities he suggested, "We are our brothers' keepers."

Although this interpretation of a scriptural sentence is widely accepted, it is without foundation in ethics and can lead to more quarrels than benefits. It derives from a misreading of the passage in the fourth chapter of Genesis about the murder of Abel by his brother Cain. When the two brothers were in a field, Cain rose up against Abel and slew him. Afterward the Lord said to Cain, "Where is Abel thy brother?" Not having the benefit of our modern enlightenment, he did not take the Fifth Amendment. He simply told a lie, "I know not." And then he countered with an evasive question, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

This was altogether irrelevant. The Lord was not demanding that he be his brother's keeper, but only that he shouldn't be his brother's murderer.

In our bill of responsibilities, the first is not, as urged by sociological busybodies, that we shall be our brothers' keepers, standing watch over them and poking our noses into their private concerns. The first responsibility is that we shall not shed their blood or do any other wrong against our fellow men.

If all the world's people were our brothers, and we were our brothers' keepers, they would also be our keepers. We would be among the kept. In the slave societies of totalitarianism, from the Baltic Sea to the sad coasts of Siberia and China, everybody is required to be his brother's keeper—to maintain a sharp watch on him and to blow the whistle the minute he deviates from total obedience.

Of course, such a way of life for America is not advocated by well-meaning people who tell us that our duty is to be our brothers' keepers. Generous as they are in spirit, they have failed to draw clear distinctions between proper help and perpetual meddling. We have a duty to help the sick, the incapacitated, the very weak. But what our neighbors in general need is a large amount of being let alone.

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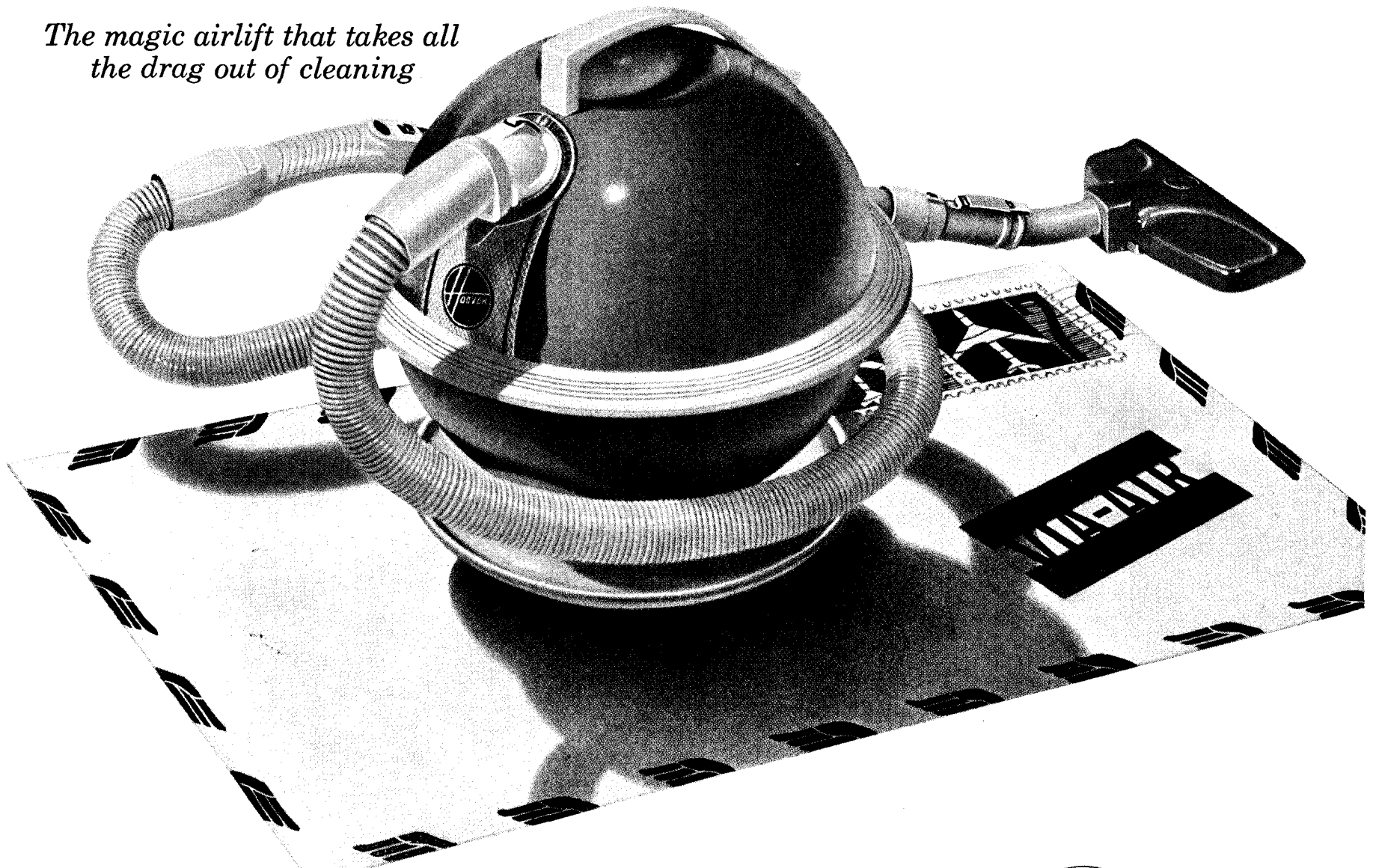
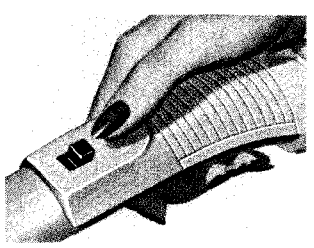
The magic airlift that takes all the drag out of cleaning



Hoover Constellation

the cleaner that Walks on air



Hoover's exclusive "Under-the-Thumb" control puts the switch on the handle where you want it. Saves you steps every time you clean.

Hoover's exclusive double-stretch hose gives you the world's longest reach. Lets you get more dirt with fewer steps.

Hoover's new Dual-Purpose nozzle adjusts for bare floors, high- and low-nap rugs. Moves along on silent, easy-going rollers. And its low silhouette makes it easier to get into more places to clean.

Now you can clean with less effort than ever with the new Hoover Constellation. That's because it lifts itself up on its own air stream—actually "walks on air" as it follows you. It eliminates the tugging and pulling of ordinary canisters. And because it's a Hoover, the Constellation is a marvel of cleaning efficiency. With its powerful motor, dual-purpose nozzle, telescoping wand, and full set of tools, it's the finest canister for all your cleaning. See it at your Hoover dealer's soon.

HOOVER® FINE APPLIANCES
. . . around the house, around the world®

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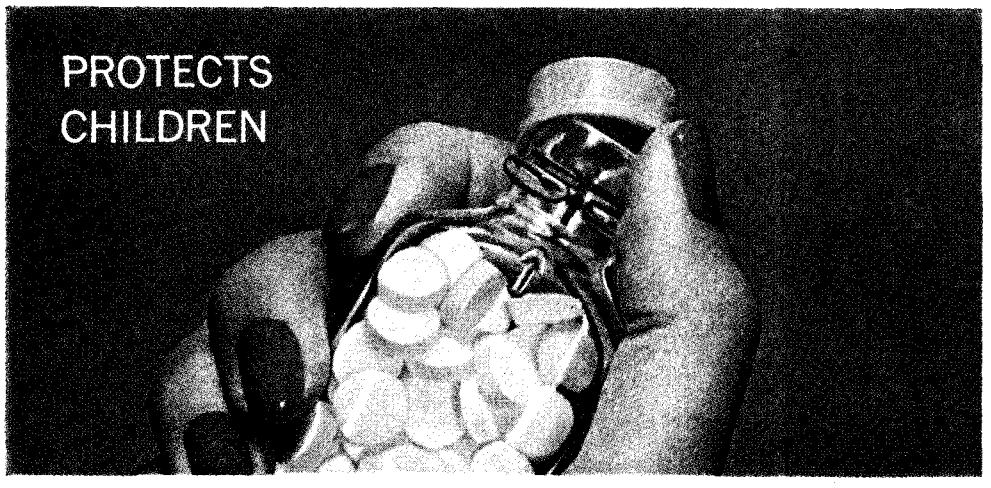
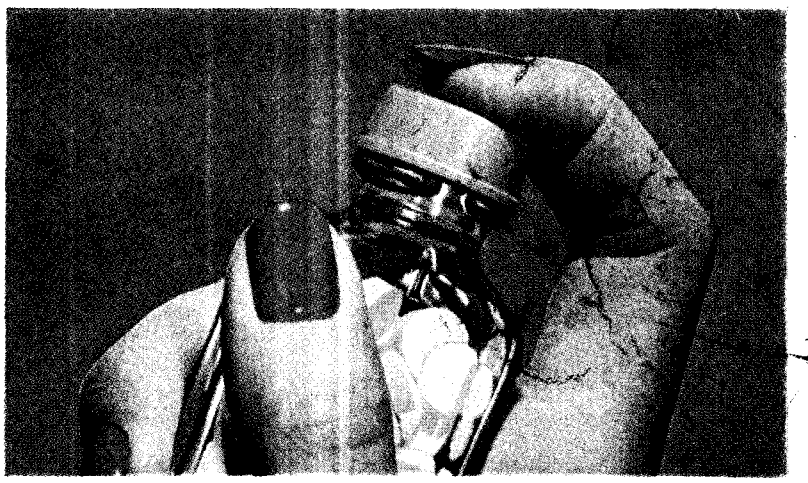


While grownups can *flick* them off . . .



snap them on . . .

Owens-Illinois plastic safety "Snap-Caps" keep small children from opening medicine bottles

"Medicine" may be poison, if taken by the wrong person. Young children, for instance. Attracted to brightly colored drugs, they open the containers—then, tragedy.

To protect your children, Owens-Illinois has developed a plastic, safety "Snap-Cap" that fits tightly over drug bottle openings. The "Snap-Cap" makes it next to impossible for tots to reach medicine inside. Yet, adults can easily remove the "Snap-Cap" with a flick of the thumb. *Flick*—it's off! *Snap*—it's back on! And plastic "Snap-Caps" *stay* secure no matter how often they're used.

Furthermore, the Owens-Illinois safety "Snap-Cap" was found the most protective closure of fourteen types tested by the Poison Control Center, Duke University Hospital. (For *complete* protection, store all drug containers where your children *can't get at them.*)

The "Snap-Cap" is typical of Owens-Illinois leadership in designing closures for all kinds of containers. It reflects the imagination and research behind *all* Owens-Illinois products.

METAL AND PLASTIC CLOSURES
AN (I) PRODUCT

CONTAINER	Duraglas bottles & jars • closures plastic containers • plastic fitments corrugated & fiber paper shipping boxes multiwall bags • kraft paper for boxes
INDUSTRIAL	Kimble all-glass TV bulbs • glass pipe glass insulators • glass tubing & rod
SCIENTIFIC	Kimble laboratory glass • vials • ampuls
	Libbey Safedge tumblers & stemware
BUILDING	glass block • glass curtain walls

OWENS-ILLINOIS
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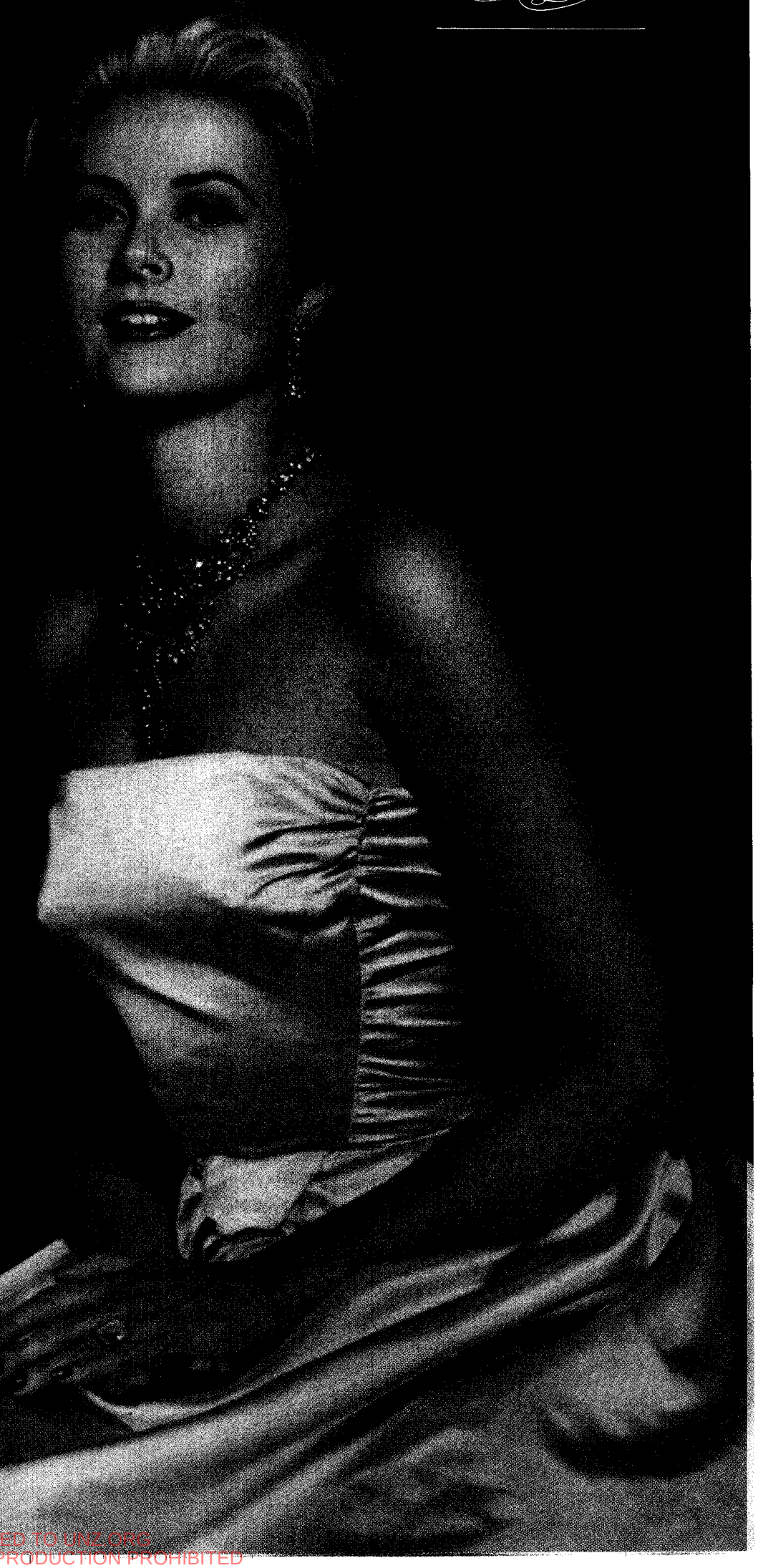
The Saturday Evening
POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
Benj. Franklin

I CALL ON PRINCESS GRACE

BY

PETE MARTIN

A Post editor asks the former Grace Kelly some intimate questions about her life since she forsook Hollywood and became mistress of Monaco's royal household.



PART ONE

My first talk with Princess Grace of Monaco was taking place in one of the formal reception rooms in the palace, not in her private apartment. The room in which we were sitting was officially designated Salon No. 1. Its décor was delicate, very feminine. The predominant color of the brocade covering its walls was beige. Small red flowers with green leaves were embroidered on it. The woodwork was Versailles gray, edged with gold. On a small writing desk were photographs of her husband, Prince Rainier III, and of her children, Prince Albert and Princess Caroline. There were two coffee tables done in red lacquer. The walls were hung with paintings of her husband's ancestors.

A number of people had suggested questions to me which they were interested in having the

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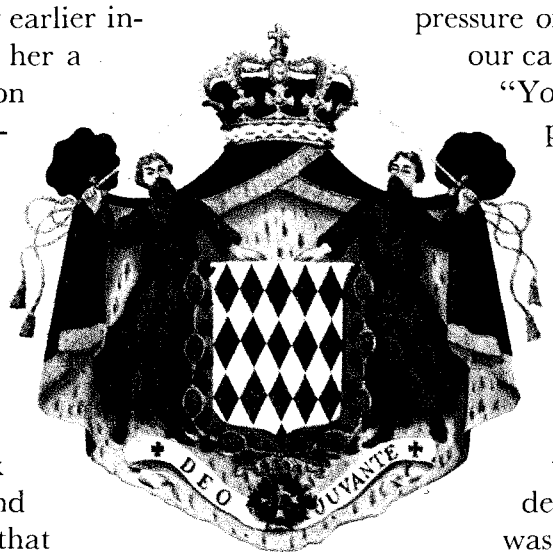
"I do miss acting in a way," says Princess Grace, "but it is no real loss, because being married and having children are far more important to me." Here she is with Princess Caroline, aged three, and Prince Albert, twenty-two months.

princess answer. I'd brought them to Monaco with me on scraps of paper. I said to her, "Ordinarily when I call on a person I don't fire questions from a list. But to save your time and mine, I've jotted a few down. If you don't mind, I'll read them to you."

"Fire away," she said. "I'm not worried about what you'll ask me."

Five years before, when I'd interviewed her in California, she had been completely poised, in control of herself and of our interview. She had worn graciousness and charm like a gown she had put on and forgotten about. Nevertheless a certain inner reserve showed in her eyes when I asked her questions she thought too personal.

To be truthful about it, I'm not adept at asking some kinds of questions—such as, "What do you do about your love life?" Notwithstanding my earlier interview, I had braced myself to ask her a few like that. When I did, her reaction was like nothing I had ever experienced before. She looked at me, smiled and said absolutely nothing. I wouldn't have been startled if she'd changed the subject or had said, "I'd rather not answer that," or, "I am sorry, I'm afraid that's my own affair." But she had done none of those things. She had just given me that long, level look and that silent smile. I felt boorish and crude and I had hurried to erase that silent smile from her face and to find a subject about which she would talk.



Prince Rainier's coat of arms commemorates the exploit of François Grimaldi, who in 1297 ousted a rival family from Monaco's citadel by disguising himself and a few soldiers as monks.

Now that I was sitting with her in her burnt-sienna-and-cream-colored palace in Monaco—the palace is definitely not pink, although some reporters, bemused by the alliteration of the words "pink" and "palace," have described it that way—and talking to her once more, I decided that she had changed not an iota since I had talked to her last, in 1954. I had thought then that her bearing was regal, her manner that of a princess. Her poise and the fact that she was unmistakably and unshakably a lady had caused one Hollywood reporter to label her "the girl with the chilled-steel insides." I hadn't found her that way. To me she had been simply a remarkably beautiful young woman who happened to be dedicated to the job of acting.

I found that her manner and her bearing were still poised. She was still gracious. She still wore her charm like a silken gown. But on second thought I decided that perhaps there was an iota of difference. She seemed less tired, less strained than she had been in 1954, when she was about to set out for the Riviera to make *To Catch a Thief* with Cary Grant. Perhaps there was another difference too—if anything, she was even more beautiful than she was in her Hollywood days.

"What about the crowds of admirers when you and your husband travel?" I asked Princess Grace. "Don't they get a little burdensome? Do they push and shove?"

"Often," she said. "But it's not as bad now as it was during the first year or two after our marriage, although even then the people were very kind to us—at least they threw kisses instead of tomatoes. However, there was one terrible time in the rain in Genoa when the pressure of the crowd was so great the side of our car was pushed in. It was frightening."

"You mean you could actually see it being pushed out of shape?" I asked her.

"There was a crushing sound," she said. "I could hear it. But the most frightening thing about it was that when a car is pushed in upon itself in that way, the people pinned against it are helpless. They can be squashed too."

"I was in a crowd like that once with Victor Mature, in a Detroit department store," I said. "The crowd was mostly women. They pushed so hard we were lifted off our feet. It scared me."

"I'm glad I wasn't there," she told me. "I am subject to attacks of claustrophobia and at times I get a little panicky in crowds."

I asked, "Has anyone ever tried to pull a button from your clothing or make away with one of your gloves as a souvenir?"

"Yes, indeed," she said. Then she added, "One of the funniest things that happened to me—only perhaps I'd better not call it funny; it may not seem that to anyone else—occurred right here in Monte Carlo. I was coming out of a shop on a religious holiday, and many of Monaco's Italian citizens were wandering about. I was quite pregnant; I was expecting Caroline. There were so many people clustered in front of this shop that it was hard for me to reach my car. I was getting through the crowd as best I could when an Italian woman rubbed *CONTINUED ON PAGE 40*

Photographs by Philippe Halsman

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Beginning
a dramatic novel
about a stormy genius
and an amazing
ship that changed
the course
of history.

The Monitor Affair

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

The gentleman residing at No. 95 Franklin Street had just completed a very successful day. Drawn-out negotiations had been brought to a conclusion. In return for the payment of five dollars, a neighbor had agreed not to harbor a barking dog for the period of two years. And as consideration for two gold watches the Misses Gildersleeve, who occupied the adjoining house, had bound themselves not to play upon their piano before ten o'clock in the morning. Other negotiations with householders who kept crowing roosters were in process, but had not as yet been crowned with so fortunate an issue.

Probably this was the first systematic noise-abatement campaign to be waged in New York City. The gentleman who waged it was named John Ericsson. He was in his fifty-eighth year, and his face, which had been handsome when he had been a young officer in the Jutland Field Chasseurs in Sweden, was now stern and rockbound. His hair, iron gray, was receding from a noble brow. Whiskers descended to the point of his chin, but his upper and lower lips were clean-shaven to reveal a mouth that could only be described as grim.

He sat on a piano stool before his desk, a flat-topped affair upon which he made exquisitely beautiful mechanical drawings, for he was an engineer of eminence and an inventor whose ideas involved him in acrimonious

A vast, hostile crowd gathered to stare at the man it resented—the newly elected President Lincoln.

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controversies. Behind him was a table. It was not so long as Mr. Ericsson, but upon it he was accustomed to take siestas with his feet hanging uncomfortably over the end.

The only other occupant of the house was an Irishwoman of incredible scrawniness named Ann Cassidy, who stood not the least in awe of Mr. Ericsson's temper and who always kept two loaves of bread on her employer's dining-room mantel until they achieved just that quality of staleness which he demanded. She was the one woman he tolerated, for he was a practicing misogynist, having once been the husband of a beautiful Englishwoman who found she could not compete with engineering problems and betook herself back to her native land. To John Ericsson she had been a rather interesting mechanical device, but not alluring as a female nor attractive as an intellectual stimulus.

In short, one would not hesitate to assert that the *mot juste* for this broad-shouldered Swede was "eccentric."

The front doorbell sounded and presently Ann Cassidy came into the room to announce that a young gentleman was asking to see her employer.

"I'm seeing no one today," Mr. Ericsson replied gruffly.

"'Tis a nice-seemin' boy," said Ann Cassidy boldly, "wit' a smile 'n' big hands 'n' feet." Big hands and feet were admired by the little woman. "He said to tell ye he was born in Vermland, whativer that may be."

"Cease your clacking and send the young man in," said Mr. Ericsson, who never turned a Swede away from his door. His love of Sweden and his hatred of Russia were two motivating influences in his life.

The housekeeper returned with the caller, who was a man in his twenties who, oddly enough, looked more like an Irishman than a Swede. He was six feet tall, with a slender waist, and feet and hands, as Ann Cassidy had promised, of ample size. There was a look of audacity about the boy and a glint of mischievous humor in his gray eyes.

John Ericsson frowned. "Who are you and what is your business with me?"

"I am Eric Nelson, sir, and I was born in Långbanshyttan. I told the woman Vermland, which is near, as you know, because none but a Swede could pronounce the other."

"My father," Ericsson said, "was inspector of mines there."

"As is well known," said Eric Nelson.

"Your business with me?" John Ericsson repeated.

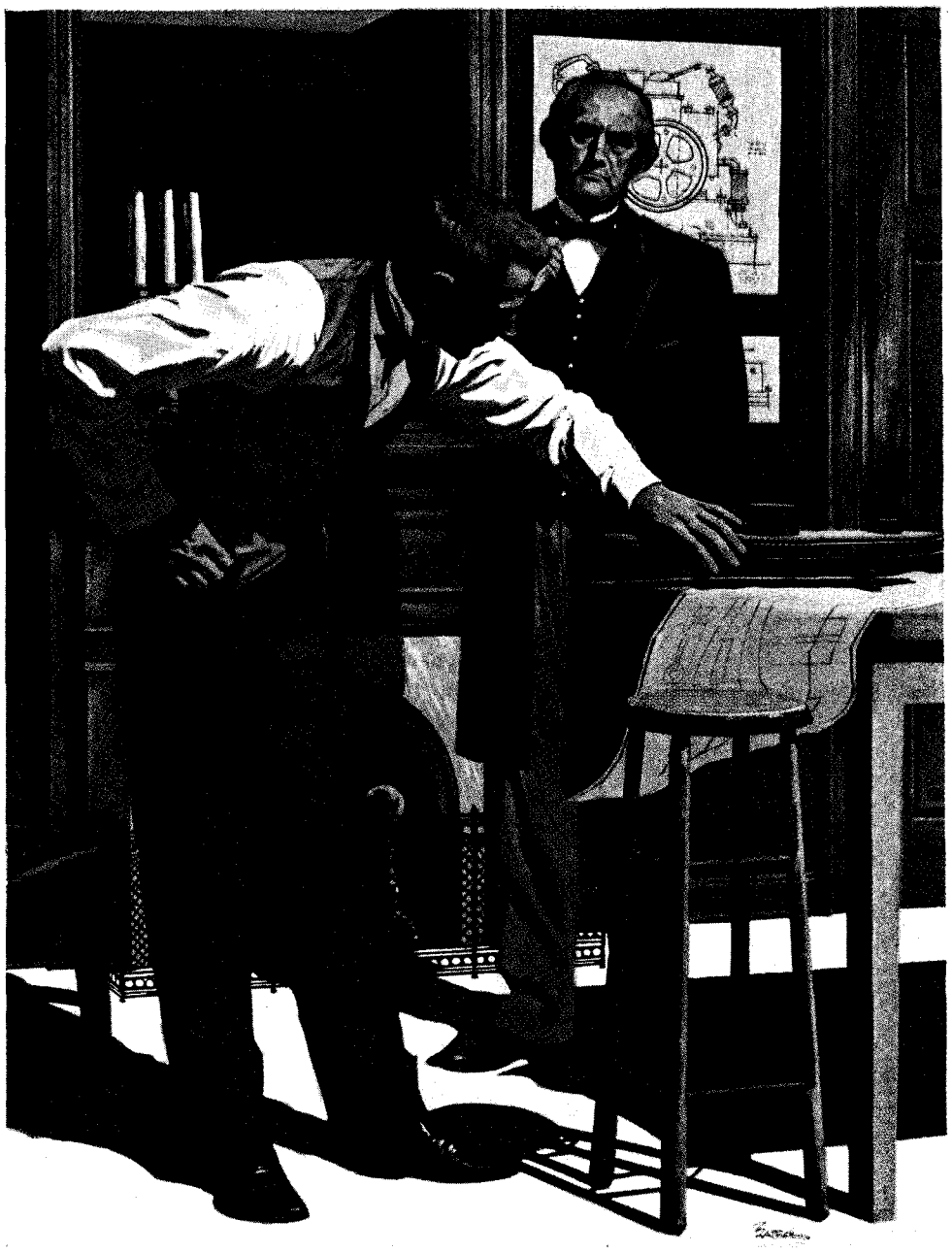
"Sir," said the young man, "I have it in me to be a great engineer. Maybe in twenty years as great as you."

Ericsson almost smiled. "A Swede," he exclaimed, "as modest as an Irishman."

"So," went on Eric Nelson, "I want to learn from you. Nobody else can teach me so much. In all the round world is no other engineering brain to equal yours."

Ericsson was a vain man. He threw back his shoulders and widened his splendid chest.

"Nels Lagerloff," said the young man, "tells me you think to hire a draftsman or assistant. I want that job, sir." With a gesture of self-approval he patted himself on the breast. "I am the man you want. With a fine-tooth comb you could not find a better in this city."



"What is it?" Eric asked, examining the model. "Is it a ship, sir?"

John Ericsson was of two minds—whether to laugh at such bumptiousness or to toss the young man out into the street. Eric Nelson's wide grin made up his mind in Nelson's favor. But it was touch and go. Had the boy been anything but a Swede he would have been sent flying. Ericsson arose suddenly from his piano stool and motioned young Nelson to sit there.

"You see this drawing," he said. "It is an improvement to my caloric engine. You will copy it."

Young Nelson regarded the older man out of the corner of his eye; then he took his place on the piano stool and studied the beautifully executed mechanical drawing. Deftly he fastened a sheet of drawing paper with thumbtacks and commenced to make lines and arcs on the surface before him. He was all attention now, with no sign of jauntiness or bumptiousness. His huge hands moved surely. There were no erasures. Ericsson, watching, could see no hesitation, no uncertainty, only practiced sureness and speed. The young man forgot everything else in his absorption, whistling between his teeth as his hands guided the drawing instruments.

At last he sat erect and peered at what he had accomplished. He seemed to throw off both concentration and grim soberness with an expelled breath. He struck the desk with his fist.

"Maybe another Swede can equal that," he said jubilantly, "but I doubt it."

Ericsson bent over the drawing, and his critical eyes found it excellent—beyond his expectations.

"You've been well taught," Ericsson said grudgingly.

"Also," Eric said, "I write shorthand."

"I pen my own letters in my own hand," Ericsson said stiffly. "I'll have none of these modern gadgets."

"Still it might come in handy," Nelson suggested. "I throw it in for good measure."

"Your age?"

"Twenty-five."

"You are working where?"

"The Greenpoint Yard," answered Nelson.

"Shipyard?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are a strong young man, Nelson."

"Not many can put me on my back."

"We will see," said the fifty-eight-year-old inventor. "Sit again."

Ericsson took a chair to the opposite side of the table and rested his elbow on the surface, fingers spread. (Continued on Page 74)

Illustrated by Sam Bates

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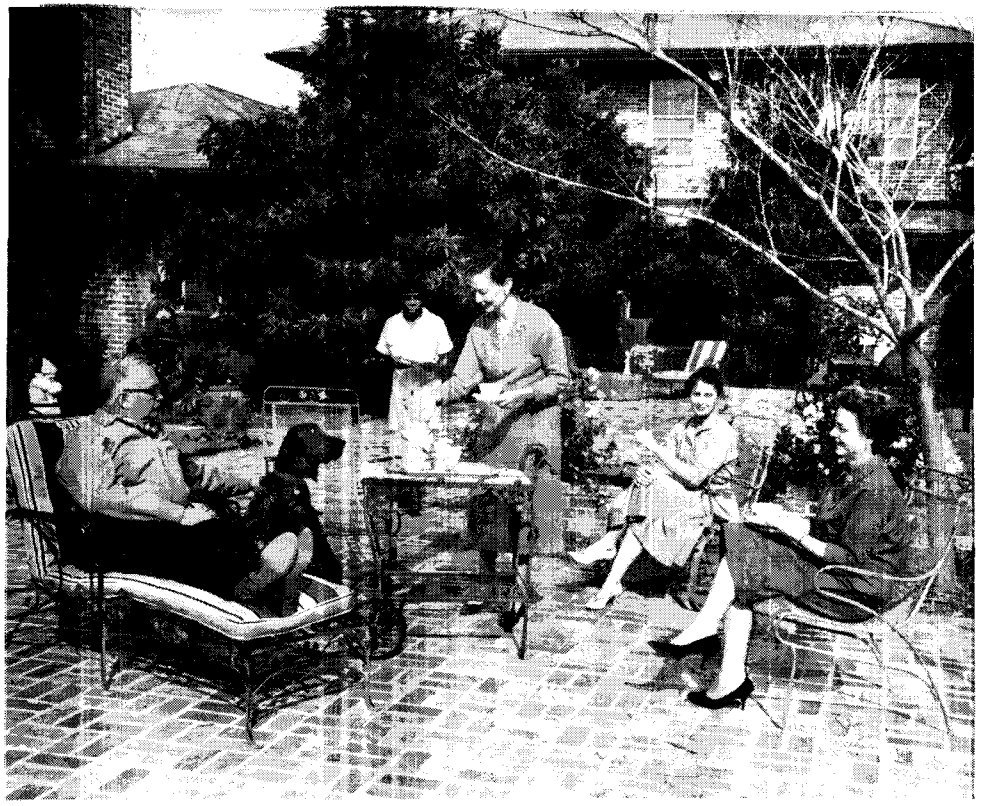
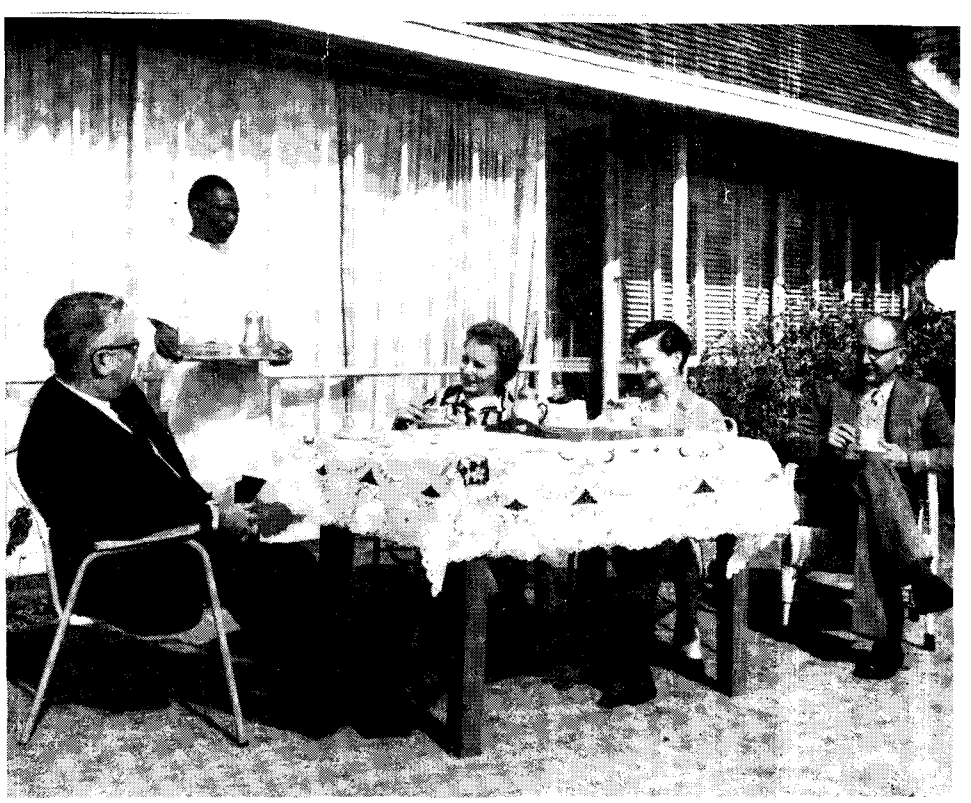


Hodding Carter and his wife, Betty, entertaining at home in Greenville, Miss. "Southerners take pride in their hospitality," he says, "but never had we met such hospitality as was extended to us by South Africans."



"The Afrikaners are more nearly like Southerners than are any other people on earth," believes the author, shown here with Mrs. Carter at the Pretoria, S.A., home of Mrs. Jan Moolman (second from left). At right, D. P. Villiers, also a guest.

We Never Felt More at Home

By HODDING CARTER

A noted Mississippi newspaper editor compares the bitter Negro-white struggle he found in South Africa with the integration dilemma of our own South.

The Johannesburg immigration officer, noting from my entrance papers that I was a newspaper publisher, looked up and said with a familiar resignation, "I suppose you'll be doing a book about us too." Many a time I had heard that said in my own land. More than once I had said it to a visitor myself. From that moment we felt at home in South Africa.

At home from the beginning. At home that first day on the streets of pulsating Johannesburg because of the presence everywhere of great numbers of black men and women, unnoted and all but unseen by the whites with whom they rubbed shoulders. Resignedly at home when we read in our first South African newspaper that two Elvis Presley renditions and *The Chipmunk Song* were among the first four of South Africa's top ten tunes. At home when, upon our arrival three days later at the suburban Cape Town house we had rented, our young neighbors across the street greeted us with a platter of cakes and fruit.

And from first to last, and overriding all else, we felt at home throughout our stay because the determination of the majority of South Africa's whites is precisely that of the majority of whites in the American South: to maintain white political and economic control and as complete a separation of the races as is possible. But there is, in South Africa, an all-important difference. The American Negro is only one man in ten. The nonwhites in South Africa number three out of four. Because of this ratio, the South African whites believe that their very survival, under the only terms which most of them are willing to accept, is at stake. Most of them would talk freely to us because we were from the South. Most of the educated nonwhites whom we met were just as frank because we were Americans.

We had not expected such treatment. Before our departure for South Africa we had listened to many a warning. Had we heeded them we never would have come to know that singularly rich and lovely land and its divided, beset and greatly uncomprehended people. We had been told repeatedly that we were in for a bad time. South Africa was united in name only. It was the home of apartheid—to American ears a far more sinister-sounding word then segregation. Its racial animosities were the strongest to be found anywhere. It was a land angrily suspicious of strangers.

But we went anyway, in part because South Africa did not seem altogether alien to me, although I had never been there before. Two brothers of my Louisiana-reared father had gone out as young mining engineers, and in my childhood and later I had heard their stories. During World War II in North Africa I met some of the gallant South African volunteers who more than offset the sorry record of those of their fellow countrymen who were Nazi sympathizers. Frequently since the war a variety of South Africans, drawn to Mississippi because of our own racial problems, had visited our home town.

So we knew something of the good along with the bad in what is probably the most fractionalized nation on earth. No visit to South Africa was required to discover that its white minority of 1,800,000 Afrikaners who once were called Boers—descendants of early Dutch and Huguenot settlers—and 1,200,000 other resident whites known collectively as "English-speaking" are cleft by deep economic, political and religious differences. We were aware that South Africa's 11,500,000 nonwhites are compartmentalized by law and custom into 1,400-000 mixed bloods known officially as Coloreds, 440,000 Asiatic (Continued on Page 45)

Right: South African police breaking up a demonstration in the Cato Manor slum district near Durban last June. Four Negroes were killed, twenty-four seriously injured. African violence is a continuing threat, says Carter, and police crackdowns are sev

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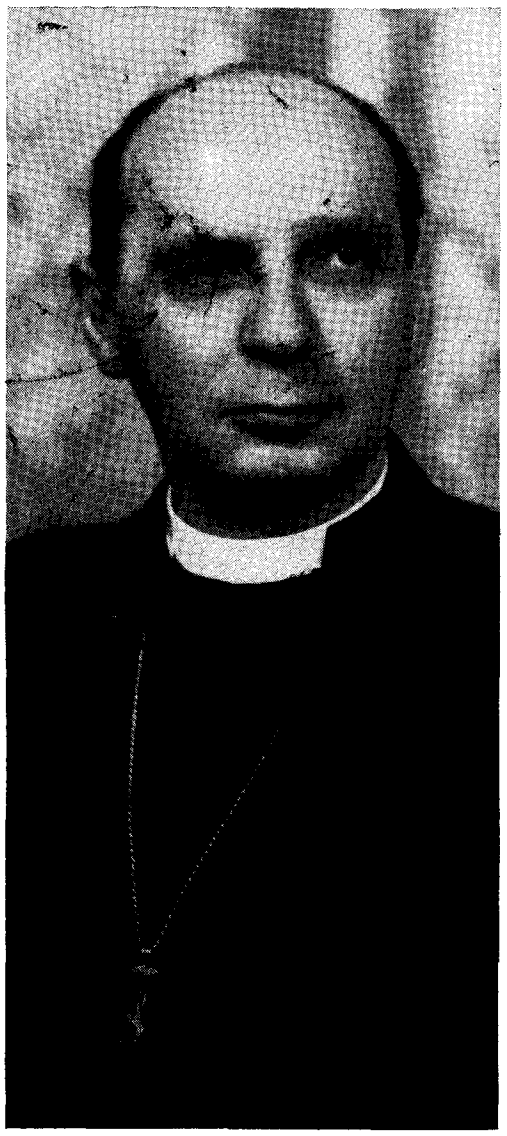

At left, The Most Rev. Joost de Blank, Anglican archbishop of Cape Town. His conflict with Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd (right) is "South Africa's most publicized feud." Verwoerd advocates apartheid, the policy of keeping blacks separate from and subordinate to whites. De Blank calls apartheid "savage" and "nonsensical."

Among the leading champions of the nonwhites are (from left, above) Anglican bishop Richard Ambrose Reeves, novelist Nadine Gordimer, educator J. C. M. Mbata and F. J. Van Wyk, a race-relations expert.

Johannesburg industrialist Harry Goldberg, "a principal apostle of higher wages for the African worker." Goldberg's liberal outlook reminded the author of "our own perceptive Southern employers."

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"Will you leave now, or must I call my father?" she threatened.

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The Cool Kind

Some girls you just can't get near.

By JOHN REESE

The poets say that for every man there's a mate, that to be happy ever after, he need only find the one woman designed to his cosmic specifications. "Oh, nonsense," reply the psychologists, "all is biology, and any dame will do." Let us see who is right.

In a hot summer dusk a lonely young man walked a beautiful street in a strange city. He was tall, thin and a miserable twenty-two years of age. His name was Michael Sylvester. The name of the street was Wilshire Boulevard—that of the city, Los Angeles.

An endless glut of automobiles undulated rhythmically past him, bumper to bumper. But so far as Michael could see in any direction, there was not another person afoot; and this, to him, was a frightening thing. When in Rome, you may do as the Romans do—walk, or ride a motor scooter. But in Los Angeles you're dead without a car.

The young cannot resign themselves to being alone. They resist in blind frenzy, doing crazy, desperate deeds in those terrible moments when they think their hearts will burst with loneliness. Michael thought his would explode when he looked around him and saw no other human being walking.

Then he saw it—a blue dress in the window of one of the small specialty shops that make women adore Wilshire. It was draped over the limb of an artificial tree, and it looked as lonely as Mike felt, hanging there with no girl in it. He fell in love with her instantly—the girl, that is, who was not in the dress. Whoever she was, she was the one woman in the world for Mike Sylvester.

Men will understand this, but women will want to know about the dress. That's easy! It was of the same rich blue as a new car, or perhaps bluer. It was made of wool or nylon or something, with a pleated skirt just right for hips. The upper part—bodice?—crisscrossed itself, and the only thing that was not blue was a narrow white lapel on this crisscross part. A pin with blue stones kept the lapel closed; without it, it would have been pretty daring.

There you have the dress. Mike stumbled over to the window and stared at it. A card said: WAS $55—NOW ONLY $29.95! In his mind he could see the girl clearly.

She'd be tall, full-figured. She'd have black eyes and black, curly hair, shoulder-length. She'd be light on her feet when she danced, the pleated skirt would swirl about her pretty legs; and when the music stopped, if a man caught her before the spell ended, she could be kissed.

Despite the late hour the door of the shop was still open. Mike did one of those crazy, desperate things that lonely young people do. He went into the shop.

A smartly dressed woman, old enough to be his mother but pretty enough to be disturbing, was putting things away behind a counter. She looked up with a smile of polite annoyance. "Would you come back tomorrow?" she said. "I'm trying to close up."

"Oh, quite!" said Mike, who had regretted his blind plunge in here the moment he was inside the door. "I'm terribly sorry to have bothered you."

"Wait! You're English, aren't you?"

Mike was so grateful to be noticed that he burst out, "No, but my mother is. You see, my father is a partner in an importing firm. The headquarters are in New York, but we have always lived in London. We're opening a branch in Beverly Hills next week, and I'll work there. It's my first trip across my own country, and I suppose I am rather an alien. I feel one, at least."

He ran out of breath. The woman laughed, and in a moment Mike did too. "I know," she said. "I'm from New York, but I go abroad to buy every year and I love London. You know, I've lived here ten years and I still feel like a visitor! Los Angeles is a strange city."

"It's the cars!" Mike exclaimed. "One never sees masses of people as in Times Square or Piccadilly."

"There are no masses. It's a group culture," the woman said vaguely. "You buy a car, and every weekend you drive a hundred miles to be with your group. The seashore group. The modern-art group. The skin-diving or university or barbecue or former-residents-of-St. Louis group. You should join the British group. I'm sure there is one."

"Oh!" said Mike. He did not understand at all.

"I can't turn a fellow expatriate out on the street at this time of night!" she said with a friendly smile. "What was it you wanted? I saw you looking at the blue dress in the window. That?"

"Uh, yes, rather!" said Mike.

She frowned. "What size is your wife?"

"Size?" he gulped. "Wife?"

The woman went to the window and came back with the blue dress. "Better learn it. Learn her sizes in everything! Better still, just give her an allowance and turn her loose. Are you sure this is right for her?"

Mike touched the dress reverently, seeing again the vivid girl who belonged in it. "It's beautiful!"

"For the right girl, yes. But unless you're very sure of her type—lay off! Not one woman in ten thousand could wear this."

"Why not?" he cried.

"Too unsophisticated. Its message is all wrong."

"Message?"

"Yes. I'm going to explain something that few men understand and not enough women," she said briskly. "All dresses have a message. Unfortunately most of them just shriek, 'Oh, aren't I beautiful!' The better ones plead, 'Have mercy on reckless, helpless me!' And so on. Now the best ones of all merely whimper softly, 'Oh, please, not here!' A woman chooses a dress by its message because that's how a man is going to judge her. Now, what message do we get from this?"

She held up the blue dress. Mike felt embarrassed. "I don't know," he said. "What do we?"

"I think it's threatening to call a cop if you don't go away!" She squinted at him a moment, an intensely feminine stare that was not rude or unfriendly, but which penetrated like X rays. "You're very shy, aren't you?"

"Oh, no, not at all!" Mike said.

"And an idealist, of course, like all shy men."

"Oh, I don't think so!"

"Don't try to make a wife over to fit your concept of this naïve and idealistic dress! You see, to wear this sincerely, we'd have to be a girl of strong character, simple and unworldly, romantic in outlook, yet aware that we're both very desirable and very vulnerable. Don't you agree that this is an improbable person?"

"Why?" said Mike.

She burst into laughter. "Now I know I can't let you

(Continued on Page 90)

Illustrated by Joe Bowler

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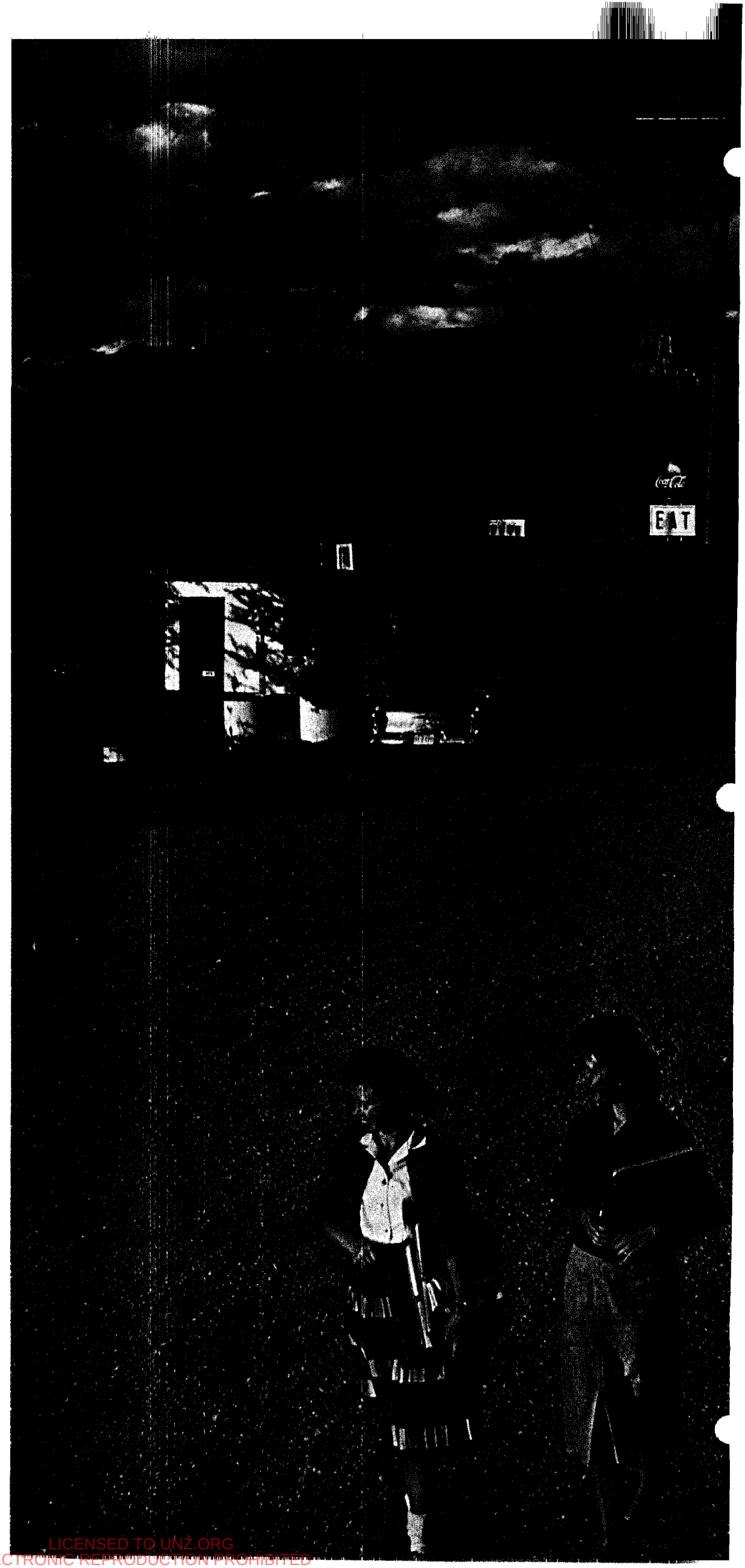
The Face of AMERICA

A Long Way From School

Shadows are long in the great open spaces of West Texas when the yellow school bus rolls to its overnight stop at Salt Flat. Home are some of the nation's most traveled students, who live at the nearby Guadalupe Compressor Camp, a pumping station on a big gas pipeline. The kids have had a long day. At seven A.M. they boarded the bus for a sixty-five-mile ride through some of the Old West's most spectacular cattle country, where once Apaches and Comanches fought invading settlers. Arriving at Culberson County Rural High School in Van Horn, they put in a seven-hour stint, as did their bus driver, Mrs. Irene Echols, who is the school librarian. Four other buses gathered students from the vast, sparsely settled school district, which covers 3448 square miles, larger than Delaware or Rhode Island. When classes ended at four P.M. the teachers may have been worn out, but the Salt Flat youngsters, as usual, had energy for songs, horseplay and even some studying during the hour-and-a-quarter homeward trip. Three of them, in particular, always have to watch their step: Billy, Kenneth and Alberta Echols. The bus driver is their mother.

Photograph by John Burns



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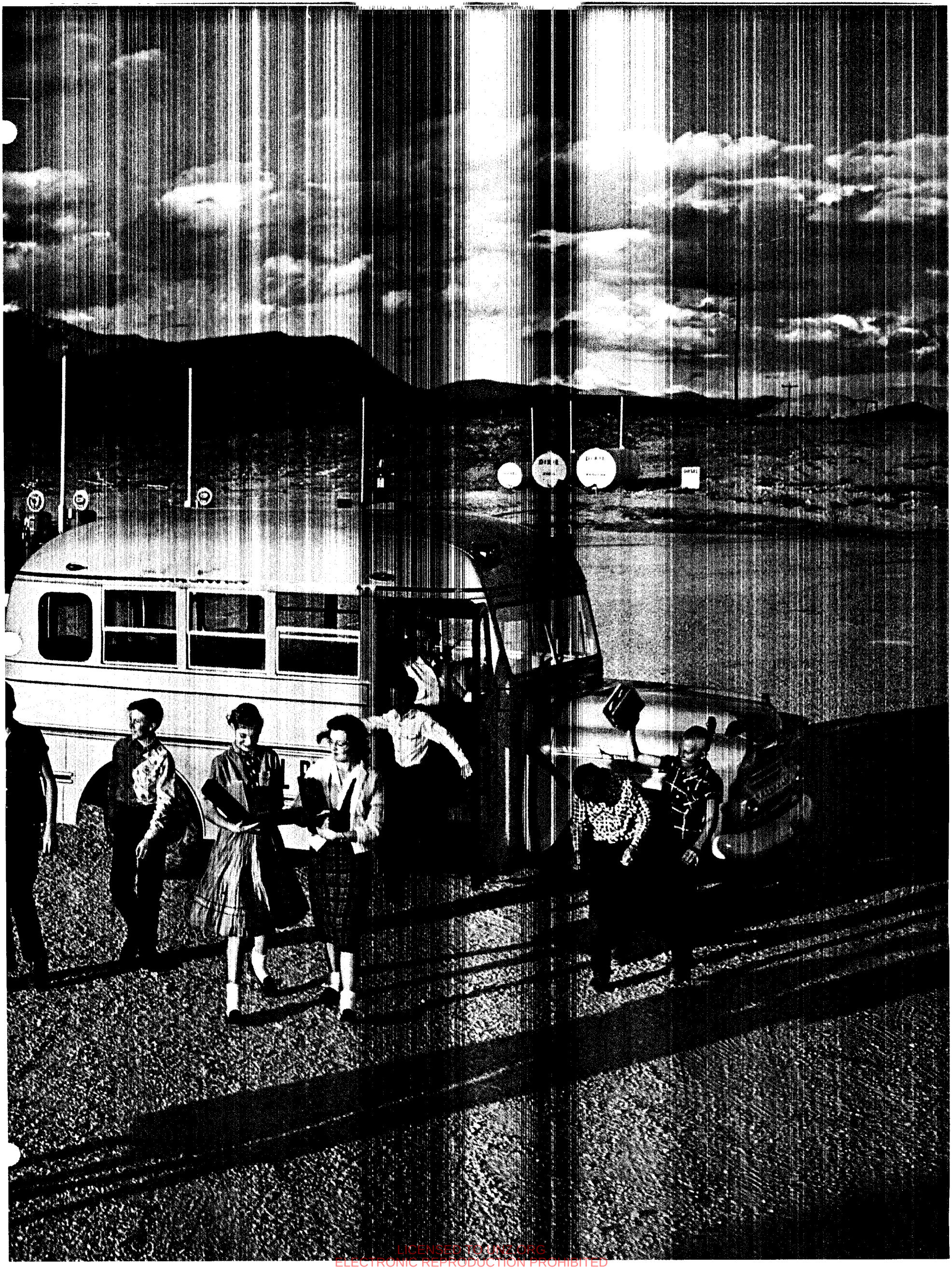

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"Sorry, doll," he said, "what I meant was congratulations."

He helped her break into the big time. Now she was somebody else's.

SUCCESS GIRL

By CHARLOTTE EDWARDS

I saw her first. Of course, in my business that's a phrase you hear a lot. What else you got to go on? You uncover something special. Then you beg, plot and humiliate yourself in order to bring it into the light.

Now that she's up there where the wind blows free and the spots shine hot and bright, half a dozen want to get into the act of discovery—the jockey who played *Jelly Beans* for the first time; the studio where they waxed it for seven bucks fifty; Music City where they took a chance and ordered in a thousand platters; the columnist who first wrote, "Listen hard to Janie Brooks. This one is going to orbit." You name 'em and toss a diamond needle into the air, you'll hit one of them.

But I saw her first. There's this little hot-dog place three doors from my office. When I've got a client worthy of the name I take him to the Huckster's, and we lay into a couple martinis and a shrimp Louie. Mostly, though, I don't have clients worthy of the name. So I'm a familiar face in Dogville.

Seven, eight months ago it was. I sat in my cubicle from nine-thirty till quarter of twelve. Nobody beat a golden fist on the door. So I read *Variety*, *Billboard*, and the *Hollywood Reporter* from cover to cover until it was time, respectably, to get outside and fill the gaspers with the burning-paper smell and the smog and get me to Dogville.

She was behind the counter and around it and beside my back booth as skittishly as a filly trying to prove itself the first clock at the track. She had a curly mouth—that's the only phrase for it. She had a curly nose, too, which sounds crazy. It turned up to go with her smile and was splattered with pale freckles.

Her hair was black, her eyes were brown-to-black and her eyebrows were black, unplucked and strong as an Irishman's. There was a body attached, thin and little, and strong too. The whole ensemble (Continued on Page 80)

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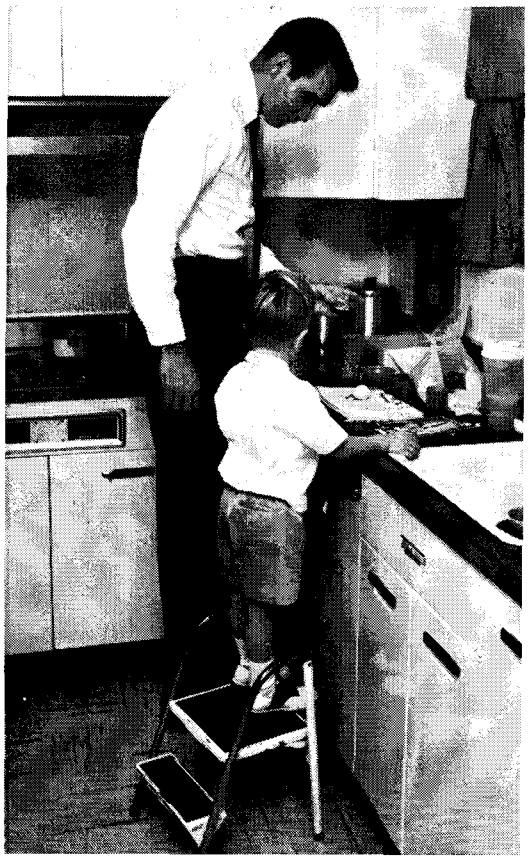
Ben Kerner (right), owner of the Hawks, consults Macauley (center) on major business matters. "If Ed doesn't O.K. the deal," says Kerner, "I don't make it."

The Case of the Hawks' Bosses

Can young Ed Macauley survive Ben Kerner, enigmatic owner of pro basketball's St. Louis Hawks, who has fired thirteen coaches in thirteen years? Anyway, Kerner guarantees his newest coach a different fate.

By IRV GOODMAN



Ed getting Sunday breakfast for his son Bobby, 3. The Macauleys, who live in suburban St. Louis, have four children, one of whom has cerebral palsy.

Ed Macauley, the coach of the St. Louis Hawks, was a speaker at the opening basketball writers' luncheon in St. Louis this season. "I've got a crazy boss," he said. "By June he has the entire season planned. By September he has completed his arrangements for the victory party in April. I don't want to be around the year he *doesn't* have a victory party."

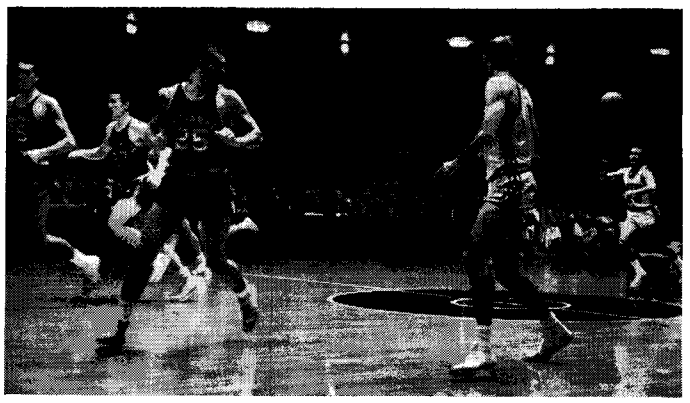
Bob Burnes, the sports editor of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, piped up, "Don't worry. You won't be."

It drew a big laugh. In some quarters it is considered a minor miracle that Ed Macauley, who has been on the job only since November of 1958, has lasted even this long. The reason is his "crazy boss," Ben Kerner, who admits to being death on basketball coaches.

"I have had either thirteen coaches in fourteen years or fourteen coaches in thirteen years," Kerner said once, without remorse. "Say, that's a good line." When it was pointed out to him, after some simple yet original research, that fourteen coaches in thirteen years was the correct count, Kerner said, "It's still a good line."

If the owner of the Hawks can sometimes be a terror, so can the job of coaching a professional basketball team. This usually is a vocation of limited

(Continued on Page 67)



The Hawks as they routed the Cincinnati Royals, 118–98, in St. Louis last month. Passing the ball is veteran Slater Martin. No. 34 is Clyde Lovellette.

"If the fellows do what I ask them to do and we lose," says Macauley, "I'm willing to take the blame." Here he is before game time with Hawk star Bob Pettit.

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Kennedy, the indefatigable campaigner, in Denver, Colo., last month. He began his marathon travels in 1957, whenever he could spare the time from his senatorial duties.

The Prospects of Candidate Kennedy

A candid estimate of a very well-favored, and somewhat controversial, young Democrat who may be nominated for President this year.

Lt. Kennedy, the decorated PT boat skipper (left), is shown (at right) in 1954 as he began his convalescence from operations resulting from World War II injuries.

The Senator and his wife, the former Jacqueline Lee Bouvier, have one child a daughter, Caroline. She was christened in 1957 by Richard Cardinal Cushing.

To help Jack get around the country faster, his two brothers and four sisters chipped in to buy him a twin-engined plane last fall.

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Honolulu: In blazing his political trails through the states, he hasn't neglected the two newcomers, Alaska and Hawaii (above), which he visited last Fourth of July.

Although she seldom takes the stump for her husband, Jacqueline, who is twenty-nine, accompanied him when he barnstormed Wisconsin last September.

Oakland, Calif.: Kennedy's good looks and boyish charm are an obvious asset with the young. These admirers are students at Mills College.

By Beverly Smith Jr., *Washington Editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST*

For three years now Senator John Fitzgerald Kennedy of Massachusetts has been described as the "front runner" for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1960. This description has usually been followed by the sage comment that the front runner cannot last—soon he must be "tripped up" or "bogged down" or "kicked around" or "knocked off."

Now 1960 is here, and so far none of these dire fates has overtaken Kennedy. Since last September his rivals have begun to move; but he, instead of flagging, has stepped up the pace of his nationwide campaigning. Interested in this enduring phenomenon, I have in recent months accompanied him on a number of his whirlwind trips.

Traveling the campaign trail with Kennedy, I find, involves exhaustion tempered by exhilaration. His schedule is enough to wear down a six-day bike racer. His day usually starts at dawn and carries on until the small hours of the following morning. For eighteen hours or so there are visits to half a dozen towns and cities, crowded meals, picnics and receptions, plane hops, often to grassy fields in tricky weather, talks, speeches and questions, auto rides at breakneck speed over winding country roads and interviews by press, radio and TV. Each day there are a hundred local dignitaries to be met and talked with, each day a thousand hands to be shaken. And always there is the shuffling pressure of the multitude, the eager clamor of the autograph seekers.

To follow such a schedule for days at a time is exhausting even for an observer. For Kennedy, who bears the brunt, the strain would seem to be intolerable. Where then is the "exhilaration" mentioned earlier? In part, it is a reflection of the far-reaching aura of the White House. Here is a man who has a definite chance—count it small or large—of being the next President of the United States. There is a sense of history in watching a competitor who is playing it boldly, all out, for the top stakes.

Further, there is the realization that this election may be fateful for our nation. The new President will have to face not only the emergent momentum of Russia in education and technology but also the split-second decisions of a world in which nuclear warheads are becoming operational on both sides of the Iron Curtain.

Hence the special importance to everyone this year of weighing the ability and character of the candidates. *The Saturday Evening Post* has already published studies of a number of the chief contenders (Continued on Page 70)

Independence, Mo.: On his whirlwind tours, the Senator keeps in touch with top party leaders, too, including former President Truman.

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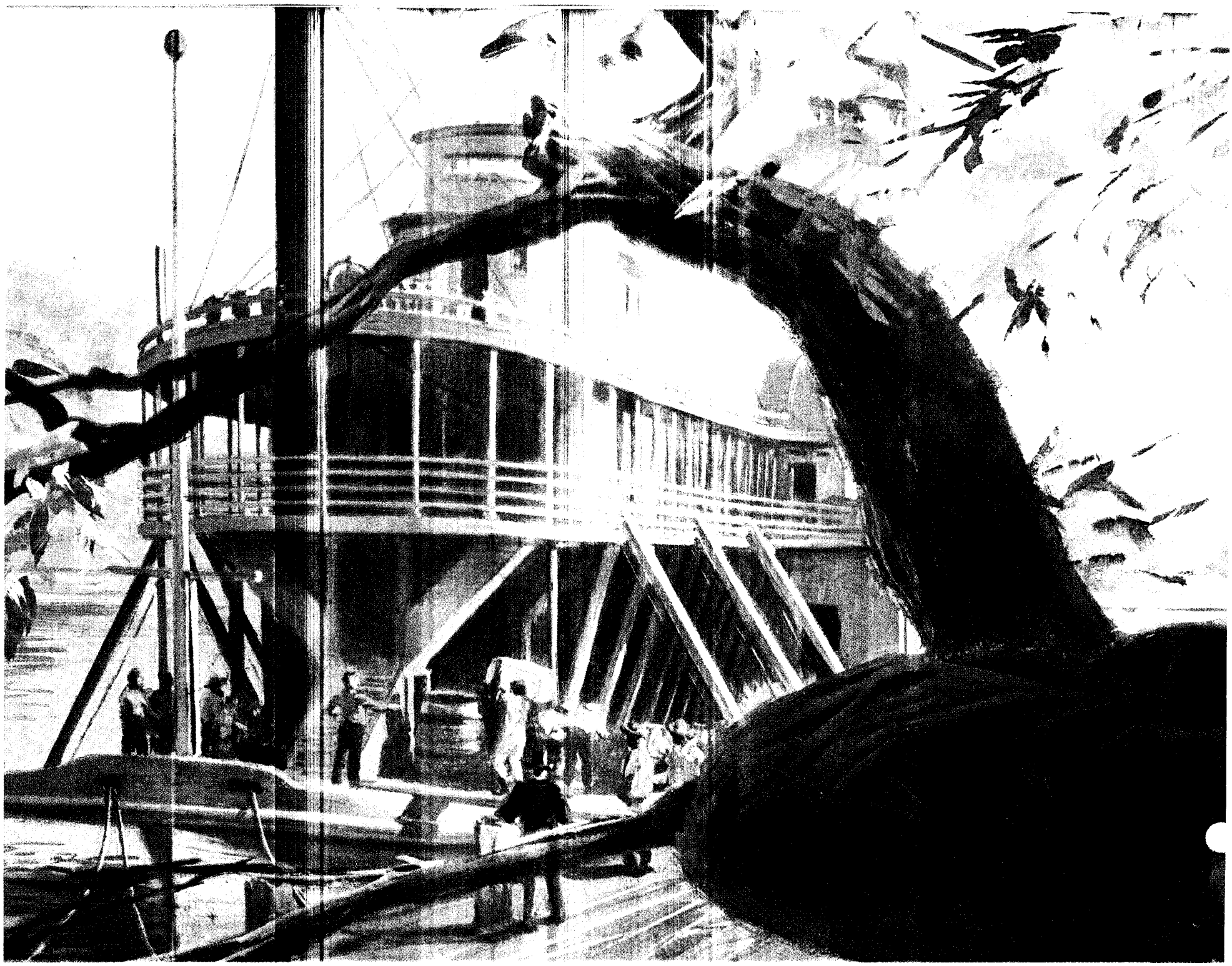

The Escape of Olin Rainey

At some time or other nearly every boy decides that running away is his only way out.

By PAUL HORGAN

Cleora Rainey said to her oldest son on a Saturday afternoon in 1881, "Olin Rainey, you'll have me taking a lank fit with all your askings for your doings. Sometimes I wish you'd do instead of ask. No, I don't," she added at once. "All right, I'll see what your father says about it."

"Don't ask him!" said Olin. At fifteen he was coming into a blunt-nosed power that made her remember how it was to be a girl. With all his mysteries ahead of him, she loved him so well that she had to turn her head away. "Don't tell my dad," he insisted.

"Your dad is my husband. I've got to."

"No, you don't. You didn't tell him when you let Bethesda go to the magic-lantern show."

"He wasn't fit to tell, that's all why."

"Maybe he won't be fit to tell about me going to Cedar Rapids then."

Cleora said, "You should be a lawyer."

"No, Mordell's more likely for lawyer."

"All right," she said, "I won't tell your father. Go along. Come here." She hugged him. "Now go along or I'll think of what you could do for me that'd keep you here, so go on."

She wanted to add, but did not, *And don't come back, ever, my honey, but go on to better people*

Illustrated by Peter Stevens

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What would they do to him, Olin wondered, if he ran up the planks?

and places and chances for yourself. Her heart knew that this was the biggest love, to send away what she would keep forever if she thought only of the joy of seeing life in a pair of young blue eyes.

He had the permission he needed. It was permission to take the first trip of his life—to go, tomorrow, Sunday, with some slightly older friends of his, in a buggy, to attend an outing in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. They would leave here, Galena, Illinois, early in the morning. It was a fine prospect. Olin knew of only one place where he could go to think about it in peace.

His haven was a little open room of willows facing the Mississippi River, which ran by Galena. He spent all possible time there on the bank of the river under the bluff on which the town of Galena rested. He often went alone, though the river was the playground of most other boys he knew.

Galena was a river port where the old side-wheel steamer *Menominee* called. Olin would watch her and imagine going away on her someday, perhaps next week, maybe next year, to steam downstream (never upstream—why was that?) to another world where nobody knew him. He did not know what he longed to find, but he knew well enough what he wanted to get away from.

© 1960 by Paul Horgan

His father, Ruben Rainey, worked hard in the lead mines at Galena for little pay to support his large family. They lived in a narrow, red brick house on one of the streets high above the center of town. There was not room enough for everybody in comfort; the family had to double up in beds, share every corner and—so it seemed—apologize for their individual existences to maintain any sort of order in their horizonless world. When he looked ahead, Olin could only see himself coming home at night in his turn from the lead mines, with his face gray and his hands dark with the rubbed-in grease of the velvety mineral which was taken out of the earth in such great quantities and yet earned so little in wages.

The novel from which this story is drawn will be published April eighteenth under the title *A Distant Trumpet* by Farrar, Straus and Cudahy.

He would like to get away from pretending that his father was not a drunkard and a braggart who refought his days in the Civil War every other night, sitting around in Ferguson's store. If he couldn't help his dad, and he didn't know how he could, Olin was ready to get gone.

He would like to get away from sleeping with his brother Mordell, who was a year younger than he, and skinnier, and more full of words. Like him, Mordell also wanted to be alone sometimes, but alone in a different way. If Mordell had a book—any old book, it seemed—he could be alone in the middle of everything. Mordell never minded to have the other children around—Jane Mary, next youngest, then Bethesda, then Martha Mary, and then Benjamin, the baby. Knowing all these people better than he did anyone else in the world, Olin still thought they were practically strangers.

He would like to get away from having to come home afternoons wondering "how things were," and then having to see that look on his mother's face sometimes, when she would go white and all but fall. He and Mordell would sometimes manage (Continued on Page 58)

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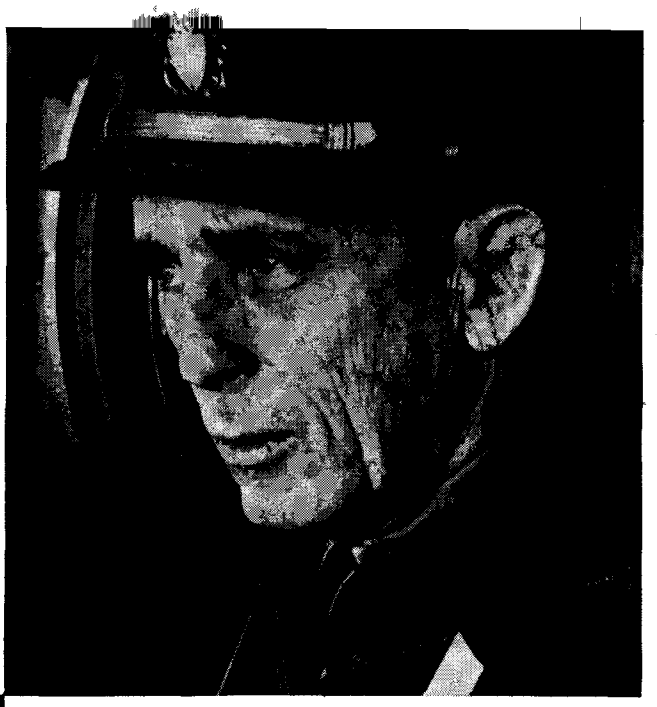
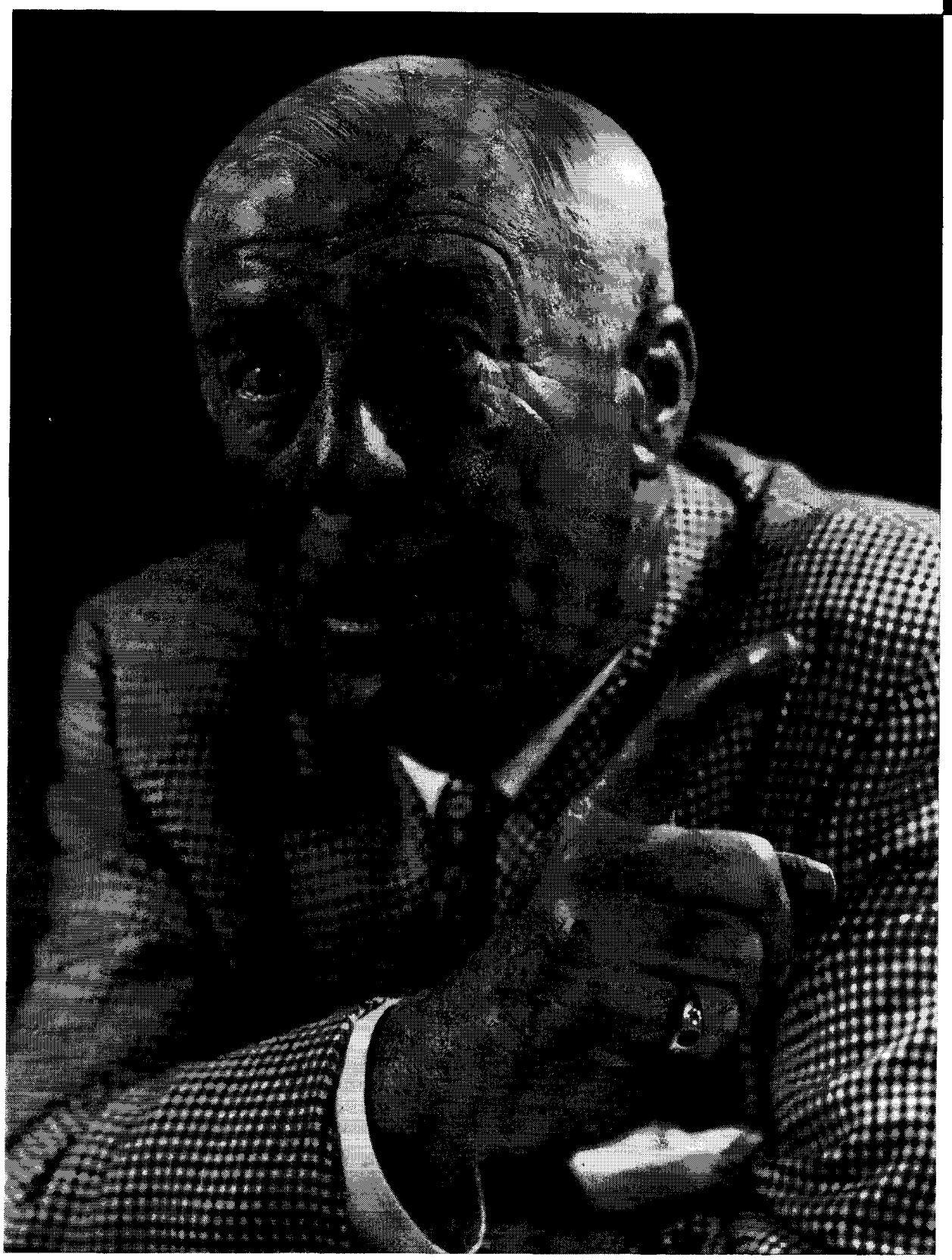
My Unknown Admirer

By Dan Gallery

"You, sir, are a liar and a faker!" The author reveals the stream of abuse he gets from a gentleman he has never met, but whom he regards with affection.



Rear Adm. Daniel V. Gallery, USN, professional naval officer and professional writer. He may, by glancing at the photograph below, find out what his outspoken "admirer" looks like.



The forthright Mr. Morgan. A retired bank trust officer, who lives in Phoenix, Arizona, when he is not traveling, he thrives on heckling-by-mail.

Out in Phoenix, Arizona, there's a character named Morgan I'd like to meet some day. When and if I ever do, we will either blast away in the public plaza at sunrise with blunderbusses at two paces, or will adjourn to the nearest saloon for a snifter of Irish whisky. The odds on which way it will turn out are those quoted by Damon Runyon as being the right price for anything that depends on human endeavor—six to five and take your choice.

Morgan and I have been exchanging insults by mail for two years now, but all I know about him is that he's a world traveler who seems to read everything of mine that appears in print, and is uninhibited about saying what he thinks of it. Our pen-pal friendship began when one morning's mail brought me the following breath of salty air:

17 November 1957
At sea, aboard *S.S. Monterey*
en route from Sydney
to Auckland, N.Z.

My dear Gallery: Your book, *Twenty Million Tons Under the Sea*, was recommended to me by a fellow passenger. As soon as possible after reaching Sydney I purchased a copy.

I enjoyed the book very much, but I am sorry that it left a bad taste in my mouth. I was shocked that you would include in a book intended for general circulation the episode of the amatory whales. I am ashamed to say that, notwithstanding my strait-laced principles, I was forced to chuckle over it.

I am also sorry that I cannot compare your literary style with that of the late Samuel Johnson and the much later Matthew Arnold, but I am so glad that I cannot. You seem utterly unable to get the salt out of your writing, which makes the book more delightful to those who love the sea and ships. I am proud to list myself among such people.

But I must, painful as it may be to you, deliver myself of another criticism. We have all heard of poetic license, but who the hell ever heard of prose license? Your story of the pushball is well written and amusing, that is to women and

(Continued on Page 93)

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When Walt emerged from Chinaman's Chance, Shasta accosted him at pistol point.

OUTLAW IN TOWN

There was a price on his head, and just about everybody wanted a share of the money.

By MICHAEL FESSIER

A howling blizzard had all but extinguished the sun above Buffalo Bend and, although it was only a quarter past third-drink time, the lamps were lighted in the Chinaman's Chance Saloon. A dozen or so of us were lined up at the bar, gloomily discussing the chances of our cattle's surviving the blow, when a sound from outside caused us all to turn. It was a cheerful, trilling sound—as if somewhere out in the storm a meadow lark were singing a song of spring. It came closer, and then the doors flew open and, accompanied by a flurry of snow, a tall red-haired young man strode into the saloon, points of light flashing from his silver spurs and belt buckle. A handsome fellow with a small scar on his right cheek, he paused, his eyes searching the room as if for signs of danger; then, reassured, he came on to the bar. "Howdy, boys," he said cheerfully, "how do you like the weather?"

Big Bart McCormack looked unbelievingly at him, then turned to the rest of us. "Outside it's snowing and blowing," he orated. "Thousands of our cattle are liable to freeze to death, and if they don't freeze to death the range will be ruined; there won't be no grass for 'em to eat and they'll starve to death. In the face of all that, this red-crested bobolink has the unmitigated gall to come awhistling in here and ask us how we like the weather." He faced the stranger. "How," he demanded, "would you like a good, solid smack on the bugle?"

"I don't think I'd care for it, thanks just the same," said the stranger, grinning amiably at Bart. He tossed a silver dollar onto the mahogany. "A dash of forty rod, if you please, barkeep."

"Out here," said Bud Conyears, a stickler for protocol, "we call our poison 'redeye.' The only ones that refer to it as 'forty rod' are Texans and other foreigners of that ilk. Where you from, mister?"

"I," said the stranger, "just rode in over the North Trail."

"Which, if you did, you sure enough accomplished a feat unparalleled in the history of Buffalo Bend," observed Bart McCormack. "To the north of (Continued on Page 63)

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The Awesome Decision

By DAVID L. BAZELON

CIRCUIT JUDGE, U.S. COURT OF APPEALS

The administration of criminal justice and the extent of individual moral responsibility are among the crucial problems of a civilized society. They are indissolubly linked, and together they involve our deepest personal emotions. We often find it hard to forgive ourselves for our own moral failures. All of us, at some time or other, have faced the painful dilemma of when to punish and when to forgive those we love—our children, our friends. How much harder it is, then, to deal with the stranger who transgresses.

Few of us view punishment realistically. Whether applied to criminals or to our own flesh and blood, we are profoundly confused about punishment. We waver between feeling "he deserves it" and "it will do him good." The first reaction is our immediate emotional response, the second our rationalization after the fact. "It will do him good" can be proved or disproved; it lies within an area of practicality. "He deserves it" is unprovable, a proposition derived from absolutist morality. The latter reflects the retributive theory of justice, whereby appropriate penalties are necessary if only to uphold the moral law. But many people cannot accept this view. They argue that, though punishment may not be defensible in all cases, it cannot be dispensed with because social balance requires the gratification of the need for vengeance. Or they assert that we must punish to deter potential criminals.

Nowhere is the social attitude toward individual moral responsibility more sharply focused and more dramatic than in a criminal court. Here, in the whole process of justice—symbolized by the trial—the full weight of society's official force, moral and physical, is arrayed against a single human being. More often than not, this defendant is one of life's failures—part of the human debris of civilization. Thus, the considerations which govern the determination of his responsibility are a measure of man's humanity to man, or lack of it.

We pride ourselves, and in many respects justly so, on our efforts to insure a fair trial, and so manifest the advanced state of our civilization. Yet in an *CONTINUED ON PAGE 53*

About the Author

As a member of the United States Court of Appeals in Washington, D.C., since 1949, the Hon. David L. Bazelon has written more than twenty-five opinions on the insanity defense in criminal cases, highlighted by his formulation of a broadened test of criminal responsibility in Durham *v.* United States in 1954. For these opinions, which have evoked world-wide discussion, the American Psychiatric Association awarded him a certificate of commendation, proclaiming that "he has removed massive barriers between the psychiatric and legal professions and opened pathways wherein together they may search for better ways of reconciling human values with social safety." Dr. Karl Menninger of the famed Menninger Clinic in Topeka, Kansas, describes the Durham decision as "more revolutionary in its total effect than the Supreme Court decision regarding segregation."

Photograph by Philippe Halsman

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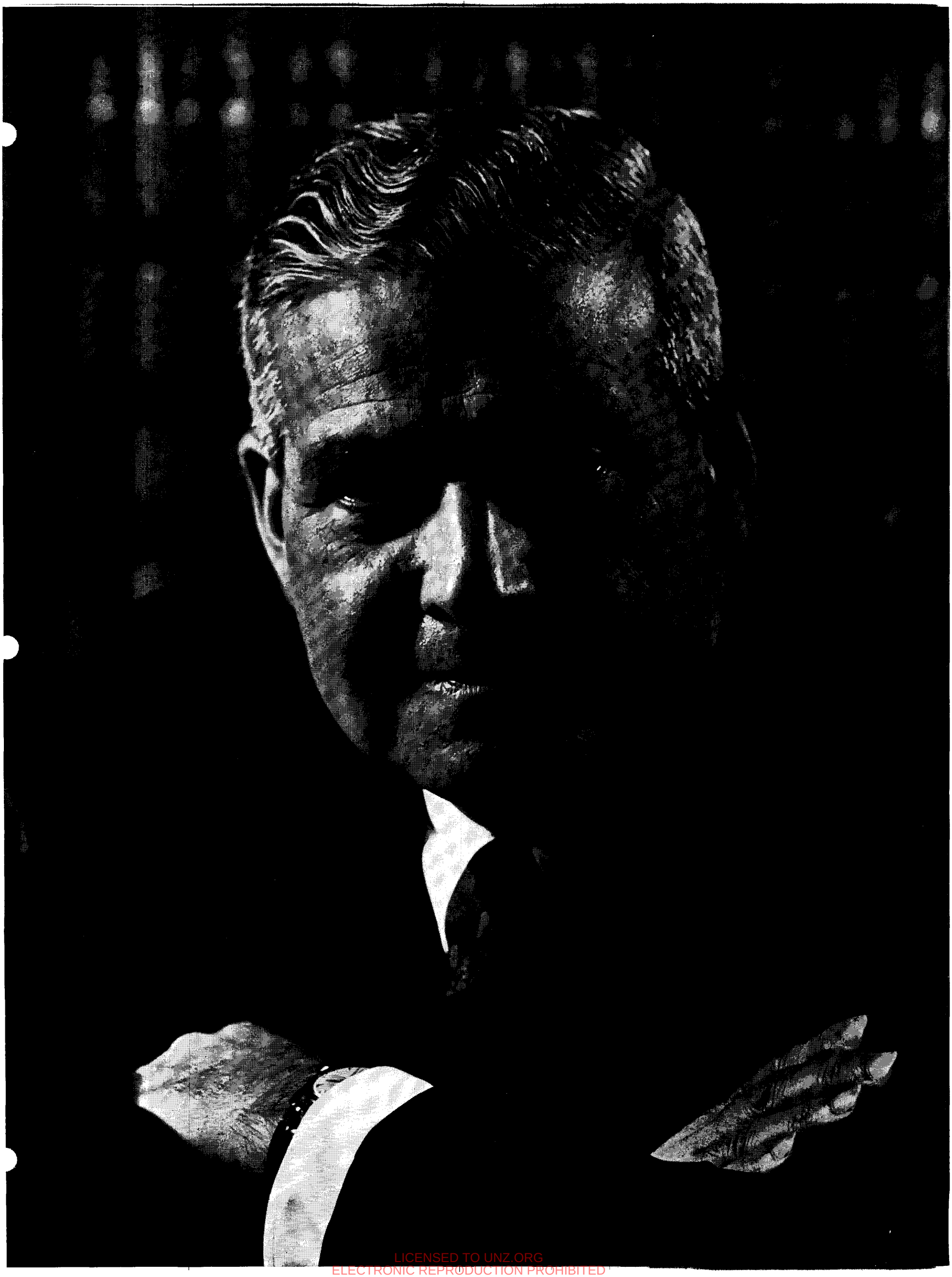

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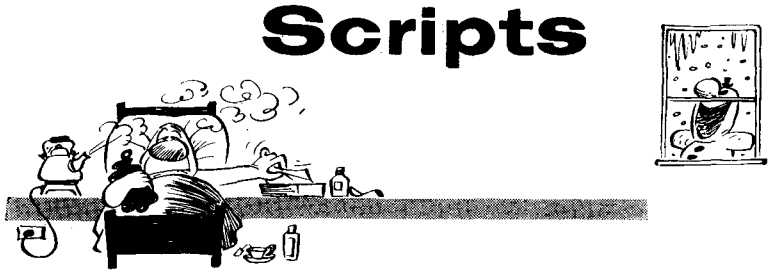
Post Scripts



If You Have Ears, Beware!

(Depressing Reflections in a Bookstore)

"Spice Your Speech With Humor!"
"Increase Your Vocal Powers!"
"Speak And Be Heard!" Or, in a word,
Let's all just talk for hours.

We'll stammer not nor stumble
As on the presses roar,
And out the "How to's" tumble—
Ah, who could ask for more?

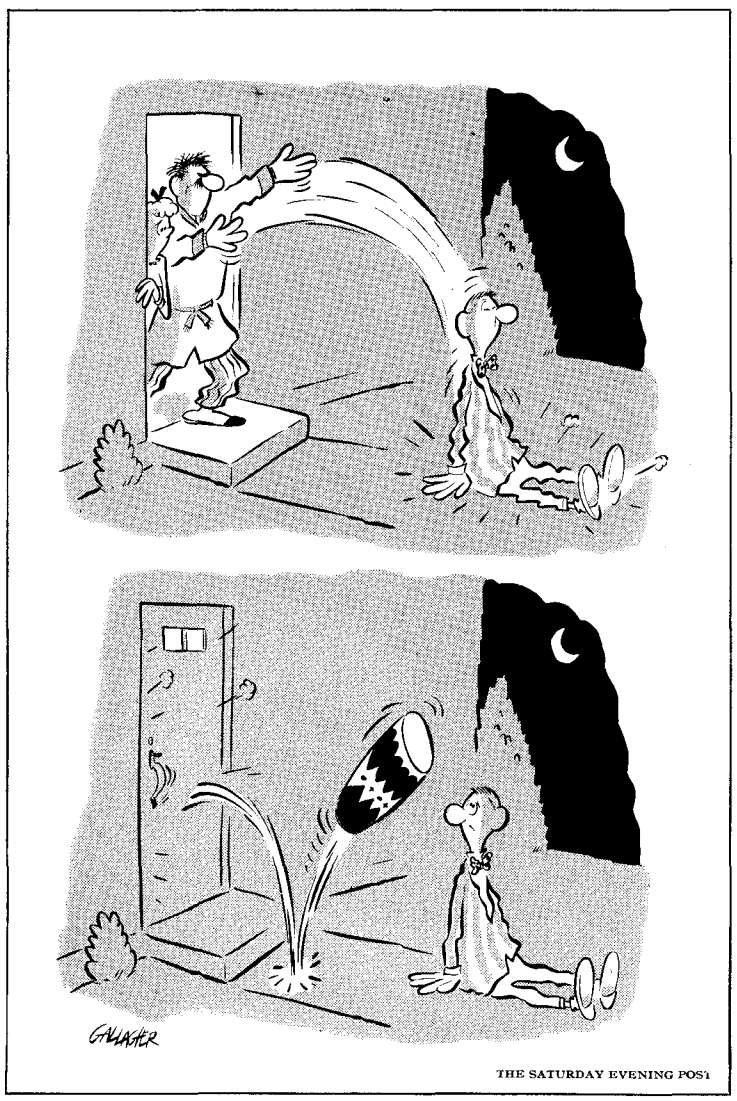
Well, I, dear sirs, for one could;
I'll own a brimming cup
When someone prints some handy hints
On how to just shut up.

KAY HOSKING

Cash Account

The fact I'll never have the dough
To lead a life of ease and show
I view without misgiving.
I'll feel that I have truly scored
If I can presently afford
To live the way I'm living.

RICHARD WHEELER



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I'm afraid that's going to break the spell."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

How Did We Get on This Subject?

"By the way, how old are you now, Henry?"

"Thirty-nine. I was thirty-nine just last Thursday—the very day, as a matter of fact, that my car got stuck a half a mile from the summit of Pinecliff Pass. Engine cut out on me just like somebody'd turned off the ignition key. I figured it was probably vapor lock, and luckily there was a stream nearby, so I found an old tin can and poured water on the fuel pump and the fuel line and kicked the thing out of it—or at least I thought I had. However, after driving about two tenths of a mile—klonk!—the engine cut out on me again, so I climbed out, took the tin can, sploshed water all over the stupid ——"

"Who's your favorite actress?"

"Shirley Houghton, I guess. She's made an awful lot of good pictures, and not many people know this, but Shirley's home town is Boulder City, Nevada, which is about the nicest little town I've ever seen. I stopped in Boulder City on a trip one time, and I've never seen so many beautiful homes, trees, lawns and flowers, and the nice part about it is the fact it's only about twenty miles from Las Vegas, which, incidentally, is one of the most fabulous places I've ever seen, and, although I don't think I'd ever want to live there, I've always thought it'd be nice to live in someplace like Boulder City, where you could drive into Las Vegas in a matter of just a few minutes, because ——"

"What's the square root of three hundred and twenty-four?"

"Well, let's see—it'd be —— Let's see —— Golly, I should be able to figure it out, because I used to be pretty good on square roots in school. We had a teacher—a Miss Bentwick—who was a real bearcat when it came to kids' knowing square roots. She left the faculty shortly after I graduated and went to Indiana to live, and I'll bet you remember her son. His name was Joe Bentwick, and he played fullback for Notre Dame some years ago. The main thing I remember about Joe is the pass he caught in—I think it was a Purdue game. Joe, you see, didn't have much of a reputation for being a pass receiver, but, anyhow, Joe ——"

VERNON H. KURTZ

Thoughts Upon Yesteryear

I wish upon his wedding day
I'd spared myself that twitter ——
It seems I didn't lose a son,
He gained a baby sitter.

ALICE HAMILTON

Have Buyer, Need Buggy

I, Little Muskrat, said this to my father, "Big Muskrat, our ancient vehicle now has many growth rings. The power of the horse has vanished, and she is no longer able to carry the mail."

Big Muskrat sighed. "Ah, yes," he said. "She is indeed old and trail-worn, but she has never failed me in the clutch."

"Until this very day," I said. "Now her clutch is shot. But do not jettison your cargo, old Muskie, for I have sent smoke signals to Skinless Frank down at the trading post to post a HAVE BUYER, NEED BUGGY sign for us. He ——"

"Wait, my son. Who is Skinless Frank, and what is this sign he posts?"

"You are out of touch," I said, "with mankind. Skinless Frank sells many vehicles. No skins down are needed, so he has won his title fairly. He posts a sign for a certain vehicle which suits my fancy, and ——"

"And what is this kind of vehicle, Little Muskrat?"

"There are many brands in the corral, old Muskie. There is the Tired T brand, the Lazy A brand, but best of all is the Quick Stick brand, which is a straight stick imposed on a patch of burned rubber. This brand has no top on her, she has a muffler from the land of Hollywood, and her hind parts have been removed with a torch which shoots a blue flame. From her throat comes a mighty roar, and she peels, old Muskie—sc-r-e-e-ch!"

Old Muskrat's face grew stern. "I do not want a peeler, my son. I do not want a vehicle branded by the long blue flame, nor a muffler from the woods of Holly. I want ——"

"But such a very hot rod can be saddled by Skinless Frank for twenty-five skins, Big Muskrat. Frank says ——"

"Never mind the words of Skinless Frank," said Big Muskrat, jumping from his chair. "For twenty-five skins we cannot go wrong. Come, my son, let us peel and deal!"

A. R. SWINNERTON

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Good things begin to happen

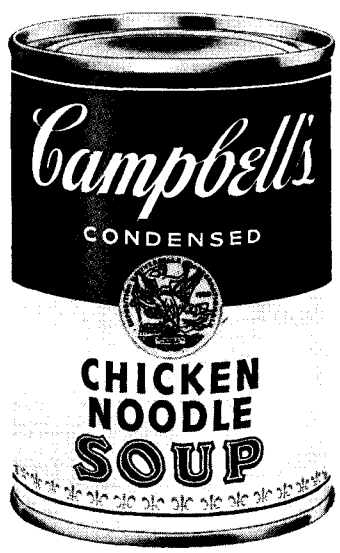
when working girls have soup 'n crackers

Got a hungry little helper in your house, Mother? Take 4 minutes off to heat some good Campbell's Soup. Have it with crackers — nice, crisp, crunchy crackers — and see what good things happen!

Good nutrition, for Campbell's Soups are made from good, wholesome foods. They give you proteins, vitamins and minerals you need every day. And they taste so good —extra-good, with crackers.

For they're great go-togethers, soup 'n crackers, any way you eat them. Our ladies-of-the-house like crackers with their soup. Some folks favor crackers in their soup. How do you like yours?

And just about everybody likes Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup—it's the kind you see in the picture. Golden broth, enriched egg noodles, tender chicken pieces. By the way . . . *have you had your soup today?*



Once a day . . . every day . . . enjoy *Campbell's Soup*

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Early returns from all regions show big swing to new Dodge Dart. Low first cost and remarkable gasoline economy seen as key factors. Buyers also acclaim "breakthrough" in comfort: Doors that let you in and out without contortions, seats that get you off your spine. Secret of compact yet spacious design is revolutionary Unibody. Actually provides more interior room than you get in big, bulky cars. And upkeep costs should "match the midgets." High time you discovered the big news in the low-price field . . .

Dodge Dart-America's 1st Fine Economy Car!

Economy gets a new "twist" in the money-saving Dodge Dart. Under its hood is the revolutionary Economy Slant "6"—slanted 30° on its side to breathe better, breathe deeper, deliver up to 400 miles of cruising on a single tankful. This is the first completely modern "Six" in the low-price field—a snappy performer *engineered from scratch* to meet today's demand for lively economy. Teamed with it is a high-performance automatic transmission—the TorqueFlite Six—designed specifically to bring out more "go" on less gas from the new six-cylinder engine. (There are two new V-8's as running mates, if that's where your interest lies.) Add the savings of low first cost, low upkeep costs, and revolutionary Unibody construction that virtually eliminates squeaks, rattles and rust to keep your Dodge Dart *new* far longer. You have 24 models in three great series to choose from—a complete new line of economy cars in the low-price field. Discover Dodge Dart today!

The Dodge Dart is priced model for model with other low-price cars

DODGE DART	CAR F	CAR P	CAR C
SENECA	Fairlane	Savoy	Biscayne
PIONEER	Fairlane 500	Belvedere	Bel Air
PHOENIX	Galaxie	Fury	Impala

DODGE DART

DODGE DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION BUILDS TWO GREAT CARS: DODGE DART • '60 DODGE

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HARVEST BULLY

By PRENTISS COMBS

Everyone was afraid of him, this brute of a man who always got his own way with his fists.

Johnny Dee was sitting on the back-porch step when he first made out the faraway roar of the bull engine. He eased off the step and stood listening to the growing sound of its approach, imagining the huge lugged wheels that crushed your very gaze. He heard the shift of its sound as it turned into their lane and could make out its faint hissing.

As it came nearer he began to believe that thrashing would really begin tomorrow, and his belief made it impossible for him to stand still. He capered and ran down the lane to meet the engine, dignity all dissolved. He ran beside the engine and trailing separator, breathing deep the smells of thrashing. Dust, chaff, coal smoke and hot grease. His excitement rose to pitch itself to the hoarse singing of the gears.

Wade Tillotson, sitting kinglike on the high seat, raised a careless hand and waved. Wade Tillotson brought the parade through the gate and dwarfed the yard. Wade Tillotson reached up and pulled a dangle of rope that loosed a jagged edge of hammering sound. The whistle scream startled Johnny Dee into covering his ears like a kid, brought muffled thumps from the barn's stalled stock and scattered the chickens. For all his size, Wade came swinging down off the engine with heavy grace, and his voice matched his size.

"Ready to begin when you are," he said.

Johnny Dee's father offered his hand. "We're ready," he said.

"My crew will be in at daylight," Wade said.

Johnny Dee mouthed the bit of his dignity and couldn't hold. "I'll be driving a bundle wagon," he said, his grin wide and his voice breaking on his eagerness. I'm grown, he was saying. I'm a man.

Wade grinned, his teeth white against his brown face and (Continued on Page 85)

Wade's big fist tore through, and Johnny Dee saw his father knocked down.

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A POST PICTURE STORY

Two's Company

The Dailys with Chris (foreground) and David in their Pasadena, Calif., home. "We feel that we can help Chris because of our experience with David's problems," says Kathrine.

David Daily and his adopted brother Chris, like most boys, would like to explore this exciting world. But they may not: both David, who is 12, and Chris, a 5-year-old, are victims of the rare blood disease, hemophilia.

David and Chris are closer than most natural brothers, but it's hard for them to resist roughhousing. They are forbidden such fun; for either of them a playful cuff might start disastrous bleeding. The boys' parents, Frank and Kathrine Daily, are experts at tactfully barring them from any exertion, such as running, which might cause trouble. But Frank and Kathrine understand how frustrating this eiderdown existence is for their sons, and they do everything possible to keep the boys active.

Watching a Little League baseball game or attending a birthday party is a treat for David and Chris. Each has several friends his own age, and each must turn down well-intended, but heartbreaking, invitations to play. Swimming is the one real sport they can safely enjoy, so Frank Daily stretched his budget to buy a house with a 15-by-35-foot pool in back.

Despite their parents' care, the boys are often ill; in fact, most of their accidents occur for no apparent reason. Mysterious hemorrhages

Frank, manager of a hotel- and apartment-furnishings business, spends his free time with the boys. The pool is the only place they can roughhouse without undue risk.

David (in plaid shirt) at one of his infrequent outings, a friend's birthday party. The brothers' parents must always make the tremendous decision of whether such jaunts are safe.

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During the long weeks when David cannot attend school, Mrs. Marjorie Nichols, a visiting teacher, comes to the house every other day to supervise his study.

frequently require days and weeks of absolute rest; sometimes both boys are confined to bed at the same time.

The ingenious Dailys avoid sickroom tedium, and the room which the boys share is specially equipped with "things to do." David, a sixth-grader, also must keep up with his studies. He is tutored at home when he is unable to attend nearby Daniel Webster School.

Of all the demands placed on them by their common handicap, the boys find trips to the clinic most dreadful. Hospital sessions mean painful therapy and anxiety. Frank and Kathrine, along with 360 other families with hemophilic children, are served by the California Hospital Orthopedic Clinic. The Dailys, members of the National Hemophilia Foundation, devote a great deal of their time toward raising funds for patients unable to pay their own way and for further research into the nature of hemophilia.

All four Dailys must live with sacrifice, some worry, much optimism and an abundance of love. The parents, wholeheartedly dedicated, find fulfillment in guiding not merely one handicapped son but also an adopted child whose like handicap makes the burden, thus shared, easier to bear.

Photographs by Don Ornitz

David must wear a brace because his right knee, damaged by repeated hemorrhages, is in danger of becoming crippled. Here, at the clinic, a brace expert adjusts the device. David, absorbed, fails to notice Chris's teasing attempts to stick paper to his shoe.

California Hospital Orthopedic Clinic: David gets plasma. In one year alone he was given plasma 50 times. The transfusions are the best-known way to check bleeding that might otherwise be fatal.

Chris, at the clinic, takes his first steps after being unable to walk for five weeks. For no apparent reason his left knee had suddenly become swollen. He is used to such mishaps.

Chris, above, has just had a tumble. There was no sign of injury, but to forestall trouble his mother applies an ice pack. Chris wails, not because the knee hurts but because he hates the ice.

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I Call on Princess Grace

(Continued from Page 14)

my tummy and wished me good luck. I felt like a lady Buddha. But the crowd smiled and laughed, and I smiled and laughed with them, because I knew it was meant in a kindly way."

"Is that an Italian custom? Rubbing the stomachs of pregnant women?"

"I don't know," she told me. "All I know is she patted my tummy, wished me luck and said some sweet things to me. I felt a bit stunned for a moment, but 'stunned' is too mild a word to describe the condition of my chauffeur and my lady in waiting, Mrs. Tivey. I thought they would have strokes."

I asked Princess Grace, "Has your previous training as an actress helped you be a better princess? After all, there's a certain amount of discipline connected with both."

"That's true," she said.

I tried again. "In addition to the ladies in waiting and the people in the government with whom the prince works, you and the prince must have some close friends. Are you on dropping-in terms with many people over here?"

"Most of our younger friends live in Paris," she told me. "They visit us in summer and occasionally at other times of the year. We also have some good friends in London who come to the Côte d'Azur; and, of course, we have several good friends here in Monaco and in Nice and Cannes, although I can't use the word 'many' to describe them. There are not too many of them."

I thought of one description of Monte Carlo I had heard. I'd got it from a young American who was visiting relatives there. "It is a place where grandchildren go to tell their grandparents good-by."

"I have noticed that elderly people are in the overwhelming majority both among the transients and the others who settle down here," I told her. "I suppose you have to be an elder citizen before you accumulate enough money to come to Monaco."

"That is true not only of Monaco," she told me; "it's true of almost any community so beautiful it attracts retired people. Unfortunately such places aren't run primarily for the young, who are just beginning to achieve their success. Nevertheless, younger people do come here in summer. If you were here after the middle of July, you'd see them."

She thought for a moment; then, going back to an earlier question of mine, she said, "I don't know what you mean by 'drop in.'"

I said, "I meant friends who feel they know you well enough to come to your front door and ask, 'Is anybody home?'" But thinking of the *carabinièri* guarding the palace gate and the security screen thrown up to protect those who live in that big building, I added, "But I guess it just doesn't work out that way, does it?"

"It really doesn't," she said. "But that casual, informal 'just dropping in' never worked very well in California either. Don't you make dates with your friends in Philadelphia before you visit them? You must at least call them on the phone."

She had me there. So I asked, "Is there any way in which you can sum up your official duties? How about naming three or four of them?"

"Most of my official duties have to do with the dinners, receptions, galas and religious commemorations in the autumn and winter," she said. "In the summer we close the palace as a residence and move to our country home, Roc Agel, on the mountain back of Monte Carlo. Although we open the state apartments in the palace then for visitors, the various members of the palace staff take turns going on vacation. There are always a few people on hand to keep things running, but officially the palace is closed until the first of November. As you probably know, almost everybody in France takes a month's holiday in August."

"I didn't know," I said.

"Everyone from a queen to a cook," she went on. "In Paris the shopkeepers pull down their metal shutters and take off, and all the factories close in August. You'd think the whole city of Paris was hiding from the problem of living, and I suppose that is one way of putting it."

"Do you take a vacation too?" I asked. "I suppose going to Roc Agel is one."

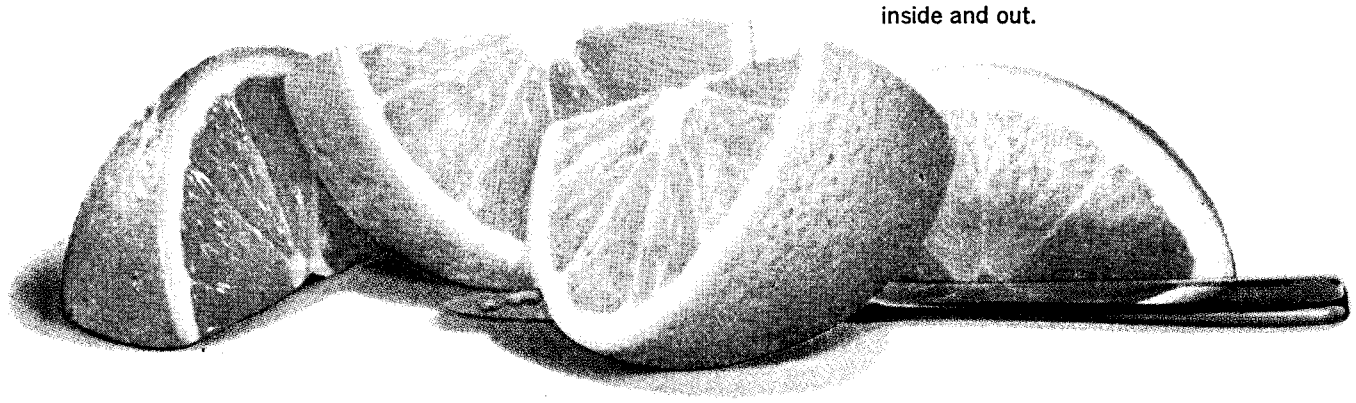
"I try to keep it that," she said. "It's not easy. Then, in September—even before the palace is opened for the winter—there are usually several official affairs."

"Such as?" I asked.

She told me, "We inaugurated a new wing of the Monégasque hospital in September of 1958. I was proud and most touched that the hospital was named for me. Another September event, this past year, was the meeting of the World Health Organization. It met here in Monaco, and we had various receptions at the palace for its members because my husband is interested in its work.

"But our official life at the palace really starts in November, when our household is all together again after their vacations. We preside over so many different things that I can hardly sort them out in my

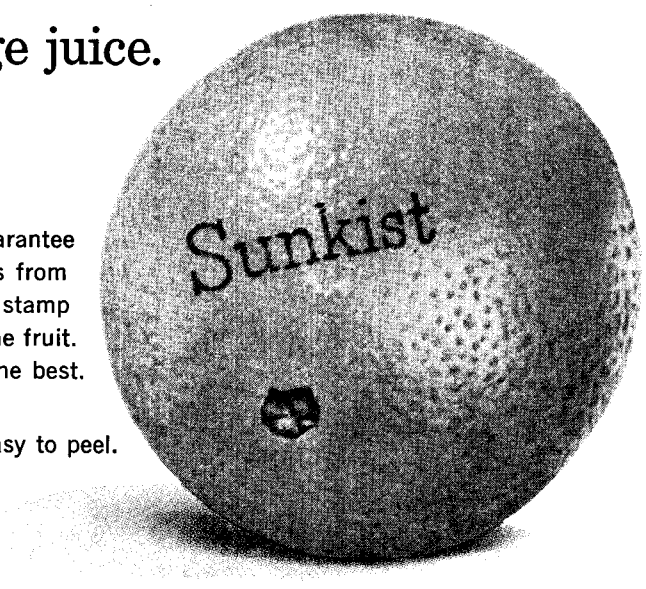
No artificial color added.
Just colored by nature...
inside and out.



The "meat" of a fresh orange is the main source of many of its health values. In fact...

Sunkist® Oranges give your family 3 times more of the important protopectins and bio-flavonoids than frozen orange juice.

And you get all of the natural vitamin C plus 50 other health builders.* Eat whole fresh oranges... drink whole fresh orange juice.



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mind. For instance, my husband is president of an organization for the scientific exploration of the Mediterranean. We often have meetings here for that. And there are various official luncheons. In short, we entertain a lot and receive many visitors."

I asked, "In addition to anniversaries and birthdays, does your husband, like many American husbands, occasionally give you a present for no reason at all, just because he's in the mood?"

"He does," she told me. "I'm very lucky in having a very generous husband who continually spoils me. It's a fault to which I have no objection."

"I've dug into some of the things you do," I told her, "and I've discovered a tendency on the part of your husband that I find appealing. Two or three times—for example, at the ground breaking of the new railroad being built under the principality and at the opening of the local radio station and on the occasion of the annual burning of the symbolic boat as part of the ceremonies honoring Monaco's patron saint, St. Devota—your husband asked you to burn the torch or push the button or whatever, although ordinarily it would have been his part in the affair. As nearly as I can figure it, it was his way of honoring you, of making a gallant gesture to you as his wife."

"He has done that many times," she said, "and it is very sweet of him. One occasion you haven't mentioned happened when we visited West Point. That was a thrill for me because, as an American, I am proud of both West Point and Annapolis. It is exciting to show them to people from other countries, and those who see them are terribly impressed. So I was eager for my husband to see one of our academies. He didn't fail me. He, too, was impressed with West Point. You may not know it," she went on, "but it is the custom, when a foreign sovereign visits the Point, to give him the privilege of granting amnesty to the boys who are undergoing punishment. The prince waived his right to do that in my favor, and I got a great thrill out of pardoning a number of wayward cadets. He is always thoughtful and considerate of me, but that time meant the most to me."

I told her, "I've heard in Monaco that you thought it would be a good idea to close the gambling casino here on Good Friday afternoon."

"They did close it on Good Friday year before last," she told me.

"I'm glad to hear it," I said. To me it was a gesture on the side of the angels. "Did you have anything to do with its closing?"

This time she didn't give me a smile followed by silence. She said quite simply, "I'd rather not say."

Mentally I shuffled the questions I hadn't asked her and picked out another one. "Now that the movies are out of your life," I asked, "are your memories of them one hundred per cent pleasant, or were there some things you'd have done differently if you had to do them over again?"

"There are always many things anyone would like to do differently if given the chance," she said. "I am no exception."

"When I saw you last, in 1954," I told her, "you had recently appeared in Metro's *Green Fire*, which you weren't happy about—and I didn't blame you—and you were just about to leave for the Riviera to appear in *To Catch a Thief*. You were looking forward to that. Then I saw you in *The Swan*, with Alec Guinness. You looked so thin it frightened me. Were you really that thin, or did the costumes make you look that way?"

"I was that thin," she said, "for by that time I had quite a number of things on my mind in addition to motion pictures. One of them was getting married. If you think I was thin in *The Swan*, I'm glad you didn't see any films of my wedding. I lost ten more pounds before the ceremony."

"Why?" I asked. "Was it the emotional strain?"

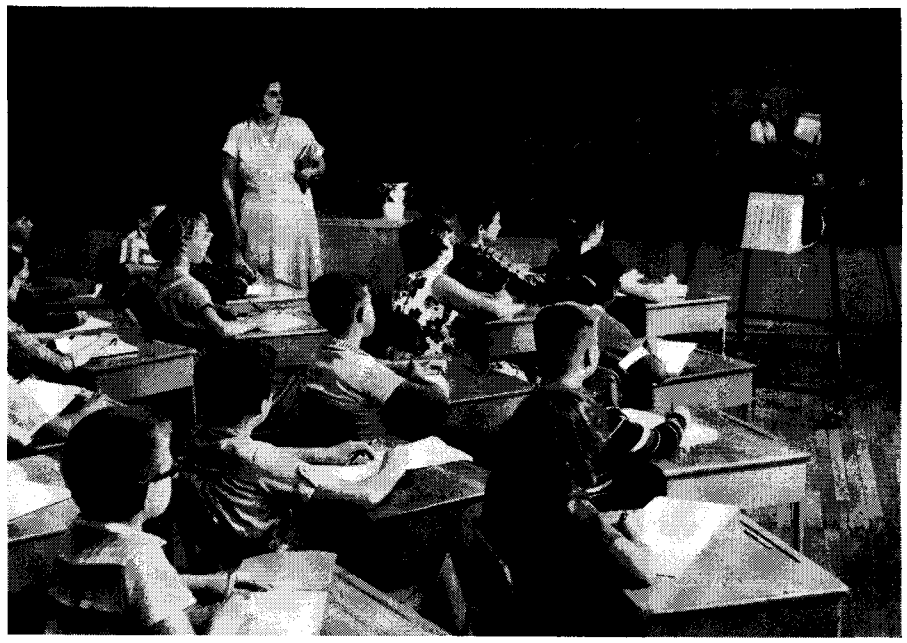
"That and the fact that I had worked very hard without a letup almost up until the time of the wedding," she told me. "Not only was there pressure before the wedding but the tension during the ceremonies was quite unbelievable."

I said, "They tell me that more than seventeen hundred press people and photographers were assigned to cover your wedding. There were so many of them that they were actually interviewing one another here in the lobby of the Hotel de Paris. I'm not trying to make up a funny anecdote. I've been assured they did just that."

"The atmosphere reached such a pitch of frenzy," she said, "that people were dropping like flies under the emotional

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Well, that makes us even! This is the first time I've ever given one!"



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strain. It was just too much. At one point the palace chamberlain passed out in the courtyard from nerves, strain and pressure. Nor was it just the wedding itself. I'm also talking about the weeks leading up to it. At times it seemed that every manufacturer was planning to bring out something named after me or Monaco or the prince. It got so bad that my father, back home, had to make an announcement in the trade publication, *Women's Wear Daily*, threatening to take legal action against anyone who tried to exploit my name. I can't possibly give you an idea of the number of things I was asked to lend my name to."

"I know," I said, changing the subject, "that you occasionally write to Edith Head, Paramount's Academy Award-winning costume designer who created most of the clothing you wore before the movie cameras. Edith has told me so. Are there any other people connected with motion pictures with whom you still correspond?"

"Many," she said. "Just today I received a letter from my stand-in, telling me that she had just become a grandmother."

"How about Wally Westmore," I asked, "who's head of the make-up department at Paramount? I know that Wally is sincerely fond of you."

"I hear from Wally and his wife, too," she said. "Also, my make-up man from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was here not long ago with his family, and they came to call. Frank Sinatra stopped by for one of Monte Carlo's gala evenings about a year ago. And Rita Gam was here just recently. She was making a film in Cannes, and we saw her."

"Anyone else, like Alfred Hitchcock or David Niven?" I asked.

"The Nivens were here," she told me. "They came for a weekend."

Among my own friends who had stopped off in Monte Carlo was Bob Hope. I had asked him if he'd seen the prince and princess. "They asked me over to the palace at seven o'clock," he'd said. "They came down from their place in the country to be there. You know, this guy has a great sense of humor. I was impressed with the prince. He's a regular, down-to-earth sort. One thing that tickled me was all those little cards he had placed over the bar in the palace. One of them said, DON'T PUT OFF UNTIL TOMORROW WHAT YOU CAN DO THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW. We just sat around and told jokes and helped the princess make the drinks. I said to her, 'Everybody wanted to know what I was going to call you, and I told them I was going to call you "our Grace."'

"There were no flunkies at our elbows," Hope went on. "We went behind the bar and did it ourselves. I was really impressed when the princess said to me, 'You know who I was thinking about the other day? Barney Dean.' Barney was my friend and Bing's friend. He came on the *Road to Singapore* set one day selling Christmas cards, and Bing and I got him a job writing gags because he had such a wonderful sense of humor, and he was such a lovable little guy with a great personality. The fact that Grace remembered Barney knocked me out, because while he was a little fellow we all loved, I didn't think she'd give him a thought in her new life. But she hasn't changed. She's just as much fun as she used to be at Paramount and she is so thoughtful and considerate of the prince. She made sure he understood the background of everything we were talking about. If you ask me, those two have a very warm relationship."

"Has there been any pressure on you to come back to Hollywood?" I asked the princess now.

"There has been a little pressure," she admitted.

"I'm curious why anyone would expect you to drop all you have here, which is so lovely and so idyllic," I said, "and go back to the rigors of movie making. It must be wishful thinking."

She did it again. She looked at me, smiled sweetly and said nothing. I found myself hurrying along to my next question. "Have you ever given anyone in Hollywood any encouragement about coming back, if only for one picture?" I asked.

"I haven't so far," she said.

"When I saw you last," I told her, "you were enjoying your career as an actress; you were working hard at it and finding it stimulating." I looked at her inquiringly and said, "I think I'm right in saying that."

"You are," she told me, "definitely."

"Do you ever miss it, or do you find your life here in Monaco compensates for the things you left behind in California? Did you have to make an adjustment in your way of thinking and your attitude toward life when you came here?"

"You've asked me a lot of questions all at once," she said. "I'd been acting for quite a while and I loved it. My entire life was wrapped up in my work, and I didn't want anything else. But marriage taught me that I was wrong. Most women want to be married and have a family, and I found I was no different from other women. I do miss acting, in a way; but it is no real loss, because being married and having children is far more important to me."

"To get back to one part of the question I asked you," I said, "I can't help wondering if you had to make any adjustments?"

"Of course there were adjustments," she said. "There was taking up life in a foreign country. There was a new language to cope with. I had to learn different ways of doing things, different ways of thinking. Also, I had always lived in large cities."

My next question had nothing to do with personal adjustments, except in the case of her small daughter. "I suppose, like all other little girls in her position, Princess Caroline has been taught to curtsy," I said.

"I started teaching her that primarily so that she could bob a beautiful curtsy to Sir Winston Churchill when he came to Monte Carlo," Princess Grace told me, "and I must say she did a lovely one for him. But she is not consistent. When the former queen of Spain arrived, Caroline wouldn't curtsy."

She explained, "When we went to the station to meet the queen, Caroline was all dressed up. We had had a little bouquet made, and I had given her special instructions to give it to the queen with a lovely curtsy and a gracious 'how do you do?' While we were waiting to leave for the station she kept saying 'how do you do?' to everyone in sight and bobbing perfect curtsies to the members of our welcoming party. I had a terrible feeling that she was going to run out of curtsies, so I begged her, 'Please stop curtsying.' But she was in love with the idea and kept bobbing up and down like a mechanical doll. Then the queen arrived; we all greeted her, and I said to Caroline, 'Now!' 'No!' she said. I said, 'Give the bouquet to the queen, Caroline,' but she replied, 'Caroline no want to.' It wasn't until we got back home that she finally and reluctantly gave up that bouquet. Fortunately the queen thought the whole thing terribly funny."

I realized that the former queen of Spain didn't visit Monaco every day and so I said, "It has been suggested to me that I ask you to give me an outline of a typical day of your life here in the palace. Could you give me a short run-through? For example, what time did you get up this morning?"

She smiled at me again, but this time she did reply. "The only thing typical about my day is the hour I rise," she said. "Otherwise, no two of my days are the same. I get up about eight-thirty, have breakfast and then I spend the morning going over my mail with my secretary."

"Take today, for example," I suggested.

"After looking at my mail, I had my children in to play with me," she said. "Usually they help me dress; by that I mean they help me select my clothes. We make a sort of game out of it. But this morning I had to dress quickly, so I couldn't let them do that. I went over part of my mail, then I came here to see you. After my visit with you, the prince and I are lunching with the prefect of Alpes Maritimes, his wife and some others; but before that I'll go and visit with my children while they're having their lunch."

"What time do they usually have theirs?" I asked.

"At noon," she said. "I try to be there for all of their luncheons. Our own luncheon will be finished by two-thirty or three. Then I have an appointment with my lady in waiting, Mrs. Tivey, to go over some things with her which require my attention. After that I'll go down to the Red Cross headquarters on the harbor's edge to give out diplomas to those who have completed their first-aid and home-nursing courses.

"At six o'clock I have an appointment with the president of the Monégasque Girl Guides. I'll come home to the palace about seven and try to see my babies once more before they go to bed. Then I'll change for dinner."

"What time do you and the prince usually dine?" I asked.

"At eight."

"What time do you usually get to bed?" I asked. "Do you habitually stay up late? I'm usually asleep by ten-thirty. My system is to read myself to sleep."

"I read a lot in bed too," she said. "In fact, I lie there reading until twelve-thirty or one o'clock."

"This is not on my list of questions," I told her, "but what do you read when you do go to bed?"

"I prefer historical books to anything else," she told me.

"And biography?" I asked. She nodded.

"I'm interested in what kind of person your husband is," I told her. "I'm sure there are millions of other people who are interested in the same thing. Anyone who has seen you in your films feels that he knows what kind of person you are, but to just as many people your husband is a remote, dark-eyed, dark-haired stranger in an unfamiliar uniform. He's more than that to me, because since I've been in Monaco I've been assured by people who have no axes to grind that he is witty and amusing and pleasant to be with. In fact, he's what we would call a 'good Joe.'"

"I hate the phrase 'good Joe,'" she told me. "I prefer to say that he's a very warm, sweet person."

"When you two are alone, does he lead the sort of life an American husband leads?" I asked her. "For example, does he barbecue steaks on an outdoor grill?"

"Since I've never had an American husband I can't make a comparison," she told me. "But when it comes to cooking steaks, I'm the one who does that. However, I know what you mean and I'll try to give you a more satisfactory answer. My husband knows, enjoys and accepts those things the average American man knows and enjoys and accepts. By that I mean he has a comfortable, simple, nice way of living. And being an American, naturally a comfortable, informal way of living is the way of life I like too. Informal living is a bit difficult to achieve in the palace, but in the summer, when we move our whole family up to our Roc Agel villa, we live very simply."

I asked, "Does your husband till the ground and plant things up at Roc Agel?"

"He has a tractor and he plows the soil," she told me, "although it's difficult up there because what little earth there is is very stony. But the prince knows far more about such things than I do. Having lived most of my life in large cities, I know very little about gardening and planting."

"I guess he puts on old clothes or work clothes," I said, "the way I do when I work around (*Continued on Page 44*)

"My compliments to the chef."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 42*) my place. Does your husband own a pair of blue jeans?"

"Yes, he does," she told me. "But that is not his inevitable gardening costume. He wears all sorts of comfortable clothes—whatever he feels like wearing."

"How many servants do you have in the palace?" I asked.

"I don't know exactly," she replied. "There are so many different categories. We have servants attached directly to our household, and there are other servants in the palace who take care of other people. But to answer your question, approximately two hundred fifty people work here in the palace. That includes carpenters, electricians and the like."

"Does that include the *carabinièri?*"

"I don't think so," she said. "There are sixty to sixty-five of them."

I said, "I'm curious about such homely things as who handles the palace logistics—the marketing, the laundry, the food buying."

She told me, "We have a *régisseur* who does that." She looked at me with a puzzled look on her face. "I'm not sure what the equivalent is in the United States. What I really have in mind is the job done by the manager of an American hotel. Ballet companies have a *régisseur;* so now that I think of it, I guess what the word really means is 'general manager.' As for paying the bills, the secretary to the prince and his cabinet handle budgetary matters."

"In other words," I said, "you don't have to chew the end of your pencil like an American wife whose husband gives her a certain sum to run the household."

"Not exactly," she told me, "but I do have to supervise such things; and if the bills are too high, I hear about it."

"I'm curious as to whether you plan to have a large family," I said.

"I'd like to have more babies," she said promptly.

I said, "That seems to be the point of view most young women have these days."

"Queen Victoria had nine children," she pointed out. Then she smiled. "I don't mean that I want nine children," she went on. "I was merely pointing out that a large family is not entirely a modern idea."

"That seems almost too many," I said. "But that's a man's point of view. A man has to pay their way through school and college. He has to pay the dentist and the pediatrician, and the final bite is put upon him with that big church wedding his wife feels his daughter has to have—with the marquee in the back yard and the caterers in and all."

It was obvious that the princess didn't hold with my selfish, overpractical point of view, for she said firmly, "It's wonderful for children to grow up in a big family."

I tried a new tack. "Are there parties here where you can circulate and chat and get to know the average Monégasques, or is it all pretty formal?"

"It depends," she told me. "I see and work with many Monégasques at the Red Cross, and there are many affairs at the palace to which crowds of Monégasques come."

"Are those palace affairs formal or informal?" I asked.

"They vary," she told me. "But most of the time I would say that they're on the formal side. If there are more than twenty people present, formality automatically seems to set in."

I said, "I understand that the citizens of Monaco have a privilege called the 'right of access.' That means if they have a problem which can't be solved in any other way, they can come to your husband and talk to him. Have the Monégasque women a right to come and talk to you about their problems too?"

"Many of them write to me, asking my help in one way or another."

"Do they ever come to see you personally about their problems?" I insisted.

"Occasionally," she said. "Then there are many I'm not able to see personally whom the people at the Red Cross see for me. If it's something special, I see them myself after one of my visits to the Red Cross headquarters. That is one of the nicest things about our Red Cross unit. Monaco is so small that we can deal with people here as individuals rather than as a group."

As she talked she moved her hands gracefully. "Is that beautiful jewel I see you touch occasionally your engagement ring?" I asked.

"It is," she said.

"Was it part of the Grimaldi family jewels?" I asked.

She shook her head. "How would you describe it?" I asked.

"It's an emerald-cut diamond."

"To me it seems enormous," I told her. She didn't agree or disagree. She merely flashed her enigmatic smile once more and said, "I'm very partial to it."

I told her, "I'm afraid my next question is going to sound either corny or offensive. It seems obvious to me that you and your husband are not only very much in love, you are good friends—although those two things do not always go together."

She widened her eyes in surprise. "Of course," she said.

I felt myself floundering. I had started something I didn't know how to finish, but I clung to my "love match" line. "Do you suppose that the prince came to Philadelphia to see you that first time hoping you'd be his princess?"

"You'll have to ask him," she said.

"Do you think that question is too personal?" I asked.

"A bit," she said.

"How much of the time during the day do you spend working with your staff?"

"They would take all day if I would let them hold me down that long," she said. "Somehow I always manage to escape."

"Do you mind," I said, "if I ask you what might seem a prying question? The responsibility resting upon you as a princess is one which ordinary women don't have to cope with. When you go to bed at night, do you ever heave a sigh of relief because it's been such a hard day and now it's over?"

"There are many things in my life now which I have to cope with and tend to that I didn't have to cope with or tend to before," she admitted. "That is only natural. One of my handicaps was that, having been trained as an actress, I learned to follow that one line, and my training had a tendency to give me a one-track mind. When I came here, it was difficult for me to spread my thoughts out to cover so many different things and cope with so many different problems."

Changing the subject again, I said, "I suppose your children get a lot of cards from youngsters all over the world on their birthdays."

"They do receive bags and bags of mail from children who were born on the same day. Not only that, but women of all ages send cards to Caroline. Their cards say, 'It's my birthday too. I'm eighty-seven today,' or, 'I'm fifty-nine.'"

"Is Caroline old enough to appreciate them?" I asked.

"She loves birthday cards," Princess Grace told me, "but I'm afraid Albert eats his."

Next week, in the second of his three articles, Mr. Martin discloses the story behind Prince Rainier's courtship. —THE EDITORS

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We Never Felt More at Home

(Continued from Page 18)

Indians, 9,600,000 black Africans and 60,000 Malays. We knew that the black Africans were further subdivided into tribal groups, each with a history of bloody intertribal hostility.

We had learned that this vast land—nearly one seventh as large as our own—had, like the South, greatly wasted its soil; that, like ourselves, was now making restitution, and that it contained great and yet undeveloped resources. Our minds were crammed with statistics about South Africa's cattle and sheep and grain and fruit, its gold, diamonds, uranium and coal. And we were to be constantly reminded of what we had been told in advance: that South Africa is a lonely, hated, white-dominated outpost of western civilization on a continent whose nearly 200,000,000 blacks no longer willingly accept white overlordship.

Of these overlords, we were especially at home among the Afrikaners, the sons of the Boers. In background and behavior and outlook the Afrikaners are more nearly like Southerners, I am certain, than are any other people anywhere on earth. They are much less reserved than their British-descended fellow citizens, quicker to offer the hand in friendship and hospitality—and quicker to clench the fist in anger. It was important for our understanding of their country that we did become friends with so many Afrikaners. Principally because they outnumber their fellow whites, they will have the last say—or at least the white man's last say—in South Africa.

What we found out first of all was that the Afrikaners are as proud of their long record as fighters against odds as is the most ardent son or daughter of the Confederacy. We talked with still-vigorous old men who in their youth had fought the English in the Boer War more than half a century ago. We listened to women in their seventies who had survived the British concentration camps which finally broke the back of Boer resistance. One of these militant veterans spoke for most of his generation when he answered me, in response to a question about race relations: "Yes, I do think we get along better with the English now." The Boers of 1900 were the outnumbered Confederates of the 1860's. The English were the Yankees—and, as with us, the English-Yankees still have most of the money in the land that the Boer-Southerners run. Young and old talked of that war as, in my youth, we talked of the War Between the States, and of ancient wrongs. Even if they did not, their politicians would no more let them forget the old humiliations than do ours. They spoke often, too, of another and tragic relationship which has no counterpart in the South, the 200-year-old record of warfare between white man and black. They are certain that the present marks only an uneasy truce and that the conflict will someday be resumed.

Like Southerners, the Afrikaners are greatly resentful of the critic who will not see that there is anything right, historically or otherwise, on their side. And they are quick to tell you that South Africa is unique in Africa because it is not a colonial possession but a nation, built by European white men who settled there almost as early as did the first Englishman in Virginia.

"The whites in the Congo can go back home to Belgium or France," an Afrikaner professor told us. "There'll always be an England for the African Englishman in Africa. Most of them think of themselves only as displaced Englishmen anyhow. But we Afrikaners have been here for three hundred years. We can't go anywhere else except as aliens, and we don't want to go anywhere else."

In much the same way that the Southerner tells his questioner that the Yankees brought the black slaves to America, the Afrikaners' first line of defense is that his white forebears got to South Africa before the black man did. We heard at least 100 times that when Van Riebeeck's Dutch pioneers arrived at the Cape in 1652 they found only the yellow nomadic Hottentots and the tiny Stone Age Bushmen, neither of them black Africans. These relatively few unfortunates were all but wiped out by the white man's muskets and diseases, the womanless white man's tendency to miscegenate and, in time, by the black invaders from the north.

Our Afrikaner friends insisted that the real racial conflict in South Africa did not begin until about 130 years after the first Dutch settlement. Not until about 1780 did the white pioneers, trekking ever northward into the then nearly empty South African hinterland, collide, 600 miles from the cape, with the onrushing Bantu tribes pressing down from Central Africa. We were reminded emphatically that in the desperate years which followed, 100 blacks were slain in tribal wars by fellow Africans for every tribesman who fell before the rifles of the *voortrekkers*, the Afrikaner word for pioneers. The Afrikaners can match our Daniel Boones and Jack Seviers with giants of their own—the Retiefs and Maritzes and Potgieters who withstood the Zulus; the Bothas and De Wets and Smuts and Reitzes who, outnumbered more than ten to one, held off the British for nearly three years.

The folk similarity between Afrikaner and Southerner is all but complete. If they are not farmers themselves, most Afrikaners are the immediate descendants of yeoman farmers or great landholders. They are a pietistic, homogeneous Protestant people, whose Dutch Reformed Church resembled in many and basic respects the Presbyterian Church of those Scots-Irish pioneers who so largely settled the South. The community church is the first building that almost every Afrikaner wants to take you to see.

Afrikaners share the Southern clansman's respect for patriarchal authority, which from the days of Abraham has come natural to pastoral, closely knit people. And, as does many a Southerner, though in decreasing numbers, the Afrikaner cherishes the notion that his Dutch-descended kinsmen form a nation within a nation. Like ours, too many of his politicians willfully use that concept to keep

One-Year-Old's Philosophy About Everything

By Howard Colwell

If you can't push it, pull it,
Bang it, clang it,
Bounce it, jounce it,
Wiggle it, jiggle it,
Shake it, break it,
Twist it, turn it or undo it . . .
Chew it!

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the South African citizenry divided and to keep themselves in power.

But South Africans, whatever their national heritage, do not spend most of their waking hours brooding over old wrongs any more than do we. Southerners take pride in the hospitality which we like to think greets stranger as well as friend, so long as the stranger is not meddlesome. But never before had we met such hospitality as was extended to us by South Africans of every racial and national and political grouping.

We learned from guitar-playing professors at Stellenbosch University, the seat of Afrikaner culture, the rollicking folk song, *Hier kom Alabama*, which has to do with the call made at Cape Town nearly 100 years ago by the famed Confederate sea raider commanded by Raphael Semmes. We found that these academic hosts knew more verses to almost every Southern song than did we. We gorged upon fantastically diverse delicacies at the daylong feasting which precedes, accompanies and follows a Malay wedding ceremony. We were present simply because we were friends of Afrikaner friends of the bride's parents. In merriment remindful of celebrations in the old South, we danced and feasted nightlong at the wedding reception for the daughter of a Western Transvaal farmer whose acreage dwarfs almost any Mississippi Delta Plantation.

We had tea in the homes of angry black African professors at Cape Town University and the University College of Fort Hare, institutions whose multiracial status was doomed last spring by the National Party majority of the Afrikaners in Parliament. We drank tea also with Filipino and Colored fishermen of entrancing Kalk Bay, beyond Cape Town, and with embittered Indians in Durban and Johannesburg, sometimes going from such gatherings to exceedingly formal evenings at Government House, the official residence of the governor-general.

Wherever we were—in farmhouse, native hut, urban slum, suburban estate or dominie's study—we almost invariably encountered friendliness. But we also sensed or were made directly aware of the white man's spirit of resistance to any suggestion of change. In contrast, we found among most of the nonwhite leaders a determination upon change as quickly as possible, and little willingness to compromise.

We also soon discovered that most South Africans, whatever their race or attitude, shared, as do most Southerners, a strong self-identifying affection for their beset land. I know no better interpreter of that love than a long-time friend, Thomas Chalmers Robertson, who despite his Scots name is as much an Afrikaner as any who rode with Smuts. On one memorable weekend together we roved the farmlands of the Transvaal, not far from Johannesburg. It is a countryside where, as Robbie has written of it, "the landscape flattens out and the veld was once a sea of rooiegras sailed by herds of game . . . and whose old families had more in common with the rugged frontiersmen of the South than with Virginia's cavaliers."

Robbie pointed out to us century-old and older farmhouses of mud brick, counterparts of the South's log cabins. He showed us also ancient Dutch mansions as stately as any to be found in Charleston or Natchez. He related how, after the discovery of gold and the mushrooming of the Johannesburg area, the industrial giant's demand for food resulted in merciless farming of lands that should have been kept in pasturage, so that the veld was threatened with the fate of too much of the old South's cotton-land. Robbie's kinsmen are discovering what we have discovered in the South, that the beloved land cannot be dealt with foolishly.

The Afrikaners' love for their homeland and their accompanying resentment of its critics is responsible for another and tragicomic resemblance to Southerners. They pretend that they are indifferent to foreign comment, which they dismiss as the product of ignorance, malice or the insidious doings of Communists. In reality they are greatly sensitive to such criticism; and in the long run this sensitivity can be a blessing. During our stay much of the nation was outraged when a visiting Dutch professor unwisely described South Africa's universities as "super high schools," peopled largely by "asthmatic thinkers." The Afrikaners reacted similarly when students in a number of American colleges dispatched a ten-foot-long petition in behalf of the four South African universities that were still unsegregated and described apartheid as "antithetical to Christian principles." And, if the only news I read about Mississippi in the South African newspapers while we were there concerned the lynching in Poplarville, I am sure that at the same time many a Southern paper at home was headlining stories of racial disorders and discrimination in New York or Chicago or wherever examples of man's ill will to man can be found in our North. Next to hunting, playing the game of "You're another" is the principal sport we have in common.

In happier similarity, white South Africans pointed out to us many examples of decent human relationships that eased or contradicted the rigid racial patterns. They are not often publicized outside South Africa any more than similar Southern examples are heralded in the United States outside of the South. But they occur with probably the same frequency—the white man coming to the rescue of the drowning African, the African laborer subduing his employer's assailant, the individual or organized assistance in time of disaster, the presence of a courageous judiciary, the genuine concern of not a few civil servants and private employers for the improvement in health, living standards and working conditions of the Africans.

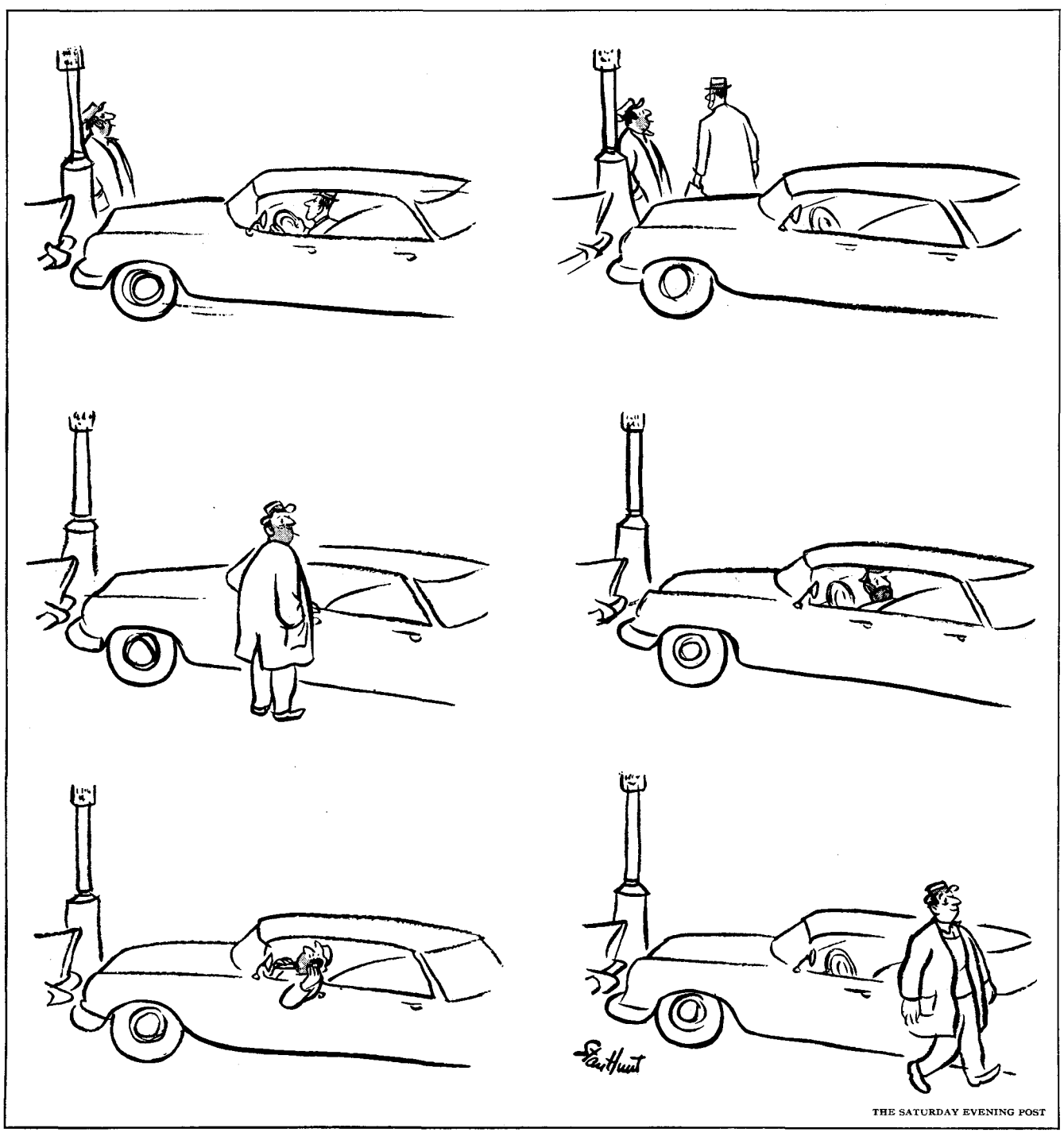
During an evening with such a man as Harry Goldberg, a leading Johannesburg industrialist and a principal apostle of higher wages for the African worker, we could hear our own perceptive Southern employers echoing Booker T. Washington's comment that the white man cannot keep the Negro in the ditch without staying there with him.

Few white South African dissenters advocate an absolute end to segregation or unrestricted suffrage for the three-to-one black majority. Neither would I. But the South African critics of racial injustice are much more outspoken and militant than are most of their American Southern counterparts. As with us, the dissenters are to be found principally among the clergy, the university professors and students, and the newspapermen and writers.

The clerical opponents of the status quo appear far more frequently among the Roman Catholic, Anglican and Jewish churchmen and clergy than within the larger Dutch Reformed Church. It is no happenstance that South Africa's most publicized feud is that waged by the Dutch-born Anglican bishop of Cape Town, the Most Rev. Joost de Blank, and Prime Minister Hendrik F. Verwoerd, likewise a Hollander by birth. The prime minister is a member of the Dutch Reformed Church and the spiritual as well as political leader of the extreme racist wing of the National Party. Even so, a relatively liberal leaven seems to be at work among younger Dutch Reformed clergymen, especially those whose ministry is among Colored and Negro congregations. So it is with us.

Likewise, as in our South, there is dissatisfaction among university professors and university students with prevailing majority racial attitudes. Its expression is very limited in the predominantly Afrikaner nationalist-oriented universities of Pretoria, Stellenbosch, Potchefstroom and Orange Free State, although a significant movement of South African intellectuals in behalf of moderate adjustments, known

(*Continued on Page 50*)



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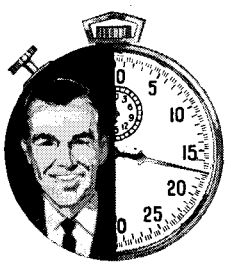

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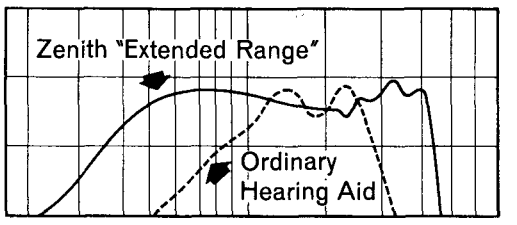

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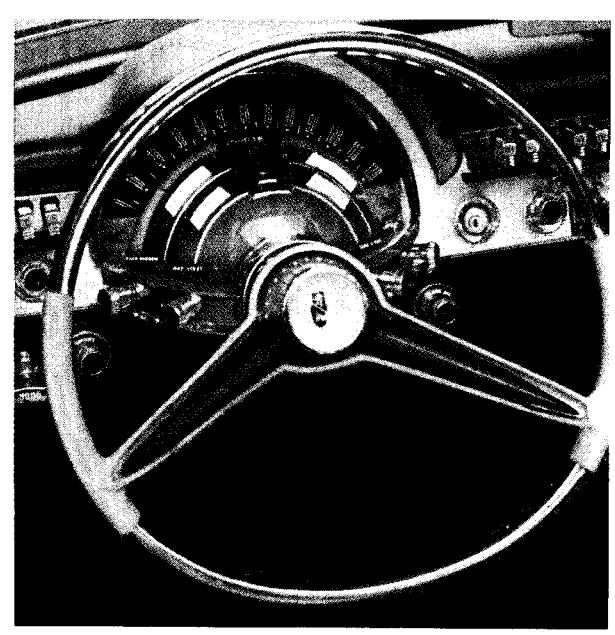

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(*Continued from Page 46*) as Sabra—for South African Bureau of Racial Affairs—draws much of its leadership from the faculties of these institutions. Criticism is more pronounced in the universities attended principally by students of non-Afrikaner descent—Cape Town, Rhodes, Natal, Witwatersrand—which for years have enrolled nonwhite students. The Nationalist majority in Parliament insured last spring that these universities cannot admit nonwhite students much longer.

We were startled by the vigor of the criticism in these and other schools receiving their principal financial support from the state. Despite its obvious authoritarian tendencies, the Nationalist Government has not interfered with the universities to the extent of curbing unfriendly professors. The result is that there is more academic freedom in South Africa's state-supported institutions than in similar institutions in our South.

South Africa's white-owned newspapers are divided by language, by political loyalties and by attitudes toward the racial problems into the Afrikaner and "English-speaking" camps. But, although the latter number only 40 per cent of the white population, the principal English-language newspapers have better than a three-to-one readership lead over the Afrikaner dailies. Many Afrikaners rely primarily on these English newspapers for information if not editorial guidance. Afrikaans-language papers almost unanimously support the National Party's stringent segregation policies. Some of them, like some of our all-out segregationist papers in the South, are brilliantly edited. The English-language papers are likewise partisan, much more so than are the so-called moderate or liberal Southern papers. None of our own newspapers go as far in attacking white traditions as some of theirs do. Then there is a handful of weekly or monthly publications, which forthrightly champion the black man's quest for equal citizenship. These include the highly readable *Drum*, a picture-and-text magazine primarily for nonwhites, and *Contact*, a crusading review. These are without parallel in our South.

The South can match South Africa's roster of writers of protest literature, of whom Alan Paton, Nadine Gordimer and Harry Bloom are best known in our country. Like our Southern authors they have found far wider acceptance beyond their borders than within them. But the South African writers have a proportionately larger readership among their fellow white South Africans than, for instance, William (*Continued on Page 52*)

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You be the Judge

By JAMES A. EICHNER

Sam no sooner ordered a drink at the bar than the cigarette girl hopped up beside him and said, "Buy me one too?" Sam nodded obligingly. "Brandy," ordered the girl. The bartender charged Sam $1.50 for it. Two drinks later the cigarette girl asked Sam what he did for a living. "I work for the state liquor-control board," he replied and forthwith charged the bar owner with violating a regulation against permitting employees to solicit drinks of patrons.

"Heck, that was just a brandy bottle filled with colored water," the bar owner explained. "I wouldn't permit my employees to solicit intoxicating drinks even if you let me. After all, I don't want them drunk on the job."

"The bottle was labeled brandy, and that's what your cigarette girl asked Sam to buy her," the state attorney replied. "The regulation prohibits solicitation or asking. So it makes no difference that the bartender cheated by selling colored water at $1.50 a shot."

If you were the judge, would you hold the bar owner guilty?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Guilty, with consequent loss of bar license. "The solicitation was for a drink of brandy, which is an intoxicating liquor," the court ruled. "The offense is the soliciting; the fact that the drink served was not intoxicating is not material."

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(*Continued from Page 50*) Faulkner, Tennessee Williams and Elizabeth Spencer find in their native Mississippi. And there probably are more bookstores in Johannesburg than in all Mississippi.

This singling out of the clergy, university professors and students, the newspapers and the creative writers is unfair, I realize, to the sizable minority outside these ranks which does not go along with the excessive racism of the National Party. Many Afrikaners themselves can be found in the United Party, the coalition formed by moderate Boer and English-descended leaders. A liberal wing has recently split from the United Party to form a "Progressive" party. These and other groups and individuals provide, to a far greater degree than is the case in our South, persistent opposition to immoderate racial policies.

Often it seemed to us as if time and place had gone awry in South Africa and that we were living simultaneously in the South of Reconstruction, the South of my childhood and the South of only yesterday or today.

The South's answer to emancipation was a different kind of subjugation. We imposed, by state law, regional custom, threat and indifference, a rigid segregation and an accompanying discrimination in education, civil rights and employment. South Africa has written her discriminatory practices into the law of an entire nation, whereas ours is a policy in force in one fourth of the country against the national will. Under the laws of South Africa, black Africans cannot obtain, save in rare instances, an education comparable to that of a white student, although South Africa does afford a better opportunity for secondary education for its black people than does any other country or colony in Africa. The income of the white South African is seventeen times that of the black man. Nevertheless there is an excess labor supply, much of it flowing in from outside South Africa's borders. Black men wait for jobs in the gold mines, which pay, in addition to food and lodging, forty-two cents a day. South Africa's system of occupational passes and other restrictions upon the African's movements are little different from the Black Codes with which the fearful South of Reconstruction enmeshed the Negro freedman. Time and again Africans with whom I talked placed the pass system and the too-frequent police brutality which accompanies it as their principal complaint.

> Taxes are going up so fast that Government is likely to price itself right out of the market.
>
> DAN BENNETT

While South Africa's whites are gravely concerned over the continuing threat and frequent incidence of black-African violence, many appear indifferent to the economic and social reasons for such violence. When it occurs, whether in mass outbreaks or individual offenses, the police crackdowns are severe indeed. The average South African constable is as rough on the black man as is any Southern marshal. In respect to police surveillance of the African, South Africa is certainly a police state. But, as in the South, public opinion, publicity and the judiciary are increasingly a deterrent to police excesses.

Public opinion is becoming effective in another area of white-black relationships. While we were in South Africa, numerous newspaper exposés of peonage and the abuse of convict laborers on farms and other exploitations of the underpaid African farm workers shocked many English-speaking and Afrikaner whites alike. Under similar circumstances Mississippi was moved some fifty years ago to outlaw the leasing of convict labor to cotton planters.

In most of our South until World War II, and in parts of it today, the Negro has been disfranchised through legal devices, economic pressures and even violence. But while the American Southern Negro is entering the voting booth in ever-mounting numbers, the Nationalist Government is taking away what few political rights nonwhite South Africans once enjoyed. Throughout my life I have heard Southerners say that political and economic subjugation of the Negro was needful to save the white man from drowning in a black sea. This is precisely what the white man in South Africa says today. He defends and attacks in phrases identical to our own. White South Africans of liberal racial views are labeled "Kaffir boetjies," which simply means "nigger lover." We were asked time and again, "You wouldn't want your daughter to marry a Kaffir, would you?" As at home, we listened time and again also to fundamentalist interpretation of the Bible as evidence that the black man is forever ordained to be a subservient, inferior being, a hewer of wood and drawer of water.

South Africa's political demagogues rival our own. They have certain advantages. The Southern spellbinder attacks only Yankees, nigger lovers, Reds and Federal interference. The Afrikaner Nationalist politicians can set up a far greater number of targets: Great Britain and the English-speaking South African, South Africa's Asiatic Indians and India, the Coloreds, black South Africans and black Africans, the United Nations, Communists, Anglican-church leaders, English-language newspapers and occasionally the United States. As with us, these rabble rousers find their most wholehearted disciples among the lower-income whites.

Yet even while we felt so completely at home in South Africa we were aware of the sadly meaningful differences. As one of our Afrikaner friends said perceptively, South Africa is made up of several nations within a common boundary, each mistrustful of the other. Neither the resisting white South nor the protesting Southern Negro feels alien in the United States. Even in the worst pockets of oppression in our South, the Negro remains an American, with no thought of turning upon his country. Our South is an indissoluble and important section of the most powerful and predominantly white nation in the world. But in South Africa 3,000,000 isolated whites seek to preserve nationhood and racial identity on a continent that counts nearly 200,000,000 militant Africans whose unity is based on color and not nationhood. The Southern Negro moves forward, however slowly. In South Africa he has been spun around—if ever in fact he once faced the sun.

If any of this should make us feel more virtuous than the whites of South Africa, we might ask ourselves one question. How would a majority of the 160,000,000 white Americans react if the 18,000,000 American Negroes became more than 500,000,000 multitribal, culturally disparate and long-exploited people pressing suffocatingly upon the driver's seat? The whites of South Africa think that they know what our answer would be. When they told it to us endlessly, we never felt more at home. THE END

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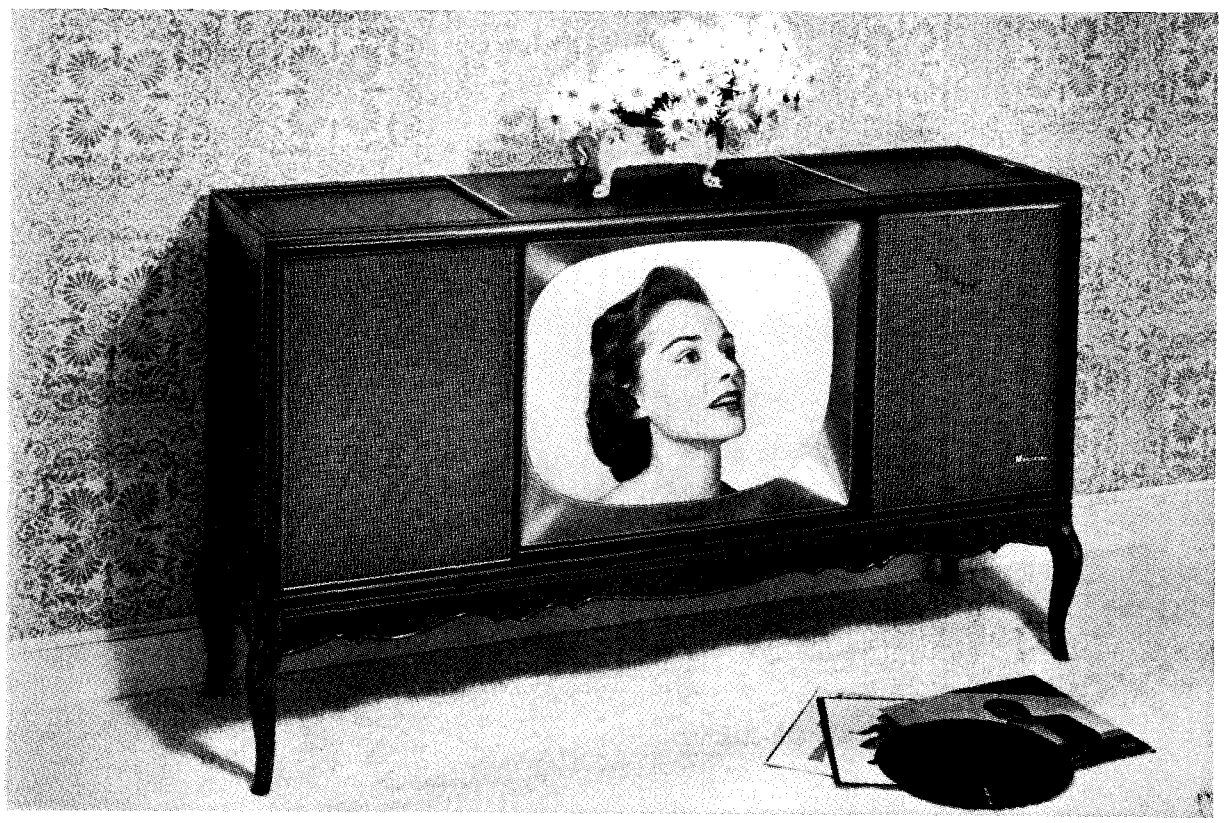

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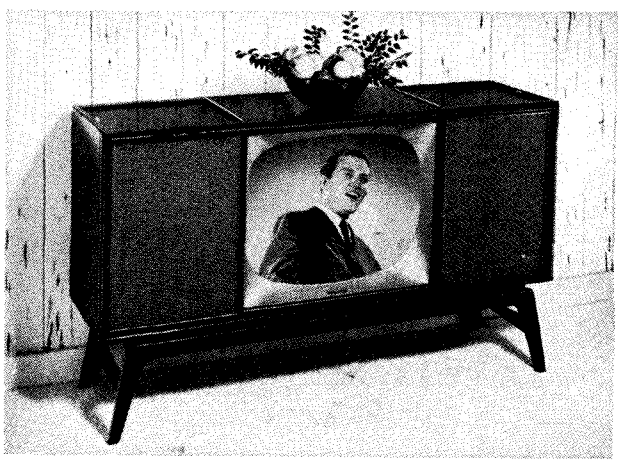

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The Awesome Decision

(Continued from Page 32)

essential aspect of criminal justice we remain backward. We remain backward in the way we deal with the question of responsibility as it relates to mental disease, personality disorganization and the nature of antisocial behavior. Our criminal courts do not generally welcome the psychiatrist with his greatly expanded knowledge of unconscious motivations and environmental conditioning. Instead they cling doggedly to an age-old rule of criminal responsibility which makes modern science irrelevant to the critical question of the defendant's psychic state. In effect, our courts still ask a nineteenth-century question and insist on a nineteenth-century answer.

I refer to the famous formulation of the insanity defense which resulted from the trial of Daniel McNaghten in 1843. This rule—the prevailing law both here and in England for more than a century—requires a jury to consider only whether the defendant knew what he was doing or knew that it was wrong. In relying exclusively on the rational capacity of the mind, this so-called right-wrong test reveals its ancient lineage. It is based on the prescientific view of the human psyche and behavior, wherein the whole story is the eternal conflict between reason and passion. As long as any capacity to know or to reason remains intact, so the theory goes, failure to use it to control the passions constitutes choice, and is therefore culpable. The accused should be punished because he chose to do wrong.

But today we know that a choice of behavior involves the whole functioning human, not just reason alone. We are all painfully familiar with examples of behavior in which the accompanying thought process is only rationalization. Psychiatrists continually come across mentally sick patients who retain substantial reasoning powers. Indeed, one of the commonest symptoms of serious mental disorder is such a dissociation between the rational top of the mind and the emotional underpinnings of the personality.

On January 20, 1843, Daniel McNaghten, a Scottish wood turner, fatally shot Edward Drummond, secretary to the prime minister, Sir Robert Peel, as Drummond was entering a government office in London. The assassin had mistaken the secretary for the premier. "The Tories in my native city have compelled me to do this," he explained later. "They follow and persecute me wherever I go and have entirely destroyed my peace of mind."

The sole issue of McNaghten's trial was insanity. His counsel, Alexander Cockburn, called nine physicians and surgeons to the stand. All testified that the accused was insane. The prosecution entering no medical testimony in opposition, the presiding Lord Chief Justice Tindal directed a verdict of "not guilty, on the ground of insanity." McNaghten spent the rest of his life in mental institutions.

The public reaction was indignant; many people ascribed the shooting to a political plot. Queen Victoria herself protested the verdict. As a result, the House of Lords put several questions to the fifteen judges of England. Their answers have governed the insanity defense ever since throughout most of the English-speaking world. Lord Chief Justice Tindal set forth the McNaghten Rules as follows:

> . . . the jurors ought to be told in all cases . . . that to establish a defense on the ground of insanity, it must be clearly proved that, at the time of the committing of the act, the party accused was laboring under such a defect of reason, from disease of the mind, as not to know the nature and quality of the act he was doing; or, if he did know it, that he did not know he was doing what was wrong.

The insanity defense had a long history prior to Tindal's formulation. As early as the thirteenth century, British law recognized that "a madman does not know what he is doing." In 1724 Judge Tracy held that insanity was exculpatory if the defendant "doth not know what he is doing, no more than . . . a wild beast." Thirty-six years later the "wild beast test" was abandoned in favor of the defendant's capacity to distinguish between "right and wrong"—the precursor of the McNaghten Rules.

The insanity defense reflects a concept that has pervaded the entire history of the criminal law. We call it the doctrine of *mens rea*, sometimes described as

"... she loathes me, she loathes me not ..."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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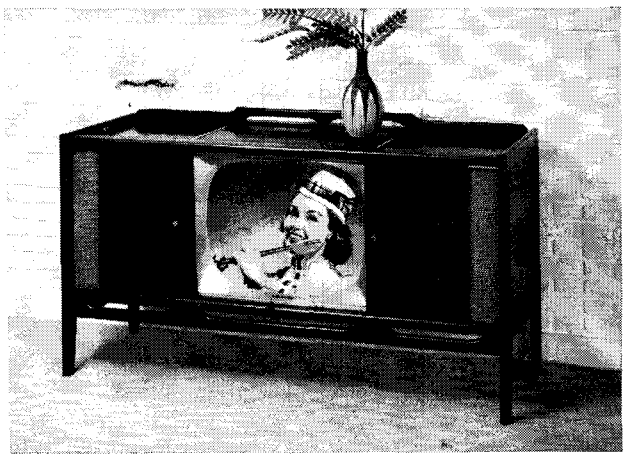

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**Diagonal measure*

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"guilty mind," or "evil intent." It can be traced back to Deuteronomy 19:4-6, "Whoso killeth his neighbor ignorantly, whom he hated not in time past . . . shall . . . live . . ." *Mens rea* is a capsule phrase used, in connection with most crimes, to describe a state of mind which makes the offender blameworthy and so subject to criminal sanctions. Whether this state of mind is a deliberate intent to commit the prohibited act, or some form of negligence, it usually involves ability to anticipate consequences and guard against them. The insanity defense is designed to relieve from criminal liability persons who are incapable of such a state of mind.

The concept of "insanity"—conceived by lawyers, not by doctors—is rooted in this requirement. Originally the insane defendant was thought of as one so obviously bereft of reason that, on the basis of common experience alone, all men could agree that he was incapable of entertaining an evil intent. Through early legal history only total insanity was recognized as a defense, probably because no scientific knowledge existed to differentiate the shadings and gradations of mental disease.

It is ironical that at the very time when psychiatry was beginning to emerge as a distinct medical discipline, antiquated, nonmedical ideas about insanity were frozen into the McNaghten Rules. The law closed the door in psychiatry's face.

It was in 1838 that the American psychiatrist, Dr. Isaac Ray, published his classic *Treatise on the Medical Jurisprudence of Insanity*, attacking the concepts upon which, five years later, the rules were based. In fact, McNaghten's counsel cited Doctor Ray. Other psychiatrists soon joined Doctor Ray in the attack. In this century the chorus of protest has become deafening. Some of the world's leading psychiatrists have refused to testify in court under the distorting limitations of the McNaghten Rules. In a poll taken a few years ago, 80 per cent of 300 American psychiatrists pronounced those rules unsatisfactory, and numerous jurists have agreed. Justice Cardozo flatly stated, "Everyone concedes that the present definition of insanity has little relation to the truths of mental life."

The main criticisms of the right-wrong test are fourfold. First, it misses the point entirely, because whatever "insanity" means, the term refers to abnormal conditions of mind that cannot all be gathered together under the rubrics "know" and "wrong." Second, the test is based on an outmoded theory of faculty psychology—derived from phrenology—that divided the topography of the mind into separate compartments. Modern psychology views a man as an integrated personality, and reason as only one element of that personality and not the sole determinant of conduct. Third, the test poses to the expert an ultimate question involving legal and moral as well as medical issues. Fourth, the test has so strait-jacketed psychiatric testimony that insanity is defined exclusively in terms of extreme psychosis and patent organic deterioration.

What arguments favor the right-wrong test? Chiefly that it reflects traditional morality governing the conduct of normal persons, that it persists historically, that alternative tests are inadequate and, perhaps most important, that many courts ignore the test as often as they apply it. From the juridical point of view, what all this controversy adds up to practically is whether we are to have more and freer psychiatric testimony. With it stated this way, I myself have no hesitance in taking a position solidly in favor of freer and fuller expert testimony.

This is exactly what we did in the District of Columbia five years ago when the United States Court of Appeals adopted the Durham Rule. Under this new, more liberal rule, a modern and comprehensive body of law governing the administration of the insanity defense is being slowly built up on the basis of continuing experience. At the same time the community's fears that great numbers of dangerous persons would be freed to attack again are being put to rest. Nothing of this sort has happened. Defendants acquitted under the Durham Rule have been sent to mental hospitals, many of them for longer periods than they would have served in prison. And they appear to get into less trouble after release than prison convicts.

Although no other court has yet adopted the District of Columbia precedent, it is not an eccentric backwash of American jurisprudence. For one thing, it is an adaptation of a broadened test that the Supreme Court of New Hampshire adopted in 1870. This test, which allowed the insanity plea if the unlawful act arose from mental disease, was fashioned largely under the influence of Dr. Isaac Ray. For another, the Durham Rule reflects a widespread movement among the legal, psychiatric and allied professions to work out alternatives to the rigid spirit of the McNaghten Rules. For example, in 1955 a new test designed to liberalize McNaghten was proposed by the American Law Institute, a leading body of distinguished lawyers, judges and scholars.

To recount the Durham case, on July 13, 1951, twenty-three-year-old Monte Durham broke into a Georgetown home and was caught pilfering clothes. Since the age of sixteen, Durham had been charged with passing bad checks, embezzlement, parole violation, car theft and attempted suicide. Three times he had been committed to mental institutions. Psychiatrists had variously diagnosed him as "psychotic with psychopathic personality" and, oddly, "without mental disorder but with a psychopathic personality."

Following his indictment for housebreaking, he was adjudged of unsound mind and again sent to a mental hospital. Sixteen months later the hospital's superintendent certified that "prolonged psychiatric study has established that [Durham] suffers from psychological illness, but is mentally competent to stand trial. . . ."

As in the McNaghten trial, the sole issue was the mental condition of the defendant. The only medical witness was the Government psychiatrist who had originally found Durham incompetent to stand trial, and his testimony "was unequivocal that Durham was of unsound mind at the time of the crime." The trial judge, who heard the case without a jury, strictly applied the McNaghten test and rejected the psychiatric testimony because the Government doctor declined to answer categorically the ultimate question—did Durham know the difference between right and wrong?

On appeal, Judges Henry W. Edgerton, George T. Washington and I held this was error and, in reversing the conviction, we announced a broader test to be applied in all subsequent cases. We stated that the new rule "is simply that an accused is not criminally responsible if his unlawful act was the product of mental disease or mental defect." Under this test the question would be "whether the accused acted because of a mental disorder, and not whether he displayed particular symptoms which medical science has long recognized do not necessarily, or even typically, accompany even the most serious mental disorder."

Our underlying purpose was to unfreeze the expanding knowledge of psychiatry, as it could be applied to the law, in order to free the psychiatrist from having to make the moral and legal determinations required by the right-wrong test for which he has no special qualifications, and to allow him to address himself to the problems of mental disease and defect, for which he is qualified.

Finally, it was our purpose to restore to the jury its traditional function of applying "our inherited ideas of moral responsibility to individuals prosecuted for crime" under the historically sanctioned precept that "our collective conscience does not allow punishment where it cannot impose blame." But in making the awesome decision as to criminal responsibility, the jury "will be guided by wider horizons of knowledge concerning mental life."

According to the opponents of the new rule, it creates more problems than it solves. If this statement be amended to read "uncovers" instead of "creates," I would agree. I think that any realistic revision of the insanity formula is bound to reveal difficult problems which have been ignored or suppressed under the McNaghten test. Many psychiatrists, for example, who admit their inability to answer the right-wrong question, follow the mechanical practice of testifying that a psychotic cannot distinguish right from wrong, while an individual suffering from a nonpsychotic mental illness can. They so testify even though such an artificial demarcation has neither a medical nor a legal basis. Under Durham, or any broader test, there will not be the same compulsion to dispose of the issue by means so deviously mechanical—a practice that also wrongly relieves the jury of its duty to decide the case.

I agree with one of the more widespread criticisms of the Durham Rule, that the term "mental disease" cannot be rigidly defined. But that is because it is a dynamic concept undergoing continual redefinition in the course of clinical experience. It is strange logic, however, to conclude from this fact that the complexities behind the term should therefore be ignored or that lawyers should arrive at a definition a priori. We must instead seek out the best current scientific explanations.

Another frequent criticism of the Durham test holds that any serious investigation of the nature of mental illness and its effect on criminal conduct will lead to the conclusion that all criminals are mentally ill. If that is so, then it is high time we found it out. I am flabbergasted that some of the most dogmatic defenders of McNaghten actually believe that all criminals are ill. If true, would this not require a complete reconstruction of our criminal law? At the very least, it would require us to abandon the special defense of insanity and the corollary concept of *mens rea*, thereby overturning our historic system.

A third objection to the new rule is that the resources of psychiatry are not up to the task. This may or may not be valid, but we do know psychiatry has more to give than the law now receives. Until we accept what it has to offer, we cannot discover the actual limitations of psychiatry.

The fourth objection to the Durham formulation is that it is difficult to determine whether a criminal act is "the product of" mental illness. This is true, but I think unavoidable. Other formulations involve the same difficulties—the American Law Institute proposal uses the phrase "as a result of." Moreover, juries solve a similarly difficult problem of causation every day when they decide in personal-injury cases whether it was the defendant's negligence that caused the plaintiff's injury.

But the overriding objection to Durham undoubtedly derives from our deepest feelings about punishment. In the traditional mode of thinking we, the good citizens, feel that they, the criminals, should be punished. So, the argument proceeds, it is just as well that only "slobbering idiots" should be excused, as under the McNaghten Rules. A broader rule is bad just because more criminals would get off.

This objection, based on the felt need to punish, brings us to an issue that transcends legalisms and all merely professional considerations—an issue embracing the whole of society. Here are involved the mutual (*Continued on Page 56*)

What's Going On Here?

It is February, 1782, four months after the end of the Revolutionary War. A court-martial in Boston weighs charges of "disobedience, cowardice and unsoldierlike behavior" against an American leader who served with undeniable heroism earlier in the war. The defendant, a noted New England craftsman in private life, looks forward eagerly to having his name cleared. Who was he? What was the verdict?

Paul J. Norton

(*Answer on Page 56*)

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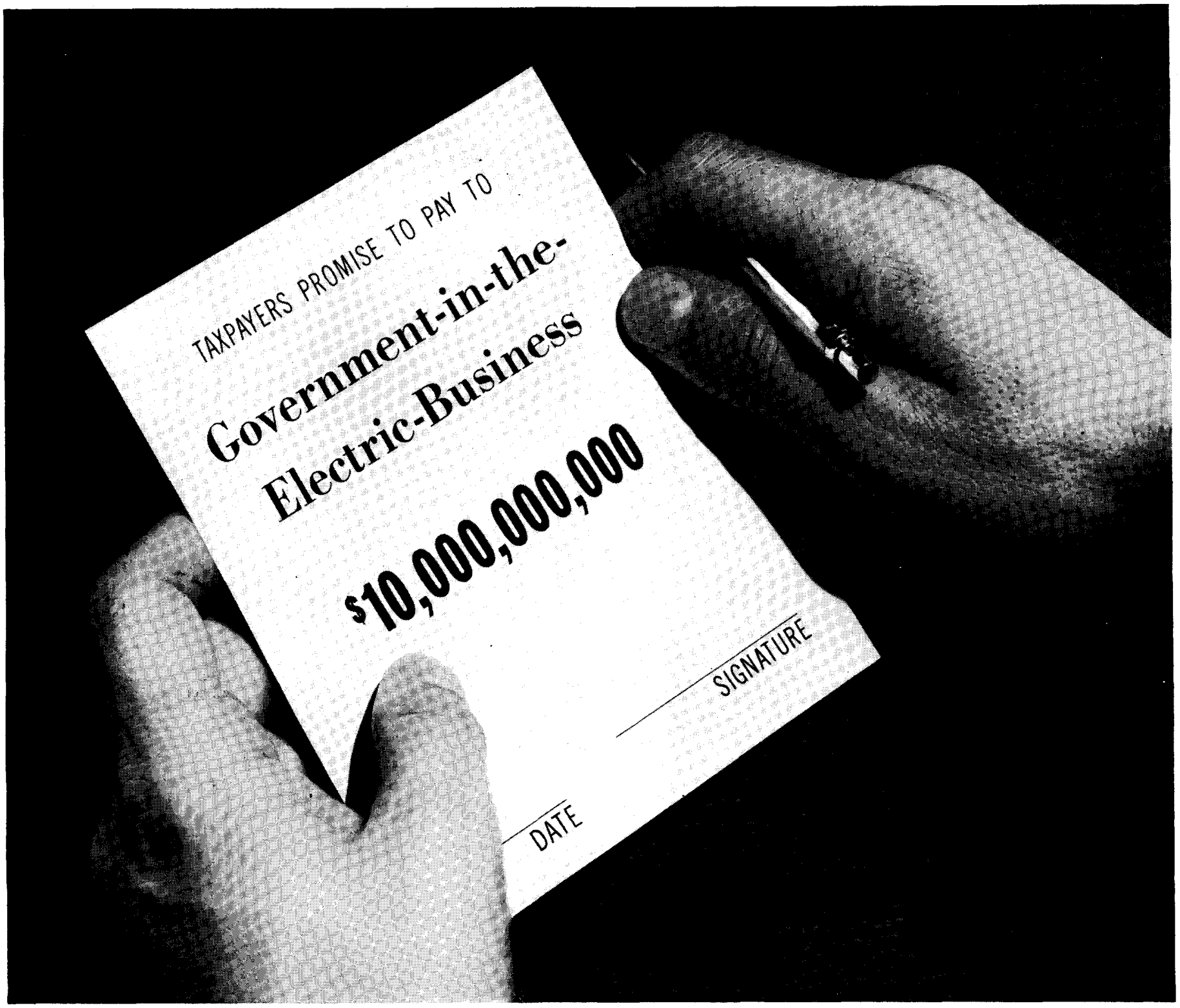

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(*Continued from Page 54*) demands of society and the individual upon each other. Here, within the democratic framework, lies the grand context of criminal responsibility.

Practically speaking, the legal term "insanity" can be defined by the consequences of its use. When pronounced "not insane," the accused is sentenced to prison as a punishment. When held insane, he goes to a mental institution for treatment. This is the practical aspect, what all the theoretical discussion boils down to—punishment or treatment.

Prisons and mental hospitals fulfill a similar function to the extent that both segregate undesirable persons from society. In this sense, both protect society. According to ideal penological theory, punishment reforms; after release the prisoner will behave acceptably, and society will be protected. But in reality the rate of recidivism is high—more than 60 per cent among Federal convicts. Now, it is majestically simple that, since punishment so often fails of its purpose, something else is needed. And this something else is treatment.

Punishment as such, remember, is supposed to fit the crime, not the criminal. When the sentence has been served, the warden of the penitentiary signs a certificate to that effect, and the prisoner rejoins society—even though it may be obvious that the punishment has worked no cure and indeed may have intensified the prisoner's criminal impulses. On the other hand, an inmate of a mental hospital is released only when certified by the staff as cured, or at least not dangerous to himself or others. No psychiatrist, to be sure, is infallible. He may err in his prognosis and recommend release prematurely, with disastrous results to the community. Many state hospitals, moreover, are too overcrowded and understaffed to provide optimum care. But at least the effort is made to exercise responsible medical judgment, whereas the prison warden is called upon to enter no judgment at all except as to parole. Is it not evident that treatment rather than punitive incarceration offers society better protection? So much for the practical aspects.

But as I have pointed out, society tends to waver between the ideas, "he deserves it" and "it will do him good." A somewhat more sophisticated attitude is reflected by the so-called deterrence theory which attempts to merge "he deserves it" and "it will do him good" under the synthetic proposition, "it will do us all good." This theory not only underlies the usual learned arguments against broadening the insanity defense but forms the central theoretical problem of the entire criminal law.

The deterrence theory, like its less sophisticated antecedents, seeks to justify the existing amount of punishment meted out as a means of preserving public order. By imprisoning the criminal, it is contended, we deter others from committing crimes. The prisoner thus becomes a scapegoat. In a free society such use of an individual cannot be justified except by a survival of the "he deserves it" feeling as well as the sanguine belief that his incarceration both serves as a beneficial example to all and does the prisoner good. Thus the ancient views of retribution persist in the deterrence theory.

It seems to me that this theory begs the entire question of justice for the individual. Unlike the retributive theory, it assumes that though punishment may not be right, may be purposeless or downright destructive to the individual, yet it protects society and so is justified. Hence even the mentally ill and hopelessly psychopathic recidivist are sacrificed for the purported social benefit. Thus the individual is degraded—contrary to our democratic ethos.

Unarguably, the maintenance of public order must be backed up by a system of sanctions. Neither law nor morality can sustain itself from generation to generation without the threat of some penalties. Many of us do not steal, not because of a fear imposed from without, but because of an internal control system generated by our mores and traditional beliefs. For most of those who require external controls it is the threat of going to jail, not actual time spent there, that keeps them from stealing. We need sanctions to give substance to the threat. How much actual punishment is required in order to sustain the threat of punishment at an effective level? That is the real problem posed by the deterrence theory. Many of its supporters seem to answer, "Exactly as much as we now have." This strikes me as both too easy and antihistorical. After all, it was not so long ago that whippings and executions, carried out as public spectacles, were considered essential to the preservation of order.

In our society the essential aim of the criminal law should not be to induce mass fear of punishment, but to reaffirm the value of each individual by due process in his conviction and purposeful treatment thereafter. Too often, in our eagerness to protect society, we forget that society is composed of individuals. In a democracy, society or the state is no more than the sum of its individual components. The state exists for the benefit of the individual, not vice versa, as in Nazi Germany or Soviet Russia. Consequently, repressive law can be justified only as an accommodation of the mutual liberties of two or more individuals. The real difference is not always apparent, and at times we may favor one group of individuals over another in the interests of those liberties. But the basic theory does not change. It remains transcendently important. It is perhaps the central thread of continuity in our law.

If we now consider the issue of criminal responsibility on spiritual rather than practical or ideological grounds, we discover an ancient philosophical conflict at the heart of the problem—free will versus determinism. I am not equipped to deal with this great problem as a philosopher or theologian would, but I want to venture one or two observations.

If the question is whether we make real choices, two things are clear—we obviously seem to do so, and some people seem to have a wider choice of action than others. Intellectual, physical and emotional capacity, wealth, social status, all extend or limit the area of choice. Yet, in the eyes of the law, for example, the poor and the rich face the same responsibility to resist the temptation to steal, even though the poor may be overwhelmingly tempted and the rich not at all.

Surprisingly, this free-will-determinism issue is seldom discussed in the practical context of actual choice, but usually on the level of abstract theory. On that level the argument often revolves around the old issue of science versus religion. Freudianism has carried the banner of scientific determinism into the inner sanctum of theology—the human soul. Darwin placed the human animal in nature, and Freud attempted to explain what occurred inside this human animal. His success has been substantial. Freud's concept of the unconscious as a source of motivation, as part of the great revolution it is working in modern thought, has compelled us to reconsider the question of criminal responsibility.

As a result, an expanded category of disease has supplemented or displaced the diminished category of "evil." Evil is not a scientific word. Madmen were once thought to be possessed by evil spirits, and the means of exorcising the devil included torture. If we are not yet prepared to view every juvenile car thief as ill, many of us do feel that his social and economic background may be out of joint and may itself be "ill." The notion of a perfectly personal evil no longer suffices to explain all the events in a human career.

Evil, of course, can only be punished or forgiven. But illness is supposed to be ameliorated or cured. Thus the name we put to our failures makes a difference. We all tend to believe in free will when we entertain hopes for the future, but switch to determinism when recalling our past failures. I suggest we extend the same consideration to the failures of others.

As Hollingshead and Redlich suggested in their study, *Social Class and Mental Illness*, neurosis is something of a class privilege. It is less common in the lower social strata. There the number of psychotics and psychopaths appears to be greater. According to the Hollingshead-Redlich findings, the neurotic containment of conflict requires certain amenities of life, especially the possession of social values to be preserved. The mentally ill of the poor classes, including many criminals, lack the leisure for inner neurotic torture, and have less to lose by "acting out" their conflicts. Though no conclusive scientific proof exists, the indications are strong that a good deal of criminal behavior should be viewed as a pathological function of marginal socio-economic status. Some 90 per cent of the criminal cases which come before our United States Court of Appeals involving the insanity plea concern indigent defendants. For many people it takes certain minimum advantages in life to "learn how to be good." With those who have clearly failed to learn, it may be that part of the burden of social responsibility shifts from them to us, calling for something better than punishment.

The law is neither a scientific instrument nor an adjunct to any absolute moral doctrine. Our legal system is the way we conduct our business of mediating conflicts, preserving the peace and furthering orderly social development. It thus stands between all opposing forces or conflicting ideologies. In the criminal law and in the administration of the insanity defense the wisdom of the past, including the free-will postulate, meets modern scientific views, including the postulate of causal determinism. The legal process differs from religion in that, being concerned with factual decisions, it cannot utter moral imperatives. It differs from science in that it cannot choose its experimental subject matter, it cannot plead ignorance and it cannot select its hypotheses freely. A court must resolve all conflicts presented to it, with or without adequate knowledge.

The chief inhabitants in the house of the law are the members of the jury. This much maligned body carries the final burden of redressing the social balance. In shouldering the awful responsibility of assessing the degree of another person's responsibility under the law, the jury—that sample of all of us—needs all the help available. When considering the insanity defense, obviously it needs the help of psychiatric and other scientific experts, given fully and freely. Only then, on the basis of all possible relevant facts and scientific insight, can the jury make its moral judgment, its awesome decision.

In the Durham case we said, "The legal and moral traditions of the western world require that those who, of their own free will and with evil intent . . . commit acts which violate the law, shall be criminally responsible for those acts. Our traditions also require that where such acts stem from and are the product of mental disease or defect . . . moral blame shall not attach, and hence there will not be criminal responsibility."

Thus, within our traditions, the case goes to the jury. THE END

Answer to

What's Going On Here?

(Page 54)

Paul Revere, famed midnight rider and later an artillery officer of note, was cleared on all counts. The accusations arose after he participated in the ill-fated Penobscot campaign of 1779. Unable to dislodge a British garrison at Castine, Maine, superior American forces fled in panic when seven British ships suddenly sailed up the bay. In the scramble Revere became separated from his men in the ordnance craft. After investigation and courts-martial, all American Army officers were absolved.

Judge Bazelon cautions that the foregoing has been painted on a large canvas and with broad strokes. There is a host of complexities, qualifications and details which have been barely touched upon. For readers who may wish to pursue the subject further, the following books are recommended:

Guttmacher, M. S. and Weihofen, H.
Psychiatry and the Law
Norton
$12.00

Lindner, R. M.
Rebel Without a Cause
Grove Press
$1.75

Menninger, K.
Man Against Himself
Harcourt
$1.45

Overholser, W.
The Psychiatrist and the Law
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The Urge to Punish
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Zilboorg, G.
The Psychology of the Criminal Act and Punishment
Harcourt
$3.50

Freud, Sigmund
Basic Writings
Modern Library
$2.95

Barnes, Harry Elmer and Teeters, N. K.
New Horizons in Criminology
Prentice-Hall
$7.95

Deutsch, A.
The Mentally Ill in America
Columbia University Press
$6.00

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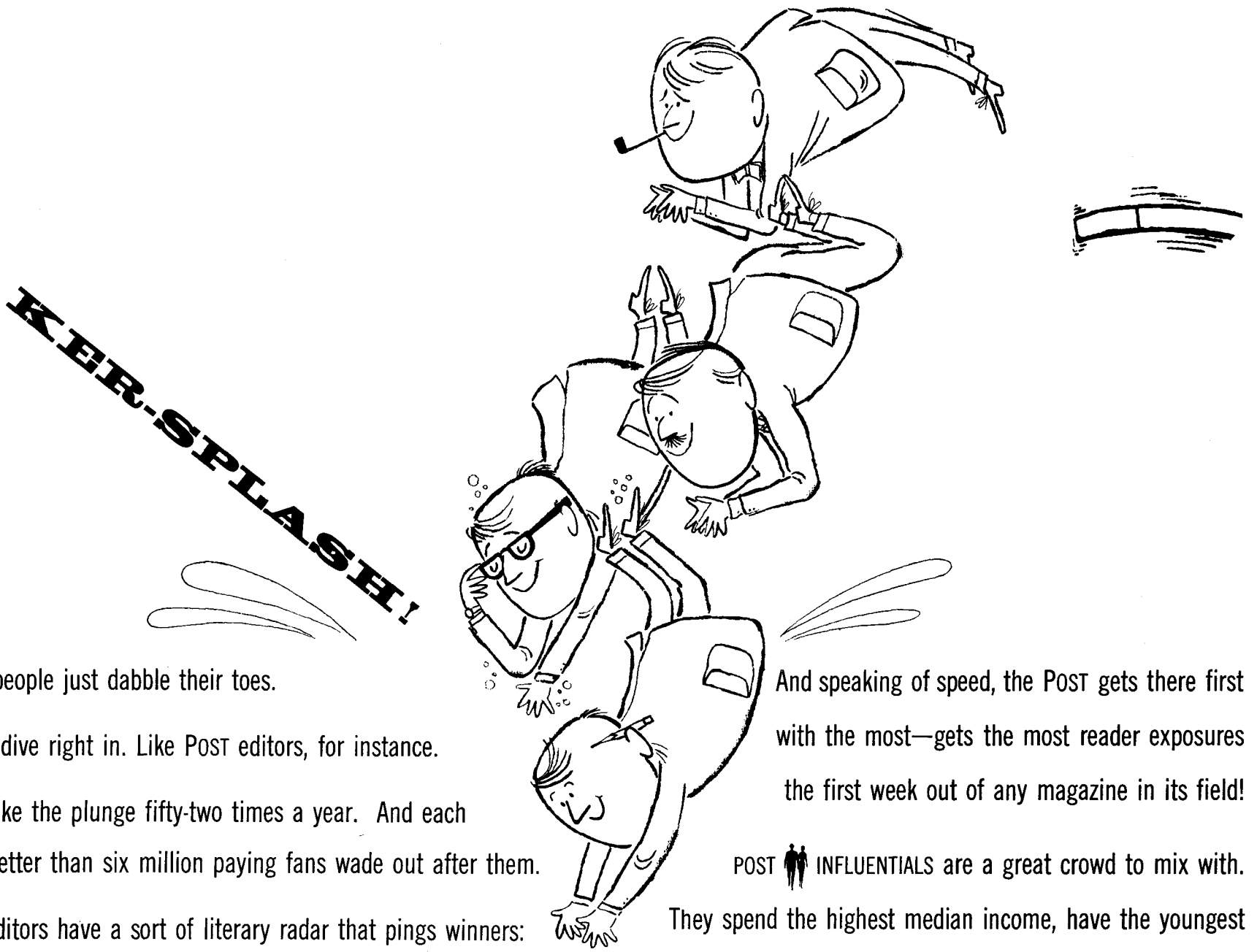

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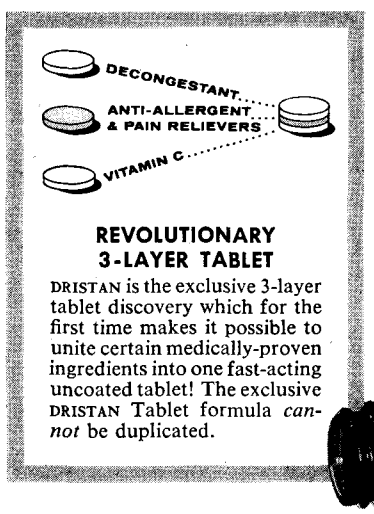
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The Escape of Olin Rainey

(Continued from Page 29)

to catch her. Once she fainted *sitting down*, and that was the worst of all. Doctor Jimson said he didn't know what caused it—she was just "subject" to it. Relieved to be left with only a familiar worry, they thanked him for not finding anything terrible. The doctor surely knew, for he had a roomful of books and was always buying more.

Finally, Olin wanted to get away from being Olin Rainey as he knew him, so he could be Olin Rainey as he wanted to be. He could not say just yet what this was to be, but his dream did not seem entirely hopeless. Somebody else had once lived in Galena and had gone away, and Olin often dawdled past the house of this man, which was two streets lower toward town than the Rainey house. The man was Ulysses Grant, who in Olin's boyhood was President of the United States. President Grant's house was not much different from Olin's. Years ago it was part of the town lore that Ulysses Grant, as a clerk in his brother's harness store in Galena, would never amount to much. If they ever thought of saying the same thing about Olin Rainey, the miner's son, perhaps they'd be wrong there too.

Everything about going away kept Olin interested. He liked to go to the levee to watch the old *Menominee* come in and tie up, and unload, and load, and then cast off. Cautiously she'd backwater with one big paddle wheel while the other went slow speed ahead. The dark water by the dock was churned up white. Birds flipped up from treetops back of the shore. The *Menominee* let go with her whistle and began to pick up speed. Her twin stacks rose high in the air and ended in iron crowns blackened by smoke. Her deck was only a little way above water. People on deck walked close to the water. If only he were on board, Olin would lean over all day long and watch the water go by under him as he went away.

At other times he kept returning to his grove of river willows for another purpose, which at first he did not rightly grasp. He went to listen. His ear was acute, and he liked to sort out the river sounds. There were all kinds, once he listened for them separately.

The difference between the sound of water close in to the bank and water far out in the stream.

The kinds of wind, high or low, in branches or in grass.

What a steamer whistle did upwind and downwind.

Best of all, the songs of birds.

Olin would listen with his cheek turned toward a bird singing somewhere, and then he would try to imitate it, whistling. Then he would wait for an answer. It was some time and many visits to the river before he got his first answer, and when it came, he fell down on his little floor of damp river grass and hugged his ribs and rolled over and back, laughing fit to be tied. When he got his breath he stood up and tried again, and again the bird answered him. From that time on, so true and pure was his whistling, he could make birds answer him whenever he wanted to. He did not say so to himself, and nobody else knew, of course, but this was music. He was trying to make music, using the only instrument and the only teachers within his reach.

But there were other tunes, and he practiced these, too, and on that Saturday afternoon, when he had his permission to make the excursion tomorrow, he went down the river to his place, and after a few exchanges with whatever old birds happened to be around, he set to work practicing his best pieces. He began with *The Brown Eyes Polka*, and worked his way through *Tenting Tonight* and *Darling Nellie Gray* to the *Boston Waltz*. It seemed possible that tomorrow, on the way, or actually at Cedar Rapids, someone might want to hear him whistle. He meant to be good and ready.

On Sunday morning four buggyloads left for Cedar Rapids, and Olin filled the last seat. The young people were all going to attend the band festival which was staged every few years in springtime by members of the Cedar Rapids Bohemian colony. The understanding was that if

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I wouldn't worry what the patent attorney said. Remember, they laughed at the Wright brothers."

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Olin would help to care for the horses and make himself generally useful, he need not worry over expenses, for his friends would see that he got fed. The rest of them were paired off boy-and-girl. Olin had never been out with the young people before. They thought it was high time.

The trip over saw the birth of his social sense. "Well, let's all do our part," they said to him. "Can you tell us a story? How about a riddle. Can you sing?"

No, but he could entertain with his whistling.

"Your *what?*"

He showed them. The horse pricked up his ears, and so did they. First he gave them birds. The sweetness and wit of this made them laugh with delight. Then he tried his real tunes, and on the inspiration of the moment he mixed in a few bird sounds with these, and they all said the effect was way downtown. They applauded. He lifted their spirits, and he released their real reasons for making the trip. Much sparking and daring came out between the young men and women of the party. Olin caught his first glimpse of courtship. It made him wonder, and then it made him more secret than ever with his feelings which, under suppression, were dear and bothersome.

But the band festival wiped out all his other new excitements. Several bands competed. The greatest, and the winner, was a band of silver valve cornets—the John Huss Silver Cornet Choir. He had never imagined, much less heard, such beautiful sounds. Stricken, he followed the players around when they were through, and finally got up enough nerve to ask one of the younger musicians to let him see his silver cornet.

"Here, you want to hold it?"

Olin took it and pressed the sparkling valves with their inviting action. He held it to his face and then lowered it.

"Go on, try it once," said the young Bohemian.

"I don't know how."

The player showed him how to fix his lips on the mouthpiece. Olin tried it, making some cracked noises which embarrassed him. The owner nodded with encouragement, and he tried and tried again until he heard himself blow a long, pleasant, if somewhat breathy, tone.

"Good! Good!" said the cornettist. "You'll catch on easy!"

The leader of the choir was nearby. He came over and smiled generously at Olin's first trial. Then, taken by what he saw in the boy's face, he asked him if he would like to learn to play the cornet.

Olin blushed and nodded.

"Here, there," said the leader, "you come over here once," and led him to a grove of trees away from where the festival crowd were eating their picnic. Right then and there the professor gave him a lesson on the cornet, and when they were done, he said that Olin Rainey had a natural talent for music and for the cornet, and added, "When you get home, you tell your pa and ma. You tell them to get you lessons."

"Thank you."

Olin knew the thing was hopeless. Why did *anybody* have to want what they couldn't have?

When he came back to Galena from Cedar Rapids, he was somebody else. His mother recognized this at once, and she wondered what kind of somebody else he was who came home from the outing she had let him have, for which she had had to pay dearly over the weekend.

But Olin didn't say anything, and she knew she had to wait for him to speak. In her worries and wonderings she took random comfort from the thought that Mordell, her next, was still himself anyway, and would be for a while yet.

Why was it? she asked herself in a silent scolding, when the one thing she wanted was for her boys to grow up and get away, that she could think of everything to hold them here?

She came into the kitchen on Tuesday afternoon and saw Olin with her china beehive in his hands.

"Olin Rainey! Drop that; no, don't drop it, give it here to me, you—oh!"

In the china beehive was the money she had saved. It was the treasure she kept against calamity. Ruben did not know of it. She had no idea of how Olin knew of it. He handed it to her, and she boxed his ear.

"I was not stealing it," he said. "I was just counting it."

Now over her fright, she saw he told the truth. She felt sinful to have doubted him. "What for?" she asked.

"To see if there was enough for us to get me what I saw down in Mr. Ferguson's store window."

"And just what is that?"

"A secondhand valve cornet."

She folded her hands across the beehive against her bony breast and stared at him. So this was what had happened to him in Cedar Rapids. She nodded, and in a few words he told her what he had discovered on the outing. He knew he could speak to her without sounding like a fool, and all his longing became an open secret between them.

"How much is it?" she asked.

"Nine dollars and four bits."

She did not have that much money. It may as well have been thirty-five dollars, as far as the beehive was concerned. This angered her, and she beat back at injustice in her only way.

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"Yes, you do; yes, and you can."

Her eyes suddenly held a sting. She winked it away. "Maybe Ferguson don't have to ask that much for it?"

"Yes. I asked him."

"He always was *near*."

The next time a steamer arrived it was not the old *Menominee*, which, they said, was laid up for repairs downriver. It was the United States mail and passenger packet *New St. Paul*, a younger, grander ship. When she came in, Olin was at the levee, for she tied up after school.

The channel was narrow, and she lay athwart it at a long angle. Her bow touched the shore, and dock hands first unloaded her from the bow and then took new cargo up along inclined planks. From the side she looked like a two-story store front with wooden galleries. On top was a deckhouse, and on this again was the pilothouse, which resembled a miniature bandstand. Her side wheels were encased in great half drums which carried her name. Somewhere down under breathed her engines, asleep and softly hissing out steam. Olin tilted his head. There was another sound.

He came closer. What would they do to him if he ran up the planks? Perhaps he could find a bundle of some sort to carry which would justify his going aboard. For a moment he hesitated to take the risk; but what he heard pulled at him, and then, scowling forcefully and striding like a man, he simply walked straight across the levee, fell in between two work parties and marched right up onto the foredeck of the *New St. Paul*. Once there, he continued the march until he was inside the main saloon cabin, where he found the source of the sound that called him.

It was the sound of a square pianoforte. Framed by yellow velvet draperies looped with gold ropes and tassels, the piano occupied the center of a shallow little stage at one end of the magnificent steamboat room. An old man who looked like Andrew Jackson in the history book was making long, fancy glides on the keys. When he reached the top, he would linger and tremble his fingers until Olin was dazzled by the brilliant blur of sound. Then he would swoop downward to the thunder of the other end, and scowl, and make rumbles, and grind his teeth, sinking his narrow, bony, loose-skinned chin inside his stand-up collar. Knowing someone was listening, he played all the grander and harder. Even if he knew it was only a boy, he had to show what he could do, and at one point he rose off his cut-velvet piano stool and flipped out his coattail as if it were part of the music and came down again on the stool and suddenly went limp. He rolled his eyes to heaven and then shut them and made a pursed smile, and his fingers played like gentle rain on the keys, and he seemed to show that he could be a poet of all moods. Then suddenly he changed, stopped playing, woke up and asked Olin, "Well, what can *you* do, now?"

"No, I can't do anything—except listen. It surely was mighty fine."

The artist shook his head and showed his long yellow horse teeth in a sad smile.

"Oh, it was, once upon a time. It was, for certain. These hands have played before crowned heads, and they have won gold medals and scrolls at many an international exposition of science, art and industry. But what are they doing now? Playing storm effects and moonlight mush for passengers who hardly listen on a moth-eaten old Miz'sippi steamboat."

"I don't think she's moth-eaten. I wish I was on her."

"Could you earn your way?"

"I don't know doing what."

"Fourth floor, maternity shop—for heaven's sake, watch your step."

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"I lost my orchestra at Natchez last month, by which I mean my horn player. Can you play a cornet?"

Olin's heart took a jump. "No, but I surely wish I could learn."

"I can teach you if you have a cornet."

Olin felt like crying for the first time in many years. "I don't have one. I know where I can get one, but it costs too much."

"What makes you think you could play it, anyway?"

"The bandmaster at Cedar Rapids told me I could learn."

"Well, he probably knows. Can you do anything else with music?"

"Well, it isn't music, just like that, but I can whistle."

"Then whistle."

The pianist turned to his keys and began to make up music that called for birds in the trees. Olin, at first hesitantly, then more confidently, began to do his birds. In a very short while the two performers were one in creating a kind of music that went right along.

"Try this!" cried the pianist without pausing, but switching to a real tune which Olin knew—the *Boston Waltz*. Olin whistled the melody, but he kept his birds in, too, and the result moved the old man to stand up and clap his hands once or twice.

"You're an entertainer!" he sang out. "What's your name? I am Professor McKlarney. Whistling won't do forever, but if you can learn to do as much on the trumpet, you'll never starve!"

"Olin Moresby Rainey. I can learn it."

"Oh, my gracious, how I need a trumpeter! That's all they'll listen to when they get to really having a good time on board. Do you drink?"

Olin was both complimented and shocked at this. "No, sir!"

"Well, that's a relief. I lost my last one through drink. But what'm I saying? I can't take you. Oh, you could come along and whistle, but that would do only till you learned the cornet. And you haven't a horn and neither have I, nor do you play."

Professor McKlarney shrugged his bony shoulders, swept his long gray hair out of his collar and sat down. "If you ever get a horn, speak to me again," he said and began to exercise his hands in octave scales.

There was a short, shaking blast from the steam whistle of the *New St. Paul*. The professor angled his head at Olin to tell him to get off—they were about to sail. Olin left him, taking along the remarkable knowledge that he was—according to a professional—an entertainer. With him, too, went the sorrowful certainty that nothing could be done about it.

That night at home they all held their breath.

It was past nine, and the father had not yet come home. They all knew, even little Benjamin, that when he came, matters would be much worse even than this stretched feeling in the stomach, which everybody got by looking at the mother. Her face was white, and when she smiled to ease their fears, they could have sobbed dryly.

Olin and Mordell stayed close to Cleora and moved still closer when they heard footsteps on the porch.

They were firm steps, slow, heavy and important. Ruben Rainey when at his worst acted deliberately. His rages built themselves up out of the depths of his wounded silence. For a long time he would not say a word, but only hang his head forward and stare at them all in turn. His silent accusations were borne along his hot, red-rimmed gaze. Though he was powerfully built, his menace was something beyond body. It rose out of the desperate misery of a man who could do nothing for those to whom he must give everything. Cleora was the only one of the family who knew this, and—an act of love—she knew it more with her heart than with her head. Work as he might at it, her husband never managed to drive altogether away from her heart the meaning he had put there when he had taken her as a bride.

He came in this night and spoke to nobody, but went and sat at the kitchen table.

"Would you have your supper now?" asked Cleora.

He shagged his great head about to see her and made no reply. Cleora motioned to her sons to go to bed. The younger children were already upstairs, but wide awake, listening for the fury which sooner or later must explode.

"Not him. Him," said Ruben, indicating that Mordell was to leave, but Olin was to stay.

Cleora nodded, and Mordell departed, walking backward until he was in the dark of the narrow, steep hall. His stomach tasted in his throat. If his father struck his mother tonight, just this once more, he would come flying down the stairs and do his best to kill his father. With this resolve it was possible for him to leave as ordered.

In the kitchen nothing moved but the brass pendulum of the walnut clock on the shelf above the sink.

Olin knew that his father had been aggrieved for days because he had gone to Cedar Rapids. He knew that his mother was still in danger for having let him go. His guilt was unbearable, and it moved him to speak. "It wasn't her fault," he said. "I begged her to let me go and not tell you because I thought you would say no if we asked you."

A look of weary sweetness came over Ruben's work-grimed face and lingered there briefly. He felt sweet because at last the excuse had come to him to break the hard, thick shell of his own trouble. "Come here," he said to Olin, almost lightly.

Olin glanced apprehensively at his mother as if to ask whether to obey.

"Don't look at her," said Ruben thickly, but in a gentle voice. "Just come here to your father."

Olin went to him. As he went he watched his father's heavy arm draw back to gather the distance from which it would strike him when he was near enough.

When the arm was as far back as it wanted to be, Ruben's face went broken and wild. His voice let go with a shout. He smashed Olin to the floor with one strike and picked him up to do it again. His lungs were bellows blasting out the sounds of his humiliation before the whole world and his hatred.

Olin bled. He put his young arms across his head, his face, but still he bled.

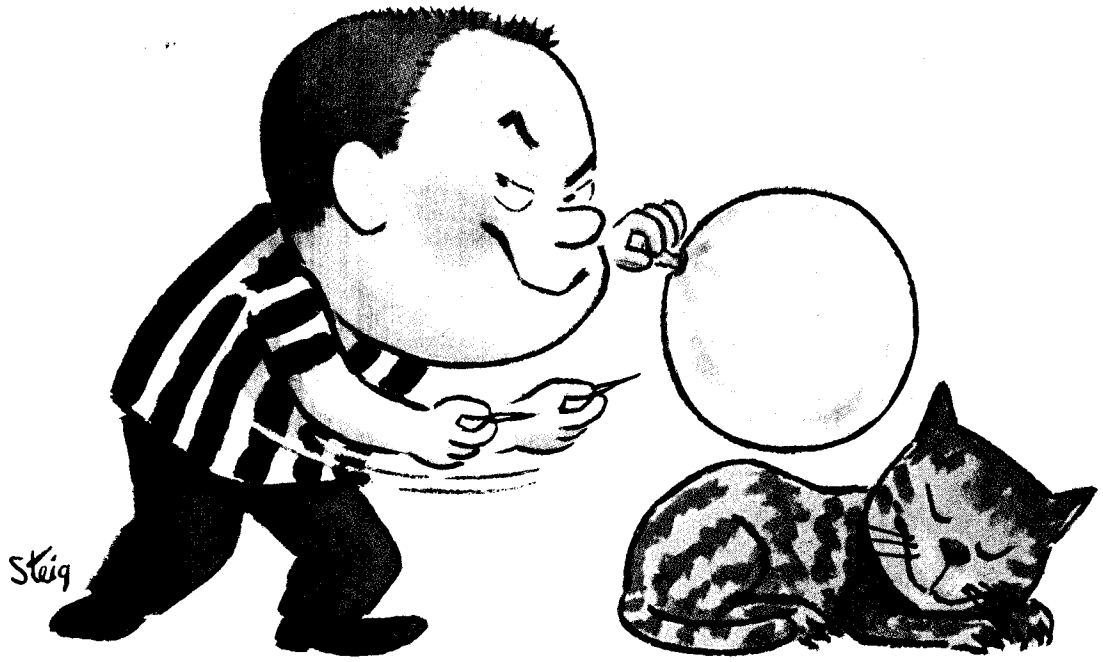
"Not good enough, are we," bellowed Ruben, and struck again. "Get away whenever you can, hey," and struck. "Go crawling around asking the price of a valve cornet, will you, when nobody here has enough to eat, hey?"

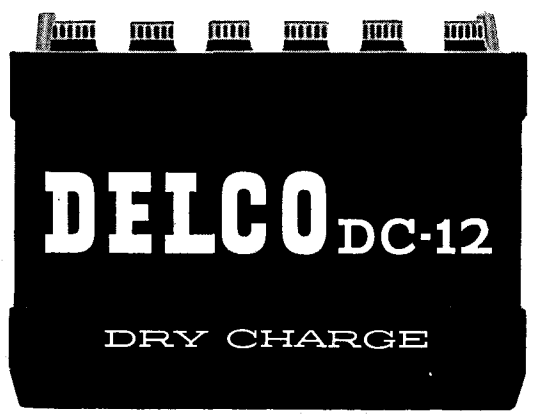
Olin on the floor assumed protectively the shape of an unborn child. His mother came to cover him.

"You!" cried her husband and sent her across the room with a crashing swing. The air was rank with the breath of the corn whisky which had brought him home as temporary master of his world.

In the door appeared Mordell. He saw Cleora pulling herself upward by holding to a chair.

"Did he strike you?" he yelled. "If he did, I will kill him!"





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The moment was so astonishing that Ruben Rainey heaved himself back and stared at his second son. Irrational anger went soft and melted into irrational grief. He sank against the table, covered his face and wept for the son who would kill his father. Upstairs the little ones clutched each other with relief. In their experience they knew that the nature of the terror below had changed and that presently peace would descend, after the father had been hauled to his bed.

When Ruben was safely lost in sleep, Cleora came to the boys' bed and, as she expected, found Olin awake. She took him quietly away, in the dark, to the kitchen and, lighting no lamp, she bathed his cuts and bruises with cool water. As she worked she held a whispered conversation with him. "We've got to fix it for you to go," she breathed. "I shouldn't have waited for tonight to know it."

"Go where?"

"Anywhere. Can't you think of where to go? I know your father. He's got his mind set now about you. It'll only get worse the longer you stay."

"Why does he hate me?"

"He don't hate you sober, son. He just can't stand to know he can't be what he would be to you if he could. He sees you're a man, just about, and it makes him feel less a man."

She spoke in mysteries, but never had she failed him in her good sense, and he tried to know what she meant.

"Where can you go, Olin?"

"I could have gone today, only I couldn't."

"Where!"

He told her about Professor McKlarney, the want of a valve cornet, and the packet *New St. Paul.*

"He said I would never starve if I could learn the horn."

"Do you figure he meant it, or was he just talking for talking?"

"I figure he meant it."

She put her cheek to his wide, clear, bony brow for a moment of hidden leave-taking. Then she said, "Go to bed and sleep, my honey. It may take a bit to fix everything, but whatever'll have to happen afterward, it'll be worth it."

He was so drowsy with assuagement and love that he hardly heard her, and only remembered her words when the *New St. Paul* was reported to be scheduled for Galena again on the following Wednesday.

On that morning Cleora said to Olin as he was about to leave for school with his lunch in a newspaper packet, "Come home at noon."

He held up his sandwich and gave her his best look of comical puzzlement.

"I know," she said, "you've got your lunch. But you come on home. Alone."

When he came at noon, the house had another of its particular stillnesses. This one was created by young children who were told to stay upstairs in the bedroom with the door shut no matter what.

As soon as Cleora heard him coming she set to making busy noises, slamming this and shoving that, like a woman working so hard she doesn't know which way to turn. So it was that she managed to look cross when he stepped in, and the slapped-at tears on her face might have been beads of honest sweat.

She hardly gave him a moment to turn around, but said straight off, "Now Olin Moresby Rainey, you take this bundle." She reached it out from under the kitchen table. He took it. It was a bundle of a few of his clothes, tied with twine. It was heavy because of something inside it. She went on, "The *New St. Paul* is to be here this afternoon, for I asked and they told me down to the levee. Now you go and keep yourself somewheres out of sight till she comes in. Do you know a place to go?"

"Yes. I have a place by the river."

"Well, wait there till she's ready to go off again, and then you run lickety-split and you climb on and go find your piano professor. And you just tell him, yes, there you are, you have come to work for him. You know what's inside that bundle. First I went to the beehive and took some out. Don't look so, there's some left." (She had kept two dollars.) "Then I got Mr. Ferguson to give the cornet to me to pay the rest on it so much a week, and when you're rich and famous you can send me some money to make it up. You stay out of sight, now, hear? And if the *New St. Paul* keeps coming back to Galena, you just lie low till she's gone again. Not that she will, once the *Menominee* is back on the run."

"Mother."

"I know. I know. Now don't you go to saying it. It's hard enough as 'tis." She opened a cupboard. "Now here's some extra sandwiches to tide you over. And here"—she reached in her apron—"is what can be spared out of the beehive to start you off in the world."

He reached for her fisted money and then broke against her in a wild hug. At the moment when she gave him the freedom he longed for, he would not go. She kissed him hard and set him away. "Go on, my honey. Don't you let me see you till you can come back stronger than all of us."

She took him to the door and put him out. She begged herself to stay and watch him down the hill past the Grant house, but she refused herself.

She worked all afternoon at her mending, and she listened for what would tell her all she had to know. About four o'clock she heard the incoming whistle of the *New St. Paul*, and about forty minutes later she heard the outgoing whistle, and then she knew.

There was no assurance at all that her son would find what she sent him to get. Nobody had told him the world was waiting for him. Maybe it was only a boy's dream that he could learn to play the valve cornet and make a living and really get away. She shook her head and bit her lip. It must not matter. Fiercely she pressed her hands on her faint heart and made its every resolve follow after Olin like a blessing. All she knew was that he must go and try it, whatever it was going to be. Every man had to do so sooner or later. If she had sent a boy to his fate, perhaps he would the sooner be a man. She could imagine the shallow-bottomed steamer backing away and slowly thrashing its big mill wheels till it was well out in midstream and on its way, borne by the Mississippi.

"My land!" she exclaimed, punishing herself for what she had nearly forgotten. She was not done—she would never be done—with her loyalties. She went to the beehive and took out the two dollars. There was still time to find Doctor Jimson during his afternoon office hours.

She hurried to him, and when she saw him and he invited her in with his professional face on, she shook her head and said, "No, Doctor Jimson, it's not for me, I'm not sick; but I want you to take this two dollars, here, and next time you send for books, send for a two-dollar book for my son, Mordell Rainey, to read and keep and help *him* to get on *his* way for the way *he* wants to be, when the time comes."

For she would never have slept at night if anyone could think that just because she would do all she could for one, she wouldn't do as much for another and, when their time came, for another, and another, and another, and another.

THE END

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Outlaw in Town (Continued from Page 31)

here lies Buffalo Mountain, and not even a bighorn sheep could come down its sheer cliffs, especially in a blizzard."

"Does it really," asked the stranger, "make any difference how I reached your miserable little metropolis?"

"No, it don't," said Bart, "but it's been my experience that any man that lies about a simple thing such as the direction he come from must have an urgent reason for leaving wherever he was. I don't care where you been or what you did while there; it all boils down to the fact that I can't stand a liar."

Then, not intending to shoot the young man, but merely to intimidate him, he made a move for his gun.

The stranger's hand was a blur as it flashed down, jerked Bart's silver-handled revolver from its holster and then presented it to Bart, butt first. "Was this what you were fumbling for, mister?" he asked politely.

Bart stared at the stranger with dawning awe and admiration. "That," he said, "is a wrinkle in gun fighting I never even heard of. Whereabouts did you pick up that knack of handling other people's personal firearms, mister?" Then he turned to the rest of us. "I hereby announce that this here stranger in our midst has just recently accomplished a feat unparalleled in the history of Buffalo Bend—which he come down the sheer face of Buffalo Mountain in a blizzard; and anyone holding a contrary opinion will kindly step forward and have his face busted." He extended a huge paw to the stranger. "My name's Bart McCormack," he said. "What's yourn?"

"Name of Walt," said the other.

Billy Feeney, a small, troublesome man, had been staring intently at Walt. "Walt what?" he asked, thus violating an unwritten law of the West to the effect that one positively never asks a stranger his last name. There was a glint of cold steel in Walt's eyes as he looked down at Billy. "Do you really want to know?"

"Not specially," gulped Billy and cautiously drew away from Walt. "But," he declared when he'd reached a safe distance, "I bet I've seen your mug somewheres before." Then he made a hasty exit from the saloon.

In the meanwhile Shasta Cooney, a raven-haired bar girl who made the Chinaman's Chance her base of operations, had also been staring at Walt, and there was an avaricious gleam in her lovely eyes as she took in his expensive silver spurs and belt buckle. Finally he turned from the bar, and their glances met. She smiled and made a small, beckoning gesture, and he went over and sat at her table. "Is there anything I can do for you?" he asked casually, but not failing to note the bountiful manner in which her figure filled out her dress.

Shasta studied his good-natured, boyish face and, in her mind's eye, she saw the silver spurs and belt buckle added to the growing hoard of treasure she kept in a secret repository at home. "I wonder," she said demurely, "if you'd care to buy a lady a drink."

"I sure enough would," said Walt eagerly and turned to survey the room. "Where is she?"

"I," said Shasta, a slight edge to her voice, "was referring to myself."

"Are you," asked Walt, "a sure-enough lady? Well, I'll be doggoned, here I been bumping into ladies in bars and such all over the West, and in my simple ignorance I didn't recognize 'em. All the time I thought a lady was something special and wouldn't be caught dead cadging drinks in a place like this." He regarded her with cynical amusement, whistling tunelessly through his teeth.

She glared murderously at him, and there was fire in her dark eyes; but finally she managed to control her anger for the sake of possible profit. "Out here," she said, "a lady has to earn her living the best way she can, especially if she's a widow lady." She searched his face for a sign of sympathy. "My husband," she explained, "was killed by a bandit only last year, down in Texas."

"I have been dealt that hand before," said Walt, "by a girl whose husband was killed by a sheriff. She had eyes like you and hair like you and she looked like you; and me, being young and unsophisticated, she had me lassoed and hog-tied in no time at all." Then there was the pain of an old hurt in his eyes as he went on, "One day I woke up minus my money, my silver spurs and belt buckle. I had to walk out of town, she having also relieved me of my horse."

Mentally Shasta reshuffled the cards and decided on a new deal. She gave Walt a disarmingly frank smile and said, "Inasmuch as I never accept anything from a man that I can't put in a suitcase, I wasn't making a play for your horse—only the silver spurs, belt buckle and whatever you've got in your poke." Then her voice was tantalizingly provocative, her eyes filled with invitation and promise as she went on, "Now that all the cards are on the table, would you care to try your luck, mister?"

"I think I'd like to buy you a drink at that," said Walt. "But unfortunately I just spent my last bean at the bar, and I'm broke. What's more, the spurs and belt buckle once belonged to a deceased relative of mine, and I wouldn't part with them even for the pleasure of your continued company." Again he grinned at her and whistled tunelessly between his teeth. "Would you," he asked, "care to play out that hand?"

Shasta Cooney saved every penny she made to pay off the mortgage on a ranch left her by her late husband and, for all of her abundant beauty and generous proportions, she had the miserly soul of a Scrooge. She had never been known to extend credit to any client; but this was a special occasion, and she decided to make a small investment toward Walt's humiliation. She rose and called to Minnie Redwing, the plump Indian woman who served as waitress in the Chinaman's Chance.

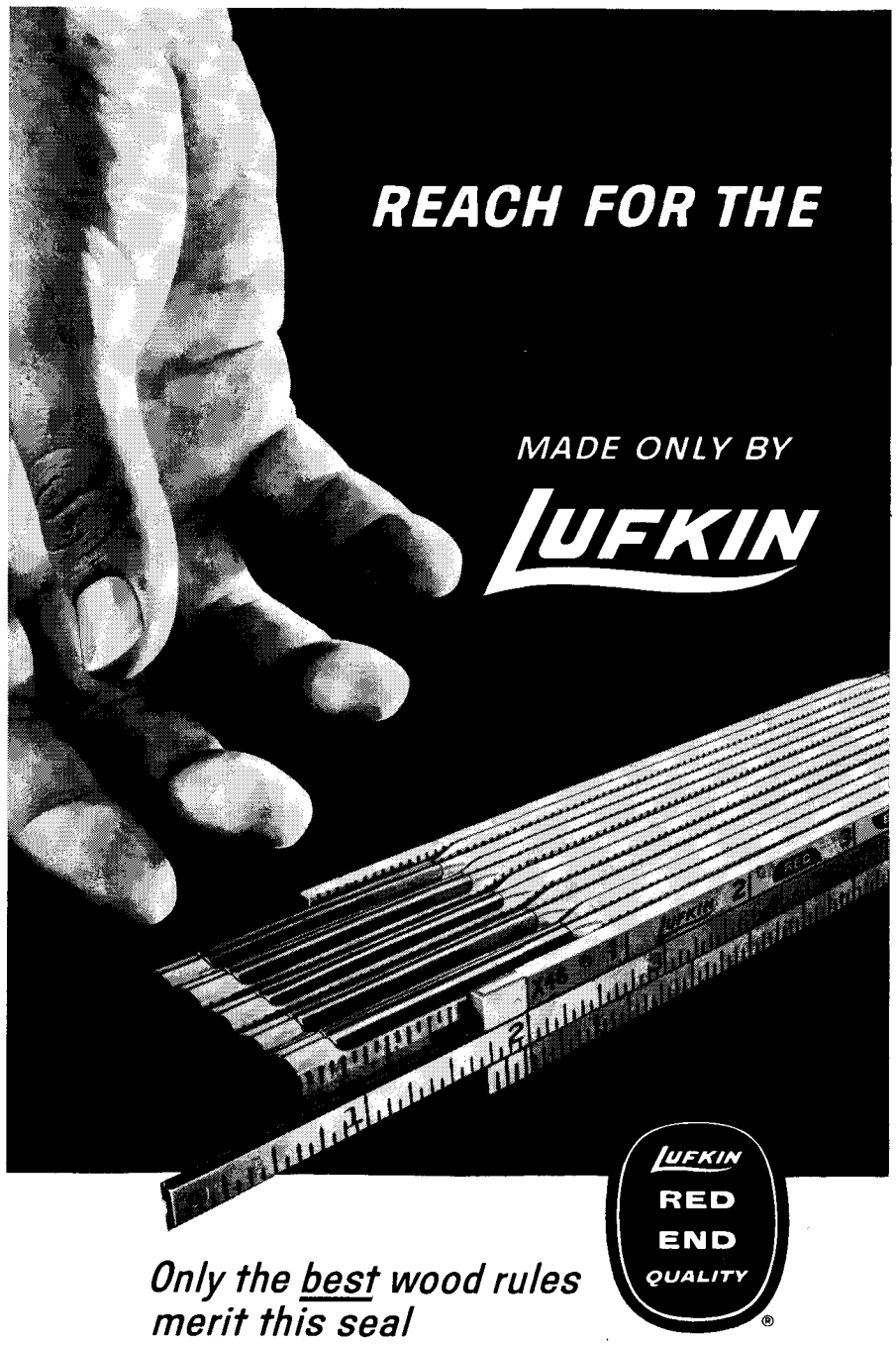
"Minnie," she said, "this poor man's broke and thirsty. Bring him a small beer and put it on my tab. And—oh, Minnie—I think he's hungry too. Throw in a pretzel." Then she sat down to enjoy Walt's discomfiture.

Minnie waddled over and placed a small beer on the table. Walt toyed with

Beatnik Limernik

There was a young man
with a beard
Who said, "It is just as I
feared:
If I showered and shaved
I'd look just as
depraved ——
It's myself, not my getup,
that's weird."

Norman R. Jaffray



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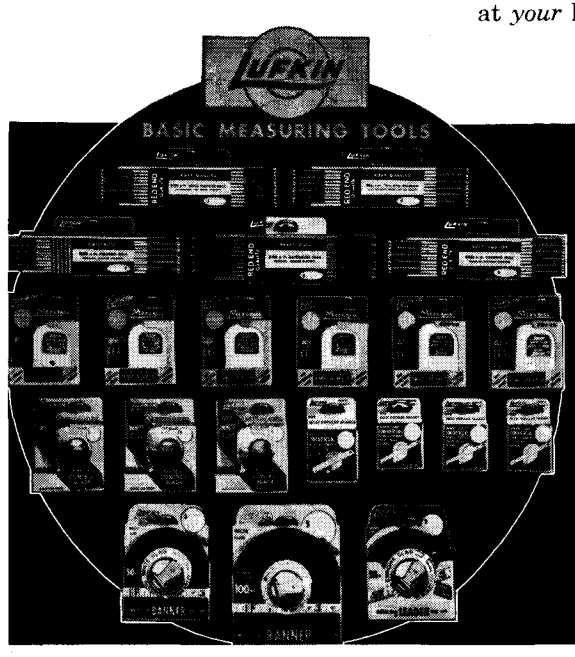

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the glass, then rose and, with an almost tender look in his eyes, he poured the brew down the back of Shasta's neck. Shasta screamed, first at the shock of the icy liquid, then in rage; she slapped at Walt, then ran for the back room with derisive laughter ringing in her ears. Minnie Redwing stood staring adoringly at Walt.

"I don't blame you, duck," she said. "The least that tightwad could of done was buy you a whole bottle of redeye. Well, anyway, your credit's good with me. You just name it and you got it."

"No, thanks, Minnie," said Walt. "I'm not thirsty."

"Well, if you happen to wish a drink, even for the purpose of pouring it down Shasta Cooney's neck when she comes back," said Bart McCormack generously, "it's on me."

"I," said Walt, "don't accept drinks I can't pay back. But," he went on, "I would like to play a little poker."

"How you gonna get money, duck?" asked Minnie Redwing.

"With this," said Walt; and then his hand was a white blur, and Minnie Redwing was looking down the barrel of a revolver.

"If this is a stickup, I ain't gonna resist you," said Minnie Redwing. "You can have anything on the premises. And that," she added, looking him in the eye, "includes me. I'll go peaceful."

"It isn't a stickup," laughed Walt. "I'm going to put up my gun for a stake in the game." Then he walked over to the card table.

Fifteen minutes later, Walt had lost the revolver, plus the cartridges, gun belt and holster. Billy Feeney, who had just come in from the outside, watched until the winner had pocketed Walt's weapon. "And now," exclaimed Billy in a gloating voice, "I'm gonna tell you why this here jasper was so reticent about where he'd come from and why. He's from Texas, and his name's Walt Durkim, alias the Whistling Kid."

Walt leaped up from the table and lashed out at him, but Billy retreated to the safety of Bart McCormack's rear. He reached out from behind Bart and extended a yellowed square of paper. "And if you don't believe me, read this reward poster I found in the post office."

"Which this sure enough is a picture of you, Walt," said Bart, studying the poster. "And it sure enough describes you, including the silver spurs, belt buckle and habit of whistling at all times, especially when aroused or in the mood to kill."

Walt was whistling now, a sad little tune.

Bart perused the poster some more. "Wanted," he read aloud, "for mail robbery, bank robbery, stage robbery, payroll robbery, murder, manslaughter, desertion, treason, arson and kidnaping." Bart wagged his shaggy head in wonder. "Not to mention," he went on, "horse stealing, cattle rustling and the theft of two hundred mules belonging to the United States Army. My goodness, boy, it seems the only thing you ain't never purloined, stolen from or killed is a sheep."

"I," said Walt, tense and alert, "deny everything."

Shasta Cooney came in from the back room. "What's going on?" she asked Billy, and Billy pointed.

"This is the Whistling Kid," he said, "which his real moniker's Walt Durkim."

"Why, Walt Durkim is the man the Texas sheriff wrote me about," she said. Then she faced Walt. "You killed my husband," she declared.

"If I did, you have my commiserations," said Walt, "but not my apologies. I never killed a man in all my life who wasn't trying to turn me in for the reward money."

His eyes seemed to be boring into those of every individual present, and we all backed cautiously away. "Don't look at me," said Billy Feeney, "I wouldn't think of running to the telegraph office and notifying the nearest United States marshal, which it says to do in the poster. Even," he gulped, "if the reward is five thousand dollars."

"Well spoken, Billy," said Judge Gorman unctuously. "Never let it be said that we of Buffalo Bend would betray a stranger who came among us seeking sanctuary." With that he began drifting toward the door. Several others started angling in the same direction, and then Billy Feeney averted what looked like an impending stampede. "You're wasting your time," he declared. "The telegraph line is down, and the office is closed." The move toward the door stopped, and there was a long silence in the room. "Well, isn't anybody going to do anything?" demanded Shasta Cooney. "He's unarmed, isn't he? Why don't you take him into custody?"

"In which case, someone's likely to get his teeth shot out with his own gun," said Bart. "In addition to which, I don't need five thousand dollars that much."

"Well, I do," said Shasta, "and the reward's rightfully mine. He killed my husband, didn't he?"

"Which your husband never was worth no five thousand dollars the best day of his life," said Billy Feeney. "Besides you forget that it was me that found the reward poster in the post office."

"By rights," said a voice from the rear, "he oughtta be community property for all of us to participate in like a public water hole, share and share alike."

"Does that poster say he's gotta be on the hoof?" asked another voice from the rear.

"It says dead or alive," replied Bart. "And if that gives any low-living bushwhacker any ideas of shooting the Whistling Kid in the back, I'll personally guarantee he won't live to enjoy his next breath, let alone the reward money." Then he turned to Walt. "You'd better hit the trail, mister," he said. "Sooner or later one of these coyotes is sure to try his luck when I ain't around."

"Where's he gonna go?" demanded a man who had just recently entered the saloon. "Both mountain passes leading outta town are blocked with snow. He'll freeze to death and, when it thaws, the coyotes'll eat him."

"In which case," said Billy Feeney, "there won't be any means of identifying him as the Whistling Kid, and he'll be a total loss to all of us."

"Well," Bart said to Walt, "it looks like you'll have to remain in our midst for a while longer. In the meanwhile I hereby offer to finance your creature comforts and whatever luxuries the town affords. And don't bother to thank me. I gotta hunch you ain't long for this world, and it won't cost me much to speak of."

"I never accept money I don't earn or steal," said Walt and then he laughed ruefully. "Here am I—practically a capitalist," he declared, "worth five thousand dollars in gold, and I haven't got the price of a short beer or a pot of beans. I'm a certified check which I can't cash."

"But one of us could cash you," said Shasta Cooney, her eyes shining with greed and inspiration. "What if one of us should advance all the money you'll need while in town—will you agree to go with him or her to the nearest United States marshal and let him or her turn you in for the reward when the roads are open?"

"Why, that's the most immoral proposition I ever heard of in all my days," said Walt in an outraged voice. "It's like asking me to sell my own life."

"It's either that or giving it away," declared Shasta. "Like Bart McCormack said, somebody's sure to kill you sooner or later. If you agree to my terms, at least you'll get to spend some of your reward money on yourself. Of course," she added, "you'll have to include your horse in the deal."

Walt glanced thirstily at the bar, and his whistle bubbled and gurgled like the soothing sound of redeye pouring out of a bottle. "Well," he said, "there's always a chance of a good lawyer getting me off. What's your offer?"

"One hundred dollars," said Shasta.

"I would rather be shot in the back," said Walt.

Zack Martin, a cattle buyer, stepped forward. "I'll make it two hundred dollars," he said.

"Personal I only got four bits in cash," said Minnie Redwing, "but I own a flock of merinos. I bid two hunnert sheep."

"Three hundred dollars," said Shasta.

"Three hunnert sheep," said Minnie Redwing.

"Four hundred dollars," said Zack.

"Five hundred dollars," said Shasta.

"Aw, heck, you only live once," said Minnie Redwing. "I bid six hunnert sheep." Then she turned to Walt. "Come with me, duck," she said. "I got a nice new wickiup near here all fixed up for light housekeeping."

"I think there's something you should understand, Minnie," Judge Gorman told her. "The highest bidder doesn't get Walt in person, only the right to turn him in for the reward, after which he'll be hanged by a rope until dead."

"I withdraw my bid," said Minnie Redwing. "Any time I squander six hunnert sheep on a man, he's gotta be alive, functional and available."

Others in the room, however, didn't care how unfunctional Walt might be in the near future. They saw in him five thousand dollars' worth of negotiable security, and they bid his price higher and higher. Shasta Cooney stayed with the bidding until it reached nine hundred dollars; then, at the end of her resources, she stepped aside. Finally Zach Martin won out at an even thousand dollars. "And now," said Walt, "let's see the color of your money."

"I haven't got it on me," said Zack. "It's in the bank at O'Leary's Lapse; but I'll establish a thousand dollars' worth of credit for you here in town, and you can spend it the same as cash." Walt agreed to the terms, and Zack went out to take possession of Walt's horse.

The first thing Walt did was to send to the general store for supplies, after which he proceeded to lay out a feast of canned lobster, turkey, ham, pickled pigs' feet and other rare and exotic viands the like of which were served in Buffalo Bend only on state occasions such as Christmas, weddings, funerals, hangings and other such related social events. For the rest of the night he presided over a Lucullan orgy, buying drinks for one and all, including a sextet of dance-hall girls recruited from (*Continued on Page 66*)

You be the Judge

By SARAH MORRIS

Queenie, an Indian woman, fell in love with a white man. They were married and went to live on the Indian reservation where Queenie owned land. Soon, however, her husband received a written order, signed by the three tribal chiefs, saying in effect, "Paleface, go home." The tribe sought the help of the district attorney to enforce its demand.

"As the husband is not a member of this tribe, he is, according to the state law governing the reservation, an intruder," the district attorney argued in behalf of the Indians. "Therefore he must move off the reservation."

"Certainly a husband cannot be regarded as an intruder on land owned by his wife," the husband's lawyer maintained. "As an Indian woman has a right to marry a white man, she should also be entitled to live on her own land with him. It is the policy of the law to encourage husbands and wives to live together."

If you were the judge, would you let the paleface hubby stay on the reservation?

• •

Get out, the court ordered. It ruled that marriage did not give white persons the right to live on Indian reservations under New York State law. The law, it said, represents long-standing public policy to preserve the identity and distinctiveness of the tribes, and to let white spouses stay on reservations would run counter to that policy.

Based upon a 1954 New York decision.

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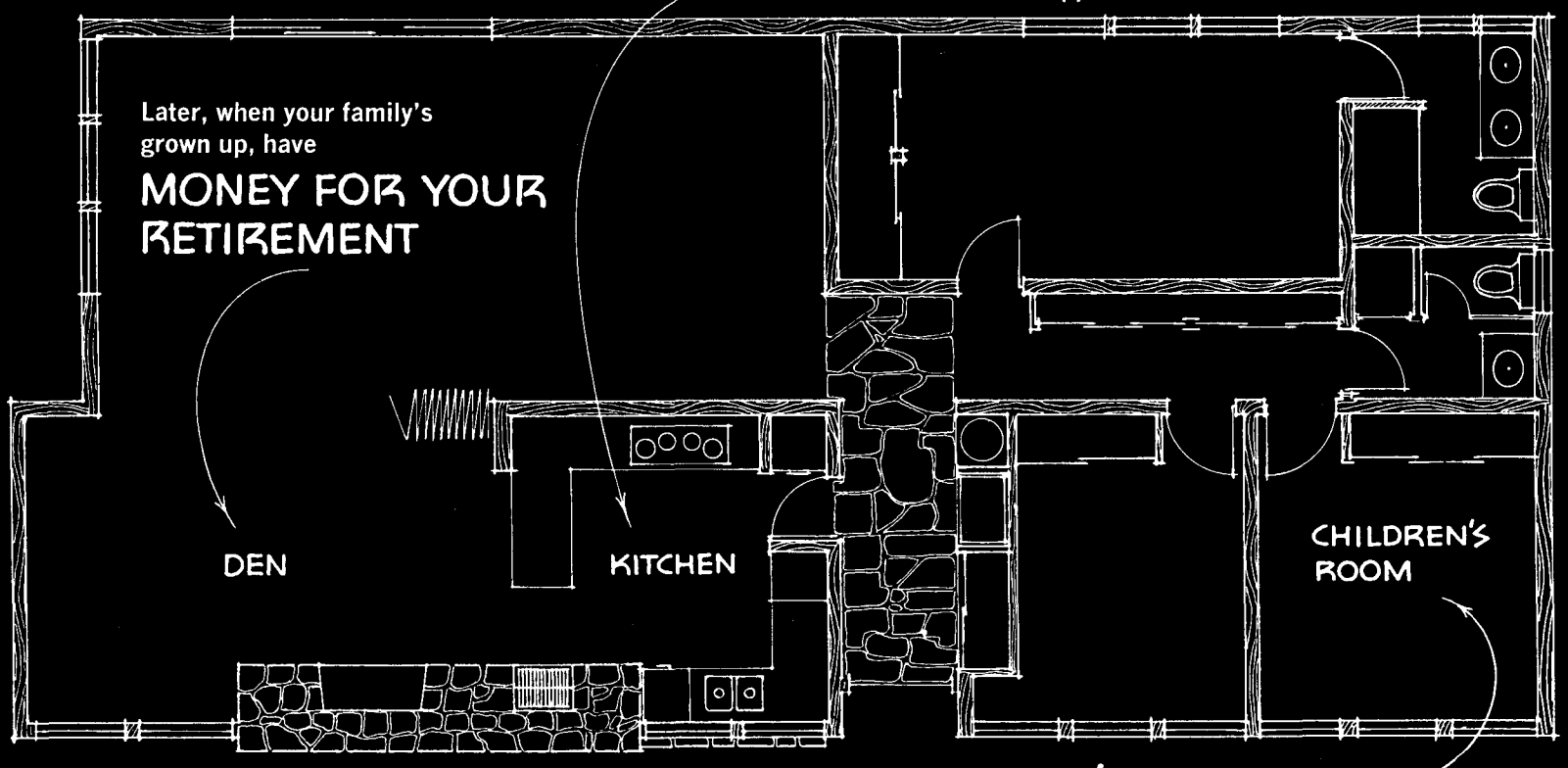

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(*Continued from Page 64*) down the street. Shasta Cooney watched as two of the girls sat on Walt's knees and stuffed food into his mouth, and her thrifty soul was revolted at the waste of it all.

"Well," Bud Conyears told her, "there ain't no sense in him saving up his money for his old age, is there?" The thought of Walt's dangling from a gibbet seemed to cheer Shasta up a little.

The next day Walt continued his rake's progress through the other saloons and dance halls in town, buying drinks and goodies for a small army of female admirers. Never had the young ladies encountered a more prodigal spender; and Shasta Cooney, who had no share in the bonanza, grew even more bitter. Walt encountered her in the Chinaman's Chance. "And now," he said, "I'll buy that drink you were hankering for yesterday."

"Do you," asked Shasta, "think I'd drink with the man who killed my husband?" With that she slapped him—hard.

"Put this on my tab," said Walt. Then he took her in his arms and kissed her at great length.

"Considering that they're enemies, and still he kisses her like that," gasped Billy Feeney, "I wonder what he'd do to her if they were friends."

Finally Walt released Shasta, leaving her reeling against the bar and gasping for breath. He started away, turned to give her a surprised look, then departed, whistling thoughtfully. "Somebody," said Bart McCormack, "bring Shasta a hooker of red-eye; she's done fainted."

Later on in the day Bud Conyears entered the Chinaman's Chance and announced that he now owned sole rights to Walt and the reward money. "Which I exchanged twelve hundred dollars' worth of hay for him," he explained. An hour later Bud had paid off a fifteen-hundred-dollar bill at Pott Barr's General Store with Walt. Pott Barr turned around and used him as down payment on a small ranch, the former owner of which soon thereafter bartered Walt for mining stock valued at seventeen hundred dollars. That night Bo Keester put up two thousand dollars against him and won Walt in a poker game.

What with low cattle prices and the blizzard, trade had been stagnant in Buffalo Bend, but two days after Walt's arrival there was a growing business boom, created partly by the lavish manner in which Walt spent his credit and partly by the profits the others made by dealing in him. In the latest transaction, Walt had gone for three thousand dollars. "Which he bolsters our economy considerable," said Bart McCormack, "and I foresee no end to our new era of prosperity."

Judge Gorman, however, took a pessimistic view of things and warned us of spiraling inflation. "Walt's a highly speculative commodity," he pointed out.

"What do you mean, 'speculative'?" demanded Bart McCormack. "He's backed by five thousand dollars in Federal currency, and he's as gilt-edged as a Government bond." Others shared Bart's optimism, and the trade in Walt continued to be brisk. Although there were occasional fluctuations, the trend was bullish. On the first day that the roads were open to travel, a group of businessmen from O'Leary's Lapse arrived in town. They caught the fever, formed a syndicate and acquired Walt on a bid of forty-five hundred dollars. The new asking price on him, they announced, would be six thousand, five hundred dollars.

"Why, that's fifteen hundred above par, and it's sheer insanity," declared Judge Gorman. "The Government's only offering five thousand for him."

"If the Government wants any part of the Whistling Kid," said the syndicate leader, "they'll have to pay our price. We got a corner on the market, ain't we?"

"You," said Judge Gorman, "have invested in a Mississippi Bubble. What if Walt breaks his word and escapes? When you try to deliver him to the United States marshal, how do you know his gang won't waylay you and confiscate him? Maybe that's what he's been planning all along."

When news of the judge's dire prophecy spread, panic set in, and the bottom fell out of the market. The O'Leary's Lapse men were all for shooting up Buffalo Bend on the grounds that we'd hornswoggled them, but their leader restrained them. "This town's full of suckers, and they'll come in on any deal if they can get in cheap enough," he told them. "Come on, we're gonna go after the small investors."

That night, when Walt emerged from the Chinaman's Chance, Shasta Cooney accosted him and, at pistol point, forced him into her buggy and drove away with him toward her mortgaged ranch. "This," said Walt, "is kidnaping and it's highly illegal—you know that, don't you?"

"I just won you in a raffle," said Shasta.

"I see," said Walt; "and now you're going to make sure I hang for killing your husband, is that it?"

"I forgot to tell you," said Shasta, "that before you killed my husband, he had deserted me and run off with a female faro dealer from Gila Bend."

The moon limned Shasta's dark beauty, and a pervasive perfume in the frosty air caused Walt to speak without considering

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the implication of his words. "Any man who could tear himself away from you for the sake of a female faro dealer," he said, "is out of his mind and better off dead."

"I," said Shasta, drawing closer to him for warmth and letting the pistol fall to her lap, "would hate to have anyone hanged for killing him."

"You aren't forgetting," said Walt, unable to believe his ears, "that I'm worth five thousand dollars at the end of a rope, are you?"

"The Mexican border isn't far off," said Shasta. Then she sighed. "The other night," she said, "you kissed me. You did it for spite, but it rocked me to my very foundation and changed my whole outlook on life. I felt a crazy, overwhelming impulse to give you everything I've got in my suitcase. No man has ever made me feel that way before, not even my husband." She looked sideways at him. "How did it make you feel?" she asked.

"Come to think of it," said Walt, "there does seem to be some sort of haunting memory attached to the episode, but I can't put it into words." Then he gazed at her out of new eyes and in a different light. "Maybe," he said, "I ought to refresh my memory."

The next day a group of us stood in the Chinaman's Chance and watched a United States marshal as he studied the yellowed poster Billy Feeney had found in the post office. "This is indubitably Walt Durkim," the marshal finally conceded. "But, if he's here, he sure enough must be in a remarkable state of decomposition, considering that he's been dead eighteen months."

"Then who was the other guy?" asked Billy Feeney.

"Oh, that must have been Walt's brother, Dan," said the marshal. "He looks like Walt and he shares the family fondness for unearned increment, but he doesn't go in for crimes of violence. He's more of a con man—makes his living by planting his brother's old wanted posters in towns like this and then waiting for human greed to take its course. He's been eating high off the hog for months, but so far as I know he hasn't done anything he can be arrested for."

"He swindled Zack Martin out of a thousand dollars. Ain't that illegal?" demanded Billy.

"How do you figure Zack was swindled," inquired Bart McCormack, "considering that he got his thousand back and made a profit on the deal?"

"And so did a lot of other people," said Bud Conyears, "including the O'Leary's Lapse syndicate, which they come out considerably more than even on the raffle."

"I don't get it," said Billy. "Somebody must of lost." Then he saw the light. "Sure, that's it!" he exclaimed. "Shasta Cooney. What'd she get for her money?"

"Shasta," said Bart, "only invested the price of a raffle ticket."

"In addition to which," said Judge Gorman, who had been standing by the window, "Shasta got Dan Durkim." Then, from outside came the rattle of wagon wheels and a merry, trilling whistle, as if a meadow lark were singing a song of spring. We all ran to the window and watched while Dan Durkim and Shasta rode by in a buggy, holding hands. It seemed that Shasta had finally succumbed to that overwhelming impulse, for in the back of the buggy was a suitcase. "I," said Judge Gorman, "married them last night."

The Case of the Hawks' Bosses (Continued from Page 25)

pay, security and prestige. Salaries average no higher than $10,000 a year. Working conditions are difficult; many college coaches have turned down pro-league offers because they didn't want to live out of suitcases during the frequent stretches of one-night stands that characterize the National Basketball Association schedule. Of the present N.B.A. coaches, only Red Auerbach of the Boston Celtics—who once served under Ben Kerner—has been on the job for as many as four consecutive seasons.

Six-foot, eight-inch Ed Macauley, a wispy fellow with a choir-boy face, seemed among the least likely to survive in this rat race. Easy Ed—a nickname he acquired as a college star—didn't want the post to begin with. In his initial term with the talented Hawks last year he failed to win the league championship, a task which had been accomplished the season before by a coach Kerner fired a few weeks later.

By now Macauley might well be just another shrunken head on Kerner's trophy shelf. Instead, he has flourished. After only three months on the job he got an unprecedented three-year contract making him not only coach but also vice president of the club, at $20,000 a year plus bonuses. The contract could have been for five years if Mac had wanted it that way.

Now the coach sits in with the owner at league meetings. He participates in such weighty business affairs as the sale of broadcasting rights to Hawk games. As for player trades, "If Ed doesn't O.K. the deal," Ben says now, "I don't make it."

At the start of the season, Eddie Gottlieb, owner of the Philadelphia Warriors and Wilt Chamberlain, wanted to dispose of Woody Sauldsberry, a cornerman who, some observers say, is given to fits of lethargy. Gottlieb came to Kerner, and Kerner went to Macauley. "I don't think I can handle him, Ben," Mac said. Kerner didn't make the deal.

Things have gone like that from the beginning. The day Macauley took the coaching job he stayed up all night preparing a portfolio of plays for his team. The next morning Kerner had them mimeographed. Mac wanted films taken of all St. Louis games. Kerner signed the order. Last spring Mac proposed a school for Hawk rookies, the first such training program in the N.B.A. Kerner footed the bill for bringing the rookies to St. Louis for a week.

"I had no fears about Ben's reputation when I first took the job," Mac says, "and I have none now. This is a man of great loyalties. He didn't fire all those coaches. He didn't fire Red Auerbach. He sent him to the Celtics, who wanted him. He didn't fire Doxie Moore. He got him the job as referee-in-chief. A few of his coaches quit, one went into service and at least two took the job temporarily, as a favor to Ben. One of his ex-coaches is now his insurance man."

Kerner is a forty-two-year-old bachelor who lives with and takes particular care of his elderly widowed mother. Until recently nothing else interested him except his ball club. In the first ten years that he held tightly to his shaky franchise, the Hawks lost money wherever they located before finally settling down in St. Louis in 1955. Ben sold his advertising business in Buffalo, borrowed money on his life insurance, took loans from relatives—anything to keep his team going.

In those tough days he was a tough man with a dollar. Now that the franchise is making money—good money for the past three seasons—he enjoys spending his profits on his players. He gives them presents, clothes, dinners. He advises them on business ventures, he functions without pay as their agent, he examines the mortgage papers when they buy homes, he loses to them at poker.

The players are his substitute for a family, and his favorite son, as it were, is his coach. For instance, Mac had always wanted a stereo set, but couldn't quite bring himself to spend that much money just for self-indulgence. Christmas a year ago, coming home off a road trip, Mac saw a large crate in his garage. *My darling wife*, he thought to himself, *there she goes spending my money to buy me a stereo set.*

He removed a card from the top of the crate. It said, MERRY CHRISTMAS, BEN KERNER.

Kerner has become a close friend of Mayor Ray Tucker of St. Louis. Recently Ben loaned the city $35,000 to increase the seating capacity of Kiel Auditorium, where the Hawks play their home games. He donated $2500 for a new scoreboard. Meanwhile Kerner has been widening his interests. He has gone into the miniature-golf business with Macauley and Buddy Blattner, the former major-league infielder who broadcasts the Hawk games. He has formed a public-relations firm with Mac. He is planning to open a summer camp, again with Macauley.

It is no accident that Mac has been involved in all these activities. Ben Kerner likes and admires him. "This is a man," he says, "who's got it. He's serious, soft-spoken, deeply religious, absolutely trustworthy—everything you'd want in a man."

Ben goes on, "To do the things I want to do, I must prepare. What if something happens to Benny the Boob?"—Kerner's name for himself. "I have to get things in order. That's where I need Ed."

Although, as Macauley himself has pointed out, not all of the former Hawks coaches actually got the bounce from Kerner, Ben is realistic about the matter. "If I have to fire Ed as coach," he says, "I don't want to lose him. I know the time always comes when you have to fire the coach. Either the fans demand it, or the players, or you yourself. But it comes. That's why I made him my vice president, to give him and me a way out." Kerner paused. "That's why I'm going to make him my general manager."

To those of us on the outside, this may not sound like a promotion for a man who is already a vice president. But in professional sports a vice president has a title, a general manager has a job. Ed Macauley, not yet thirty-two years old, is on his way to becoming the first man in his sport to move successfully from player to coach to general manager. He is Ben Kerner's heir apparent.

There already have been times when Kerner might have changed his mind. After Mac signed his three-year contract last February, the team lost three straight on the road, with Kerner along and suffering. The afternoon following the third loss Kerner was in his hotel room when Ed came in.

"Well, Ben," he said, "I faced you when we won. I guess I ought to be able to face you when we lose." With that he shrugged his stooped shoulders.

"What are you worried about?" Kerner said, producing a smile. "You can't win 'em all." Tried and true in the councils of all sports, the slogan was brand new for the Hawk owner.

Kerner used to sit across from the Hawk bench and loudly berate his players in the manner of a fan. Soon after taking over, Macauley told him, "I'd prefer if you didn't yell. There are nine thousand other people in Kiel to shout things. The players don't mind them. But they do mind you. I don't think it's good when the owner yells at his players."

"You're one hundred per cent correct," Kerner said. "I'll try."

At last report he was still trying. He continues to suffer through wins and losses alike, but he keeps quiet or he yells at the other team. This writer sat through a recent Hawk loss with Kerner and received a jab in the side with each play, good or bad. When it was apparent that the Hawks were out of the game, Kerner turned and said, "They were lousy. But Mac worked a good game, didn't he?"

Mac, it has become apparent, usually works a good game. On the bench he does not excite easily. "I'm a watcher," he says. "Sure, I react to what happens out on the court. You're so close to the action you have to. But I feel I have to keep alert to what's going on. My players, I know, will get excited. To be any good to them, I have to keep my head."

The closest he has come so far to losing his head was in last season's Western Division play-offs against Minneapolis. Slater Martin, the thirty-four-year-old backcourt man who is the quarterback of the Hawk offense, fractured his leg in the first game. Mac stormed at the referees that the Lakers had deliberately banged up Martin.

Slater's loss was costly, as Mac knew it would be, and Minneapolis went on to win the series, four games to two. In team sports there are a few competitors—and Martin is one—who are better than their records show. He averaged less than ten points a game himself last year, but he was the man who worked the ball in for the Hawks' three big scorers—Bob Pettit, Cliff Hagan and Clyde Lovellette. "Without Slater we can crumble," Macauley has said more than once.

The thought of this helped provoke the coach when Martin got hurt. Later, after cooling off, Mac said that he hadn't really meant to blast the officials. "I wanted them to know the game was getting out of hand. Minneapolis was playing rough. If I could win that way, I would, I suppose. But brute force should never decide a game of basketball. I wanted the refs to know that."

In general Mac believes that once a game begins there is little a coach can do to control it, so he had better get his work done beforehand. "I was that way as a player," Ed says. "I had to come to a game ready. I couldn't invent stuff out on the floor. Before I'd try a new shot in a game I had to perfect it in practice. I guess I coach the same way. If the fellows do what I ask, and we lose, I'm willing to take the blame."

In a recent game the Hawks were trailing New York by twenty-five points early in the second quarter. Macauley called for a press, playing three and four little men at a time and guarding New York all over the court. The Hawks came on to win by one point, and the comment was made to Macauley afterward that he had done a masterful job of coaching.

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"If that's so," Mac responded, "then what kind of coaching was it that got us twenty-five points behind in just over a quarter of play?"

Not long ago Macauley was asked what phase of coaching gives him the most trouble. He answered, "Handling the ten men on the squad. They all want to play, but I have to make them face the facts of life. I figure you generally need seven and a half men to win in this league, but the tenth man on my squad has to be ready to play when I want him. If we win and he doesn't play, I can understand that he will be upset. But I don't want him to show it."

Employing this theory last season, Macauley decided that he would use his veterans, Martin and Jack McMahon, in the backcourt most of the time, rather than work his younger little men into the game while the outcome was still in doubt. "I want to play the strongest team I can," he says. "But as it turned out, we would have been better off using the kids more. When Slater got hurt, the kids couldn't work the ball in."

This season young Al Ferrari and Johnny McCarthy have been starting in the backcourt. Slater Martin works in stretches when needed. Jack McMahon plays in spots and serves as Ed's assistant coach.

The Hawks are an unusual assortment of professional players, made so in part by owner Kerner. They are a close group, much like a college team. They eat together and go to the theater together and visit one another's homes in and out of season. They like to be patted on the back. They play best when spoken to softly.

Once, when shopping for a coach, Kerner consulted his players. He submitted the name of the man he wanted to hire, an experienced, hard-nosed coach, and Pettit said, "Mr. Kerner, I don't think I could play for him." No further questions were asked; the man wasn't hired.

Pettit can play for Macauley. In fact, Bob takes an unusual pride in Mac's accomplishments. He is pleased that a basketball player has been able to make such progress. Mac asks Bob to guard tough opponents—jump shooters like Elgin Baylor and Paul Arizin. This is a drain on Pettit's stamina, as well as a drag on his scoring. Shooters have been known to resent such treatment, but Pettit doesn't complain, publicly or privately.

Macauley reciprocates. Toward the close of last season, with the Hawks well ahead in the Western Division, it would have been logical for Mac to give big Bob some rest for the upcoming play-offs. However, Pettit was close to the all-time N.B.A. single-season scoring record. In each of the two previous years a hand injury near the end of the season had kept Pettit from beating the record—but not from playing with a cast on the hand and helping his team into the finals of the play-offs. Macauley knew that Pettit would sit down this time without a word if asked, but he felt it wouldn't be fair to ask him. Pettit got his record with 2105 points, and he is more the team player than ever this season.

Each of the Hawks receives individual treatment from Macauley. Slater Martin, an energetic, intense competitor who paces the locker room while waiting to go out on the court, gets respect. Cliff Hagan, who keeps to himself much of the time and has trouble sleeping on the road, gets understanding.

Mac's biggest reconstruction job has been with Clyde Lovellette. Before Clyde came to St. Louis at the start of last season, he had been a high scorer with losing ball clubs, first at Minneapolis and then at Cincinnati. With St. Louis he was to be a substitute.

For Lovellette, who wasn't happy in pro ball anyway, this was torture. Macauley's job was to get him to play part time and like it. It wasn't easy. Mac would tell him that scoring points isn't everything. Then Clyde would play eighteen minutes and, with his amazing shooting touch, rack up twenty points. He might let in twenty points, too, but that wouldn't lessen his conviction that he should be a starter.

After one such game Lovellette went to Macauley. "Play as you have been," Ed told him firmly, "and we'll get along. When this team wins, you win. When it loses, you lose. There is no other way. Look to help the team and you'll help yourself."

Clyde played only fifteen minutes out of forty-eight in the next game at Detroit, but scored thirty points so quickly that the team went from ten points behind to a lead while he was in there. He also passed off twice for baskets, and was cheered by the crowd both times.

At the airport later Clyde was animated as he had never been before with the Hawks. He talked about the game and his passing and the cheering. Teammates slapped him on the back. Clyde was pleased. He yelled over to Macauley, "You're right. You're right. You're the coach. I'm just a damned substitute."

Lovellette got a raise. He has since purchased a home in St. Louis, become friendly with his teammates and been made a regular. "Mac has lengthened Clyde's career by four or five years," Kerner says. "He gave him inspiration and work, in that order."

What Macauley has given Lovellette, he has lost for himself. As a player he had been friends with all. As a coach he has to keep away from the players. "Much as I'd like it," he says, "I can't be friendly any more. I'd cramp their style. I room alone now, go out with Buddy Blattner and the other radio fellows, and keep out of the players' way."

Some of the Hawks and their wives have a social group, the Puff Puff Club. Once an active member, Ed no longer belongs. "I miss the Puff Puffs," he says. "We had great times. But it has to be this way. They don't want the coach around when they cut loose. I know. I felt that way."

Ed misses playing basketball too. It has been his life for most of his thirty-one years, to the point where he has become, in the words of a St. Louis sports editor, "the patron saint of the game in this town. St. Louis has two great sports heroes, Stan Musial, the adopted son, and Mac, the native son."

The native son was born on March 22, 1928. Ed was oversized from the start. He could no longer fit in a bassinette after he was two weeks old. When he was eight, his mother came to school one day and overheard another mother say, "Look at that big goof. He doesn't belong in the third grade." That afternoon Mrs. Macauley went to the principal and insisted that Ed be moved up a class.

Young Charles Edward Macauley Jr. was not an all-round athlete. He was tall, and basketball was his game. He worked at it. As a freshman at St. Louis University High School, a late class prevented him from going out for the team. But he went to the gym every day after the team had finished practicing, and shot baskets until a custodian came and chased him home. The next year he made the club, and in his final two seasons he led it in scoring.

Although he was a heavily recruited college prospect, young Ed had no intention of going anywhere except to St. Louis University. His father, a prominent St. Louis attorney, had been severely injured in an automobile accident when Ed was ten years old and was confined to his home. Ed wanted to be close to his father and hard-working mother.

Before Ed entered the university, St. Louis was considered a poor basketball town. Macauley is credited with changing that. One of the first of the graceful big men, he made All-American in both his junior and senior years, and he led the Billikens to a National Invitation Tournament title. Under coach Ed Hickey, the team played what was called the Billiken Barrel Roll—a fast break from a rebound off the defensive backboard, with the ball moving downcourt in a string of rapid finger-tip passes, without any dribbling. Ed was the hub of the attack. He took the ball off the defensive board, and he put it through the offensive basket.

His family had hoped that Ed would go on to study law when he was graduated, but, although he was a good student, he wanted to play more basketball. The old St. Louis Bombers, then struggling to keep alive in the pro league, had remained in business for the 1949–50 season just to get Macauley in the draft. Ed joined the club and had a good rookie year, but at the end of the season the Bombers folded anyway. St. Louis was going for college basketball at this point, but not yet for the pro brand.

The New York Knickerbockers tried to buy the entire Bomber franchise, just to get Mac, but the N.B.A. vetoed the whole-sale transaction. Ed wound up going to the Boston Celtics, then also a struggling franchise. Macauley and Bob Cousy and Bill Sharman put over pro basketball in Boston with their eye-catching ball handling and scoring. Weighing between 185 and 190 pounds, Ed wasn't strong enough for effective rebound work against the rugged pros. But he became a good playmaker and a very good shooter, averaging 17.5 points a game in a career that stretched through nine and a fraction seasons. Also an exceptional defensive player, he was picked for the N.B.A. All-Star game seven times. Last year he returned to it as coach of the Western Division squad, a role he has again this year.

Macauley moved from Boston to St. Louis in 1956. That year Ben Kerner had the draft rights to Bill Russell, the big rebounder from the University of San Francisco. There was considerable doubt, though, that Russell would play pro ball. The Harlem Globetrotters were offering him a fancy salary to join their touring company, and he would not be available for the first two months of the season in any event, since he was competing in the Olympics in Australia. Kerner, who believes two in the hand are better than one in the Australian bush, traded his draft rights to Russell for the in-the-flesh rights to Macauley and Cliff Hagan.

Ed helped the Hawks to the play-off final in 1956–57 and to the championship in 1957–58. He seemed content to continue as a part-time player in his home town. He thought that he still had a few years of big-league basketball left in him. When his career was over, he planned to go into the insurance business, at which he had already worked in his spare time.

Ed was not interested in coaching. He felt he couldn't afford to be. He and his wife, Jackie, have four children—Mary Ann, Patrick, (*Continued on Page 70*)

NEXT WEEK

I SAW WHAT MAKES COMMUNISM WORK
A Report From Inside the Soviet Satellites
By STEWART ALSOP

I CALL ON PRINCESS GRACE:
PRINCE RAINIER FALLS IN LOVE
By PETE MARTIN

IN COLOR:
ORCHIDS FOR EVERYBODY
California's Flower-Growing Wizards

THE MYTHS OF COOPERSTOWN
Baseball's Hall of Fame

METHOD THREE FOR MURDER
A Nero Wolfe Mystery
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(*Continued from Page 68*) Robert and Terry. Patrick—Patty to everyone—is a cerebral-palsy victim. For his entire life he will require constant attention, regular medical treatment and uninterrupted assistance for every human need. Jackie and Ed Macauley, both devout Catholics, accept this without question and without remorse. But it all requires more money than Mac thought coaching could ever pay him.

When Ed Hickey left St. Louis U. in 1958, Mac was approached about the coaching job. He had to turn it down. When, a few months later, Alex Hannum was fired by Kerner after winning the N.B.A. championship, Ed declined an offer to succeed him. The post eventually went to Andy Phillip, a veteran pro player.

Phillip lasted for only the first ten games of the 1958–59 season. Although the Hawks won six of them, Kerner and some of the players felt something was wrong. A couple of days before Phillip was fired Cliff Hagan told a writer that the team lacked spirit, that Phillip couldn't get them ready for a game. "We cheer on the bench and Andy snaps at us, 'Don't behave like a bunch of college boys.'"

This time Kerner succeeded in persuading Macauley to take over. They talked about it for half an hour. Kerner assured Ed that it would be more than just a coaching job, that there would be a good future and good money.

It was rumored that Kerner had given Mac three choices: Take the job, get traded to Philadelphia, or retire.

This made good copy, but was somewhat removed from the facts. Actually the situation had changed on both sides. Macauley was having trouble with his legs and realizing, as he hadn't before, that he was just about finished as a player. For Kerner's part, he now wanted Mac more than ever, and had decided that he would make as attractive an offer as it took to get him.

A few weeks later Kerner called Ed in again and offered him a long-term contract. "But you don't know if I'm any good," Mac said. "And I don't know if I can coach. You haven't seen me through a losing streak. I'd rather wait."

Kerner waited another month. This time he offered Ed a five-year contract as coach and vice president. "You're crazy," Mac said. "No one gives out a contract like that. You just don't do such things."

"But I want to," Kerner said.

They settled upon a three-year deal. "It was a compromise between his enthusiasm and my ambition," Macauley says. So far, the stormy past history of the Hawks notwithstanding, it shapes up as a happy compromise for both Easy Ed and his volatile boss.

The Prospects of Candidate Kennedy (Continued from Page 27)

of both parties. This article takes a closer look at Kennedy as a man and a candidate as he approaches the crucial tests of the spring primaries.

In the '56 Democratic convention the young senator from Massachusetts had two pieces of luck. These were that he (1) almost, but (2) not quite, captured the nomination for the vice presidency. The dramatic closeness of the race made Kennedy's attractive personality known to millions. And the fact that he lost out saved him from sharing the blame for Stevenson's crushing defeat the following November.

It was then that Kennedy, who had strongly supported Adlai Stevenson in '52 and '56, began to feel that he himself had a chance to win his party's nomination in '60. But he could do it, he figured, only if he started earlier and worked harder than the rest of the field. Thus began, in whatever intervals he could spare from his senatorial duties, his marathon travels of the last three years.

Kennedy's pace was sped last fall by a gift from his two brothers and four sisters. These generous siblings, a close-knit and well-heeled clan, chipped in to provide brother Jack with a private airplane. It is a two-engine job, fitted out "executive style" with desk and sleeping quarters. This gives candidate Kennedy a margin of mobility over his Democratic rivals, at least for the time being. As the campaign gets hotter, I think chartered planes will become a commonplace.

The gift plane also serves notice on other contenders of a saying well known in Massachusetts: "When you run against Jack, you aren't running against just one Kennedy, but the whole tribe." His two brothers are already working hard for him. They are Bob Kennedy, nationally known for his work as counsel for the McClellan committee investigating racketeering in the labor-management field; and the youngest brother, Ted, a husky ex-footballer and recent graduate of the University of Virginia Law School. A young brother-in-law, Stephen Smith, is also in the midst of the fray.

As the campaign heats up, I predict that the sisters will join in. They, too, have the Kennedy energy, charm and political zest.

While the plane extends Kennedy's range and speed, it is not an unmixed blessing. Its vacant seats invite hitchhiking reporters and politicos who, during the flights which might be devoted to rest, ply the candidate with questions and advices.

Through most of the day the kaleidoscope of faces and scenery changes so fast that there is no time for boredom. It is during the long evening banquets that ennui creeps in, heavy as the postprandial cigar smoke. Then comes the polite but cruel custom of introducing, one by one, "our many distinguished guests." They in turn may respond with "just a few words." There is the lieutenant governor, perhaps, the local congressman, the mayor, members of the legislature and the city council—and so on along the line to "that wise physician, who has held his honored office longer than anyone in the county's history, our distinguished coroner."

Through many such rituals I have watched Jack Kennedy intently. If he is bored, he shows no trace of it. I don't think he is. His active mind and acute perceptions are at work. He is picking up local color and references for his own remarks later on. He is sensing the mood of the crowd. He is appraising and remembering each of the persons introduced. For these are people who, if they are not delegates themselves, will help choose the delegates for the National Convention in July.

The slow-motion introductory proceedings serve also as an effective contrast to the force, humor and brevity of Kennedy's own speaking style. He evidently subscribes to the old preacher's doctrine that "few souls are saved after the first twenty minutes." Usually his talks run for a quarter of an hour or less. He has a typewritten text at hand, but he seldom looks at it or tries to follow it. He shortens, interpolates or embellishes to fit the temper of the occasion.

After his speech comes the question period, with no holds barred. When the dinner is over, the audience surges forward, and again there is the handshaking and autograph signing. It is getting late now, but there is still the visit to the club or the labor temple or the Grange, "where some of the boys want to get better acquainted with you." Then at last, long after midnight, back to the hotel or motel for a few hours' sleep before the early-morning dash to the airport.

There is a certain thrill in watching any performer who "makes the hard ones look easy." Kennedy moves through the grind and rush of the day with a casual, jaunty air; he never seems in a hurry, and his high-spirited combination of earnestness and good humor seems as fresh at night as in the early morning.

We landed one evening at the airport near Superior, Wisconsin. It had been an unusually trying day. Bad weather had messed up the flying schedule, thinned the outdoor crowds and rasped the tempers of Kennedy's staff. That was the first time I saw in him any signs of strain, evidenced mainly by the clenching and unclenching of his hands. Fifty minutes later, after a fast drive, he was under the studio lights in Duluth, Minnesota. It was a "live" TV panel show—in Senator Humphrey's home territory. Kennedy's friends watched uneasily as he faced the questions of four political reporters. But now the signs of strain had vanished. Kennedy, fielding the questions with his customary aplomb, looked as fresh as a daisy—the calmest man on the show.

Apparently he is able to tap new reserves of energy as needed. Is this the power of will or the instinctive reaction of a fiercely competitive spirit? Probably some of both. Anyone familiar with his war record and his subsequent years of struggle to overcome his combat injuries knows there is a strong vein of the Spartan in his character. And all the Kennedy boys are, by inheritance and training, as competitive as race horses.

There is also the matter of practice. Front running may have its perils, but three years of it has given Kennedy a superb training in the hard art of political campaigning. Back in 1946, when he first ran for Congress in Massachusetts, friends say Kennedy was so shy that they practically had to push him onto the platform. Now he is a practiced professional who has blazed his own political trails through the nation—including Alaska and Hawaii. He is so at home in a crowd that he can throw away the rulebook and play it by ear.

He is not a polished speaker, nor an orator in the old flamboyant style which made the eagle scream. He tends to talk a little fast, throwing new facts and ideas at his audience more quickly than they can be absorbed. He avoids theatrical effects and gestures. His voice is strong, with a touch of Boston and Harvard in the accent. His English is clean and vigorous, and he speaks the language of scholarship and the vernacular with equal facility.

He has developed, whether among the hundreds in a village square or the thousands in a city auditorium, the faculty of sensing the mood of his audience. The value of this was shown during the autumn at the Al Smith Memorial Dinner in New York. An annual function for the benefit of charity, it draws together 2500 of the leading citizens from New York and the nearby states. Influential politicians of both parties were there in strength, keyed up at the prospect of comparing the merits of the two chief speakers, Gov. Nelson A. Rockefeller and Senator Kennedy. [This, of course, was before Governor Rockefeller announced his "definite and final" decision not to run.]

It was a glittering and full-dress affair. But among the metropolitan elite at the Waldorf-Astoria, even as in Siwash Corners, there is a tendency for the dinner to be a bit too hearty, the preliminaries too extensive. By the time the principal speeches were reached, the eminent assemblage was showing traces of torpor.

Rockefeller, who spoke first, seemed not to detect this creeping lethargy. He stuck to his prepared speech, which was on the long and solemn side. He read it manfully, but the applause was only polite.

Now it was Kennedy's turn. He too had a prepared speech, but his seasoning on the hustings had taught him that something more lighthearted now was needed. He mixed his serious remarks with banter and gave even the religious issue a surprise twist when he said, "We all recall what happened to a great governor when he became a presidential nominee. Despite his fine record as governor, despite his plain-spoken views, his campaign was a debacle. . . . He lost states which his party had held for half a century and, to top it off, he lost his own state which he had served so well. You all know his name and his religion. It was Alfred . . ."

Here Kennedy paused. The audience nodded understandingly, thinking of Alfred E. Smith. ". . . it was Alfred M. Landon, Protestant," said Kennedy. The crowd, after a moment's surprised hesitation, roared its appreciation. "In spite of that," he continued blandly, "I see no reason to suggest to Governor Rockefeller that the Republicans should not nominate a Protestant in 1960."

He went on to kid the traditional coyness of candidates, including himself, about announcing their presidential ambitions. He recalled Al Smith's remark that any governor of New York was usually to be found "sitting on the steps of the capitol at Albany with his spyglass trained on Washington." He added, "I don't know whether Governor Rockefeller is looking toward Washington or New Hampshire [where the first primary will be held March eighth] . . . but the last time I was in Washington I did notice a rather worried figure sitting on the steps of that Capitol with his spyglass trained on Albany."

During his talk, which lasted only nine minutes, he was interrupted ten times by laughter and applause.

In November, when all candidates were still declining to announce, Kennedy did not hesitate to turn his wit on himself. A questioner in Wichita, Kansas, tried to smoke him out by asking whether he had a favorite candidate for President. "I do have a favorite candidate," replied Kennedy, "but until he has the guts to declare he's a candidate,

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I'm not going to announce my support of him."

One afternoon at an outdoor gathering in a Midwest farming town the mayor introduced Kennedy as "a hero of the war in the Pacific." After Kennedy's speech I followed him toward his car. The crowd was friendly as usual, but one teen-ager confronted him and asked skeptically, "How'd you get to be a hero?" Kennedy smiled and said, "It was involuntary. My boat was sunk."

Thus lightly he dismissed an ordeal which had affected eleven years of his life. It is worth summarizing here for the light it throws on Kennedy's character as a man.

It began on a starless night in 1943 when Lieutenant Kennedy's PT boat was patrolling the waters off the northern Solomon Islands. Suddenly a swift Japanese destroyer loomed out of the darkness. It slashed the frail PT boat in half, flung most of its men into the sea and ignited the fuel which gushed from its tanks. From afar the men of another American PT boat saw the crash and the lake of flame which followed. They assumed Kennedy and his twelve men had perished and turned back toward their base at Rendova.

Actually only two of Kennedy's men had been killed in the crash, and the destroyer's wake swept the flames away from those who were struggling in the water. Kennedy was thrown violently to the deck. The force of the blow compounded an old football injury to his spine. But he found that he could still swim. The wreckage of the bow was still afloat. Before morning, towing some and encouraging others among the scattered and injured men, he had brought them back to the wreckage. They clung to this, marveling that they were still alive.

The morning light showed their situation to be still desperate. The three islands visible to the east, west and southwest were occupied by Japanese forces. Three miles to the southeast Kennedy could see a tiny island which he hoped was uninhabited. As the wreckage settled lower in the water, Kennedy made his decision.

"We'll swim to that island," he said. "There's less chance of making it than to the others, but there's also less chance of Japs."

Nine of the men hung onto and pushed a long two-by-six timber. The tenth was too badly burned to swim. Kennedy took the strap of the man's life jacket between his teeth and towed him.

It was five hours before they reached the little island and crawled exhausted up its beach. When darkness came Kennedy swam far out into Ferguson Passage, hoping to signal an American boat. None came through. As he tried to swim back to his island the current became too strong for him. He lapsed into a state of semiconsciousness and delirium. The trick currents carried him all the way around the Jap-occupied island of Gizo. When he revived at dawn he was back in Ferguson Passage, and this time he was able to make it back to his friends.

They were still without food, and thirst was becoming a torture. That afternoon Kennedy decided they must move again, to another small island to the southeast where he could see coconut trees. They went as before, nine paddling the timber and Kennedy towing the burned man. This swim took three hours. They found some coconuts to eat. During the night there was a shower, and they were able to lick some water—mixed with bird droppings—from the palm leaves.

On the fifth day Kennedy, after exploring another island, Nauru, encountered two natives with a canoe. They spoke no English, but seemed friendly. With his jackknife Kennedy scratched a message on a coconut shell, SEND HELP . . . NATIVE KNOWS POSIT HE CAN PILOT 11 ALIVE NEED SMALL BOAT . . . KENNEDY. He handed the shell to the natives, repeating "Rendova! Rendova!" They seemed to understand and paddled away. They delivered the message to the commander of a New Zealand infantry patrol on New Georgia. He in turn radioed the word to Rendova. On the seventh night an American PT boat crept in to the little island and rescued Kennedy and his ten men. At Rendova the haggard survivors were welcomed back like men from the dead.

Lieutenant Kennedy was decorated with the Navy and Marine Corps Medal for heroism and leadership, but for him the ordeal had just begun. His spinal injury was more serious than he had realized. He was shipped back to the States for long hospitalization. Naval surgeons performed a disc operation which was only partially successful. For eleven years the spinal trouble recurrently pained and crippled him. For a time he would seem as active as ever; then he would be confined to his bed or have to hobble on crutches. By 1954 the pain had become so frequent and intense that Kennedy—then in the Senate—decided to undergo a dangerous operation to fuse the affected spinal vertebrae.

Noted specialists warned him that the risks were too great, but Kennedy decided to go ahead with it. He entered the New York Hospital for Special Surgery in October of 1954. It turned out that three operations were necessary. Twice he was so near death that his family was called to the hospital. His convalescence took seven months. By the fall of 1955 he was restored to the vigorous health he has enjoyed since.

So ended the long trial by ordeal which began when, as Kennedy remarked, "My boat was sunk."

During the months of his convalescence he wrote the book *Profiles in Courage*. It tells the stories of eight American statesmen who risked or ruined their political careers by holding to their convictions in the face of party pressure and popular clamor. They were John Quincy Adams, Daniel Webster, Thomas Hart Benton, Sam Houston, Edmund G. Ross, Lucius Lamar, George Norris and Robert A. Taft.

The book hit the best-seller lists and won a Pulitzer Prize. To date it has sold nearly 700,000 copies—an astonishing success for a historical work dealing mainly with questions of political duty and honor.

Of even greater interest to one considering Kennedy as a presidential possibility is a book he wrote nearly twenty years ago called *Why England Slept*. He was then only twenty-three years old and had no idea of entering politics. At Harvard he had specialized in government and foreign affairs, graduating *cum laude*, and planning a career as a writer.

While he was in college his father, Joseph P. Kennedy, was the American ambassador to England. On visits to his father Jack met many of the British leaders, including Chamberlain and Churchill. He became a student of England's politics, focusing on the curiously slow response by Britain to the fast-growing threat of Hitler's Nazi Germany. Year by year he followed parliamentary debates, budgets and military appropriations.

In 1940 Jack Kennedy made this the subject of his senior thesis. Friends urged him to expand it into a book, which he did. It was received with critical acclaim. *The New York Times* called it "a book of such painstaking scholarship, such mature understanding and fair-mindedness, such penetrating and timely conclusions that it is a notable textbook for our times." The *Herald Tribune* described it as "This electrifying diagnosis. . . . an extraordinarily able achievement."

Recently rereading *Why England Slept* I was struck by its relevancy for today. It is a case study of the problems of a great democracy faced by a totalitarian dictatorship. The democracy is peace loving, complacent, attached to its comforts; the dictatorship, with a lower standard of living, is hard-driven, centrally directed, ruthless in decision. The analogies to America's position vis-à-vis Russia, while not exact, are close enough to be alarming.

With the background of such studies, Kennedy has naturally been especially concerned with our comparative sluggishness in the face of growing Soviet skill and power. In the Senate he has worked and voted for measures to revitalize our education, science and research. Militarily he urges more intensive efforts not only in missiles and rocketry but in strengthening mobile forces capable of fighting "brush fire" wars. Our burdensome farm surpluses, he believes, could become a blessing if wisely used to feed the hungry peoples of the world. As a member of the Senate Labor and Public Welfare Committee, Kennedy is working now on legislation to give the President greater powers to settle strikes—such as that in steel—which put a drag on the whole national economy.

As a candidate, Kennedy can use humor effectively. But when he gets down to the substance of his speeches, he preaches a hard gospel. In politics this is unusual, if not unpalatable. American voters are used to being told that they are the salt of the earth and there's a good time coming. Kennedy's message is quite different. He does not flatter or talk down.

It is interesting to watch his audiences. When he tells them there's a tough time ahead and the sooner they face it the better, when he says that they and all of us must prepare for harder work and stricter self-discipline, there is a look of puzzled uneasiness. As he goes on, the impact of his facts and figures, of his earnestness and vitality, is clearly felt. At the end there is often an instant of tense silence, then a rising ovation. It is not that Kennedy has "changed" these people. But most of us have, beneath our outer optimism, a troubled feeling that we have failed to live up to the greatness of our heritage. It is this chord which Kennedy strikes and brings to life.

His example gives force to his precepts. Born to wealth, he could have chosen a life of ease. Instead, from college days onward—whether as athlete, scholar, writer, PT-boat skipper, public servant or candidate—he has driven himself close to the tolerances of human endurance. In part, this intense energy and drive is an inborn trait; in part, it derives by inheritance and training from his remarkable family.

His forebears came over to Boston from Ireland during the great potato famine of more than a century ago. They started at the pick-and-shovel level. First by sweat and muscle, then by brains and character, they worked their way up into politics and business.

Kennedy's maternal grandfather was John F. Fitzgerald, who served three terms in Congress and several years as mayor of Boston. He was affectionately known as "Honey Fitz" because of his sweet singing voice and his blithe, beguiling ways. From him no doubt come some of his grandson's personal charm and political flair.

Kennedy's father, Joseph P., was a noted athlete at Harvard. During summer vacations he operated sight-seeing buses and managed to save $5000 by the time he was graduated. With this as capital he went on to accumulate one of the great American fortunes. In politics he was an early supporter of Franklin Roosevelt. During the New Deal days he served as chairman of the new Securities and Exchange Commission, then of the Maritime Commission, before going to London as ambassador. He fell out with F.D.R. over the lend-lease issue and resigned in 1940.

In raising the large Kennedy brood the mother, the former Rose Fitzgerald, provided the T.L.C.—the tender loving care. Papa Kennedy inculcated the discipline and drive. The children were taught from the first that anything worth doing was worth doing well—in fact, better than the next fellow. They took to it readily, competing with one another whether in sports, studies or arguments. Their arguments, as the young Kennedys grew older, were directed by their father into public issues. He had taken care of the money side; he wanted his children to devote themselves to public service. Thus the boys took to government and politics. The girls have devoted much of their time to religious and charitable work; their

"This is the rumpus room."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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special interest has been in helping retarded children, a field in which many of the Kennedy millions have been given for teaching and research.

Young Jack was a student of government. It was his older brother, Joseph Jr., who had planned an active career in politics and had already made a beginning as a delegate to the Democratic convention in 1940. But in 1944, the year after Jack's close brush with death in the Pacific, his brother Joe was killed in Europe. A bomber pilot, he had already completed his full quota of combat missions. He stayed on to volunteer for a special and extra-hazardous mission—a strike against the German missile bases. He was killed in the explosion of his plane.

When Jack decided to run for Congress in 1946, it was in some sense with the feeling that he was carrying on for his brother Joe. He was a diffident candidate at first, but soon warmed to the spirit of the contest. He won in '46 and again in '48 and '50. His hardest fight was in '52 when he defeated Henry Cabot Lodge for the Senate by 69,000 votes, while Eisenhower was sweeping the state by almost 210,000. In 1958 he was re-elected by the greatest majority in the history of Massachusetts. He carried every city and county, regardless of its political, religious or economic complexion.

Heartened by his return to vigorous health in 1955 and surprised by his unexpected showing in the convention of '56, Kennedy raised his sights toward the presidency. Some advisers urged him to play it slowly, quietly cultivating the support of the party leaders. This did not appeal to him logically or temperamentally. He felt that he had certain political handicaps which could be overcome only by a fast start and a bold campaign to appeal to the voters themselves and to the lesser politicians who form the bulk of convention delegates. He was unwilling to leave his fate to the top leaders. They, especially the older men, are inclined to caution, wary of "controversial" candidates. They would worry about Kennedy's youthful appearance and his religion. As Kennedy once said, "If the nominee is picked in a smoke-filled room, I'd be the last man out."

Kennedy will be forty-three in May. Vice President Nixon, the Republican front runner, is only forty-seven. But Kennedy looks considerably younger than his age and from the platform gives a vivid impression of youthfulness. The impression is heightened when he is accompanied by his strikingly beautiful wife, the former Jacqueline Lee Bouvier. This highly educated and intelligent young lady, who is twenty-nine and the mother of a two-year-old daughter, looks more like nineteen. She seldom speaks at political meetings, but in French-speaking sections of New England and Louisiana she enchants her hearers with a graceful greeting in that language. She speaks it so fluently that her husband sometimes adds, "I assure you that my wife can also speak English."

The accent on youth cuts two ways. If it troubles the older voters, it appeals to the younger. In each state I visited with Kennedy I was impressed by the number of youthful volunteers working ardently for his cause. Some seers insist that Americans require a "father image" as President; if so, Kennedy will have to wait another eight or twelve years. In reply, Kennedy supporters point out that Theodore Roosevelt entered the White House at forty-two, Washington took command of the Continental Army at forty-three, and Thomas Jefferson drafted the Declaration of Independence when he was thirty-three.

The crosscurrents of the religious issue are far more complex. Undoubtedly some Protestant Democrats would vote against Kennedy as a Catholic; undoubtedly some Catholic Republicans would vote for him; undoubtedly some Catholic Democrats would boycott the ticket if they felt that Kennedy had been denied the nomination because of his Catholicism. How many in each category? I don't think anybody knows. Here the opinion polls are a poor guide because nowadays, except in the more benighted areas, citizens hesitate to admit that religion may influence their vote. In Massachusetts, where Kennedy is well known, he has carried communities which are both Republican and Protestant. How about in other states? One reason for his wide travels may be to dispel religious prejudice, if any, among the people who see him, hear him and question him.

He does not hesitate to answer questions on the issue. "Whatever a man's religion in private life," he says, "nothing takes precedence over his solemn oath to uphold the Constitution." And he emphatically supports the First Amendment—"The separation of church and state is fundamental to our American concept and heritage."

In this field the question of birth control is the most delicate and explosive which Kennedy has had to meet. It arose in late November when the Catholic bishops of the United States joined in a statement that Catholics "will not support any public assistance, either at home or abroad, to promote artificial birth prevention. . . ." Several non-Catholic leaders promptly asked whether this statement would be binding on Catholic candidates for public office. This put Kennedy, as the leading Catholic candidate, on the spot. He did not dodge the question. The substance of his reply was this.

> We have to be very careful how we give [other countries] advice on this subject. Our government does not advocate any policy concerning birth control here in the United States. Nor have we ever advocated such a policy in Western Europe. Accordingly I think it would be the greatest psychological mistake for us to appear to advocate the limitation of the black or brown or yellow peoples whose population is increasing no faster than in the United States. They must reach decisions on these matters based on their own experience and judgment. . . . I would not think it wise for the United States to refuse to grant assistance to a country which is pursuing a policy it feels to be in its own best interest. . . .

He added that if he were President and the question came before him he would decide it in accordance with his oath to do whatever was best for the interests of the United States. He was asked whether his position on this had been influenced in any way by the statement of the Catholic bishops. He replied, "My judgment on this has been held for many years and it continues."

The birth-control issue is so charged with emotion that it is the dread of most politicians. Whatever Kennedy says, it may hurt him. On the other hand, it may be to his advantage that the furor flared so early, thus giving time for public discussion and reflection. By early December, indeed, President Eisenhower had taken much of the heat out of the issue by declaring that if other governments want to do anything about birth control "that is their business." And if they want help, he added, "they will unquestionably go to professional groups," not to our Government. And Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, often critical of Kennedy, called his birth-control statement "sensible and correct."

Kennedy's hardest test in the Senate, and the one which many thought would ruin his presidential chances, came in the two weeks preceding the passage of the labor-management reform bill last September. Earlier the Senate had passed a labor bill on which Kennedy had been working for more than two years. It was designed mainly to protect rank-and-file union members from corruption and racketeering. Then, toward the end of the session, the House passed the Landrum-Griffin bill. It included many of Kennedy's proposals, but added provisions which responsible union leaders denounced as destructive of labor's traditional rights.

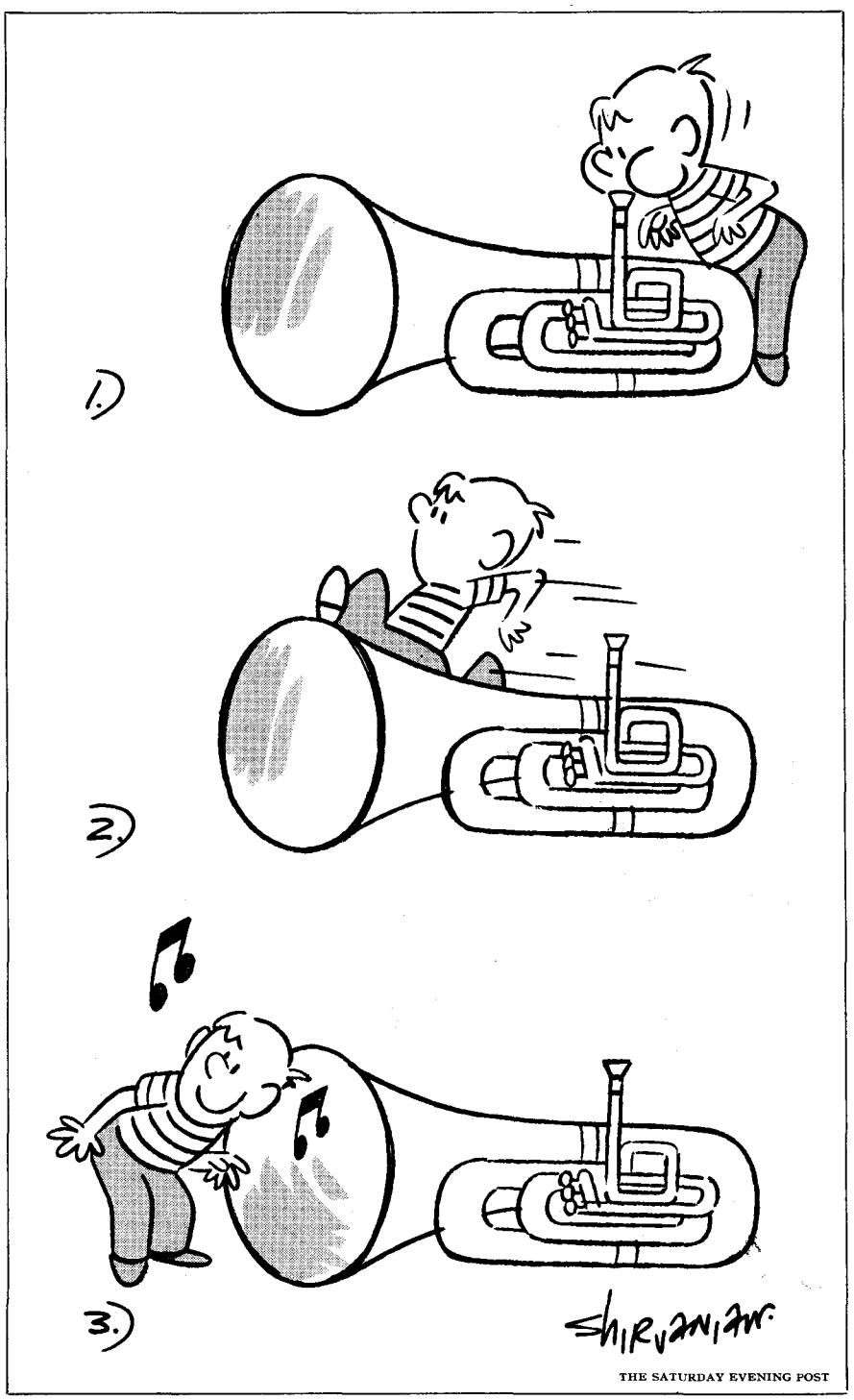
The two bills went to Senate-House conference. Kennedy was chairman. This, predicted the predicters, would be the banana peel on which the front-running Kennedy would surely slip and fall. The conference, they said, would produce either no bill at all, which would disappoint the general public demand; or a bill so restrictive that it would lose the labor vote so necessary to a Democratic nominee.

Somehow Kennedy kept his footing. In twelve days and nights of grinding negotiation, he managed to moderate the harsher points of Landrum-Griffin and come up with a compromise which overwhelmingly passed both House and Senate. While most labor leaders still called the result a "killer" bill, they had kind words for Kennedy's part in preventing something worse. Even the acid-tongued Senator Morse, who has been highly critical of Kennedy and of the compromise bill, was moved to say, "In my fifteen years in the Senate I have never seen a conference more ably chaired."

The Washington Post referred to the result as "a legislative miracle." An old friend in the House said, "It proves that Jack is not only smart, persuasive and tough, but lucky. I tell him he could fall into a well and come up dry with two watches running—one on daylight and one on standard time."

In his carefully planned and tireless shuttlings about the country, Kennedy has woven a fabric of support perhaps stronger than his rivals realize. At this writing his confident advisers say he already has assurances of enough votes at the convention to win on the second ballot. But Kennedy knows how such assurances can fade, how strong is the continuing opposition of some of the top party leaders. He knows he must prove himself in the spring primaries. Still playing it boldly, he plans to put his chances to the test in more primaries than any other candidate. For the connoisseur of presidential sweepstakes, these will be contests to watch.

THE END



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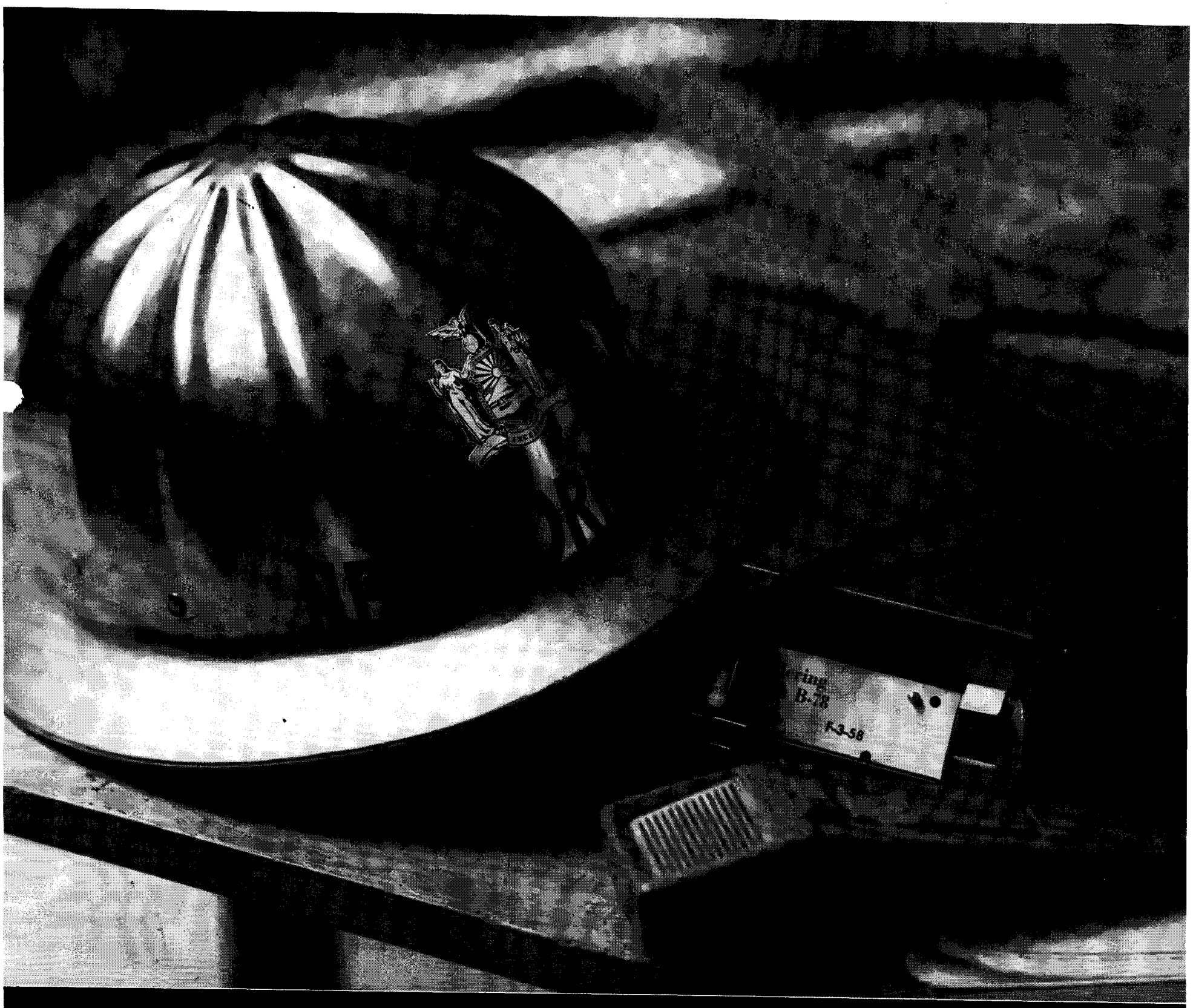

GET UP TO DATE ON NEW YORK STATE
where they're talking the businessman's language

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The Monitor Affair (Continued from Page 17)

"Can you put my knuckles down?" he asked, and his eyes glinted with anticipation. Young Nelson seated himself, rested his elbow on the desk and their two hands met and clenched. And then each man, one just emerging from youth, the other on the edge of old age, exerted himself against the other—each striving with might and main to force the other's knuckles down. Veins stood out on necks and foreheads; breaths were held and expelled. The clasped fists quivered, but neither moved from its position. Two men of vanity were engaged, and to lose this contest meant to each what the Chinese call loss of face. Minutes passed and the strain continued intensely. Perspiration stood in beads. And then slowly, inexorably, the fist of the younger man was forced from the perpendicular, and, fighting to the last, was brought farther and farther downward until the knuckles clunked against the surface of the desk.

Their fingers, cramped and swollen, dropped apart. Ericsson showed splendid teeth in a grin that was almost wolfish. "You are a powerful boy, Eric Nelson," he said.

"And you, sir, could get the better of Samson," returned the young man, but in his eyes was a shrewd satisfaction. It would seem that the loser was content. John Ericsson narrowed his eyes.

"I won," he said.

"Fair and square," admitted Eric Nelson, but the contentment did not disappear from his Nordic eyes.

Ericsson nodded. "Maybe," he said after a pause. "And maybe you are a shrewder young man than I would have guessed." He sat back, breathing deeply. "To let an aging man win in such a struggle with youth," he said grimly, "is the most skillful flattery."

Eric Nelson said nothing. His face was expressionless. By no turn of the eye or expression of the mouth did he signify that John Ericsson had guessed correctly, How could the older man ever know? It needed only this to win the sometimes fickle fancy of the Swedish innovator. It made up his mind for him.

"We will discuss," he said succinctly, "the terms of your employment."

"Thank you, sir," Eric said sincerely, and then with a return of his jauntiness, "And what a team we'll make—you and I."

"What a team I make by myself," Ericsson said and mixed a metaphor. "With you but the tail of my kite—something you will never lose sight of." With a gesture that was to become familiar to Eric Nelson, he smote himself again on the powerful chest. "I—I am John Ericsson. There is no other John Ericsson. That is to be understood by you."

"It is well understood by me, sir," said Eric Nelson.

But in his adroit mind the young engineer was saying to himself that if he wasn't smart enough and shrewd enough and diplomatic enough to do an invisible job of managing this able, vain man of genius, then he was very much mistaken about his own talents. He did not lack self-appreciation.

"You were born in my homeland," Ericsson said, "so I need not ask your sentiments with regard to human bondage."

"I am no abolitionist, sir," Eric said. "But no man, black or white, should be held in servitude to another. I do not hold with the extremists who fight to do away with slavery even at the cost of dividing this country."

"But if it came to such a division?"

"My loyalty, Mr. Ericsson, would be with the Government in Washington."

"Many important persons in this city of New York are not so certain where their loyalties might lie. I fear this matter has gone so far that there will be no drawing back for the Southern hotheads. I fear there will be civil war." His voice became the voice of a prophet. "If war does come, young man, victory will rest upon the side which holds possession of the seas. And I, John Ericsson, shall offer my genius to the Federal Government to assure that its navies shall dominate the seven seas."

To this Eric Nelson made no response.

John Ericsson stormed out of his chair. "There is a thing you shall see. I had all but forgotten it myself, and in the storeroom it collects dust since it was sent back to me by this little French Emperor Napoleon III. A model it is, made with my own hands. I send it to him because perhaps France is more ready for some new thing than England or this country, and because France is the enemy of Russia. He keeps it long and sends it back to me with a letter signed by his own imperial hand. Compliments he pays me. But no. France cannot adopt a thing so strange, so novel. So I let it collect dust in the storeroom."

He left the office, and Eric heard his heavy footfalls going to the small storage room. Presently he returned bearing in his arms a crate, which he placed upon the floor, and with hammer and lever opened it so that the contents could be removed. He reached into the box and withdrew the model of something the like of which never had been seen on land or sea.

Eric saw it first only as an object carefully wrapped for preservation in shipping from Paris to America. Ericsson placed this package on his desk and removed the coverings, which he tossed impatiently on the floor, disclosing a strange object unrecognizable by young Eric Nelson. The young man approached to scrutinize it more closely. Undoubtedly it was some sort of marine contraption, for there was a long narrow hull, and under the overhang of the rear deck a rudder with a propeller between it and the hull. From stem to stern, and only inches above the water line, extended a flat deck broken in the middle by a structure shaped like a lady's hat box, and ahead of this was a tiny circular affair which must be the pilothouse. The anchor was suspended in a well almost in the very bow of the vessel.

"But, sir, what is it?" asked Eric Nelson. He ran his fingers the length of the model. "Is it a ship, sir?"

"My dear boy," said Ericsson grandly, "it is not a ship, it is a revolution."

Thus, inconspicuously, was unveiled on the western continent for the first time an invention destined to hasten the outmoding of the wooden navies of the world and to usher in a new era of naval warfare. It was displayed hopelessly, for John Ericsson, weighed down by discouragements and stifled by stupid bureaucracy, had come to regard it as a dream thing, a toy, never to become a reality. He repacked the model in its crate and lugged it back to the storeroom, there to remain until dire emergency and glorious destiny should combine to cause it again to see the light of day—to do more than its share in preserving intact a great nation threatened with disintegration, and in restoring the courage of a panic-stricken people.

John Ericsson returned to his desk. He sighed gustily, rubbed his powerful hands together and said with resignation, "Oh, well. The devil with all chuckleheaded bureaucrats." He heaved a second sigh. "I call the damned thing a monitor," he said.

Eric Nelson, sitting on the top of an omnibus, surveyed his fellow passengers with interested eyes. It was a characteristic of the young man that he delighted to study the faces of strangers to guess their occupations or personalities and to pass judgment upon their abilities or morals or dispositions. He was proceeding uptown after his interview with John Ericsson and was elated at the success of his application for employment with that peculiar gentleman.

One passenger who attracted his attention was a man with more beard than was strictly necessary. His striking face impressed Eric, and he strove to place the man in the scheme of things—but went far astray in his guessing. For the gentleman was a newspaperman who had not achieved marked success in his profession, perhaps because his chief interest was in another sort of writing. A few years earlier he had turned out a slim volume of poems which had been received with indifference, but which was destined for a more discerning appreciation as time went by. The name of this volume was *Leaves of Grass*, and the bewhiskered author of it was known as Walt Whitman. By fortunate chance he set down in vivid words an account of events of which the riders on that public vehicle were about to be unwilling spectators.

It was a coincidence that two gentlemen destined for immortality should simultaneously have been present at this spot in front of a large New York hotel—for a second man whose name was to become imperishable was just now approaching that spot in an open carriage.

Eric, being a young and lusty lad, was not fascinated exclusively by Mr. Whitman's face, because in the seats next to him were two ladies—and two more lovely women it would be difficult to find. One was young, with a flowerlike beauty of an aristocratic cast. It took some seconds for the beholder to pass beyond the surface loveliness of the girl and become aware of character as fascinating as her beauty was startling. There was humor there, and mischief. There was firmness in the chin and keen intelligence in the gray eyes. Eric guessed her to be eighteen.

The woman who sat beside her was equally beautiful—in a maturer, more sophisticated manner. The carriage of her head and the shape of her shoulders promised a slender, gracious figure. If there was a trace of hardness in her face it was apt to pass unnoticed. It required a keen masculine eye to be warned by it.

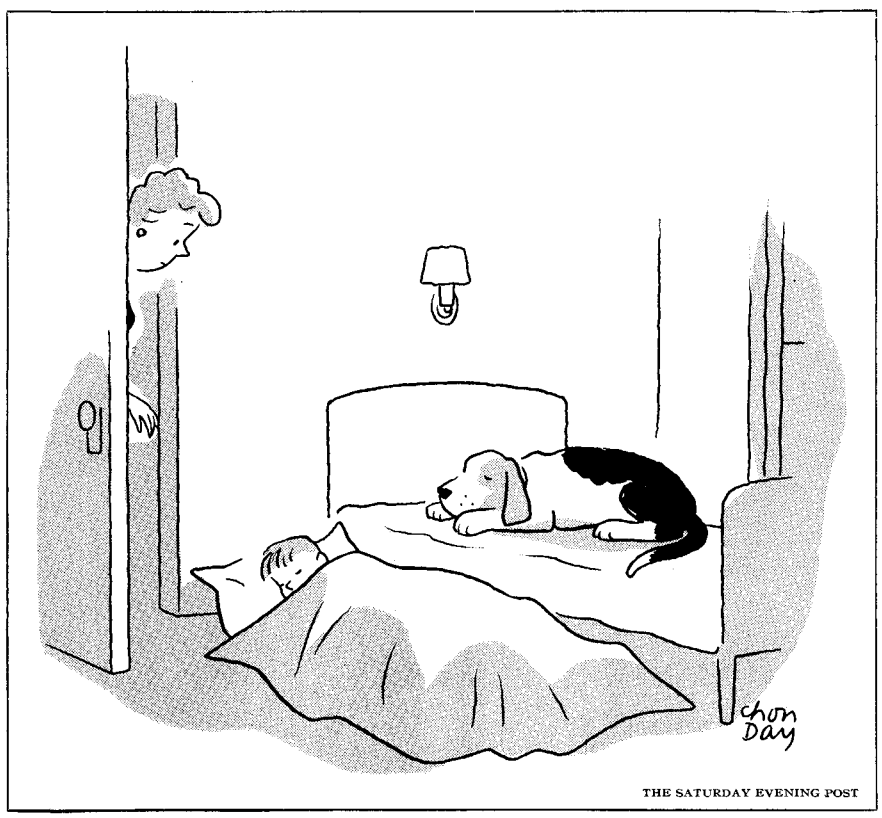
Eric became aware of unusual sounds. There was a distant booming of guns and tooting of whistles and playing of bands. The vehicle was brought to a stop and he turned his eyes to the street, which was jammed by waiting human beings, packed so densely that the omnibus could not proceed. And then he was aware of tension, of a strange silence which was menacing. "*Mob*," thought Eric, *was the correct word to express that pack of people.*

A procession was nearing the uptown hotel on that mild February afternoon in the year 1861. In the cavalcade were thirty carriages which had required more than an hour to reach this destination from the old Hudson River Railroad depot at Thirtieth Street and Eleventh Avenue. Leading the cortege was an open carriage which had rested in its barn in idleness since it had had the honor of containing His Highness the Prince of Wales on a recent visit to New York City.

No two personages more opposite in points of view, in character, in appearance, could be imagined. For the present occupant of the barouche was Abraham Lincoln, a very common man from the state of Illinois who was now on his way to the city of Washington to take the oath of office as President of the United States.

Apprehension rode the air. It was a vast, hostile throng that gathered there to stare at the man it resented. There was no cheering; neither was there booing. It was as if there was a tacit compact among the few supporters of the newly elected President and the overwhelming number of persons who smoldered with dislike of this man who had defeated for the nomination their favorite son, William H. Seward. His election was widening the chasm between North and South—and New York believed its prosperity depended upon retaining the friendship of merchants and traders who did business below Mason and Dixon's line. There was glowering and muttering, but no overt acts of violence such as had been anticipated by city authorities.

The New York mob, the city's dregs, hated the Negro; feared the results if abolitionists succeeded in cutting the black man's bonds and granting him freedom. They feared a mass migration of ex-slaves to the North with consequent threat to their (*Continued on Page 76*)



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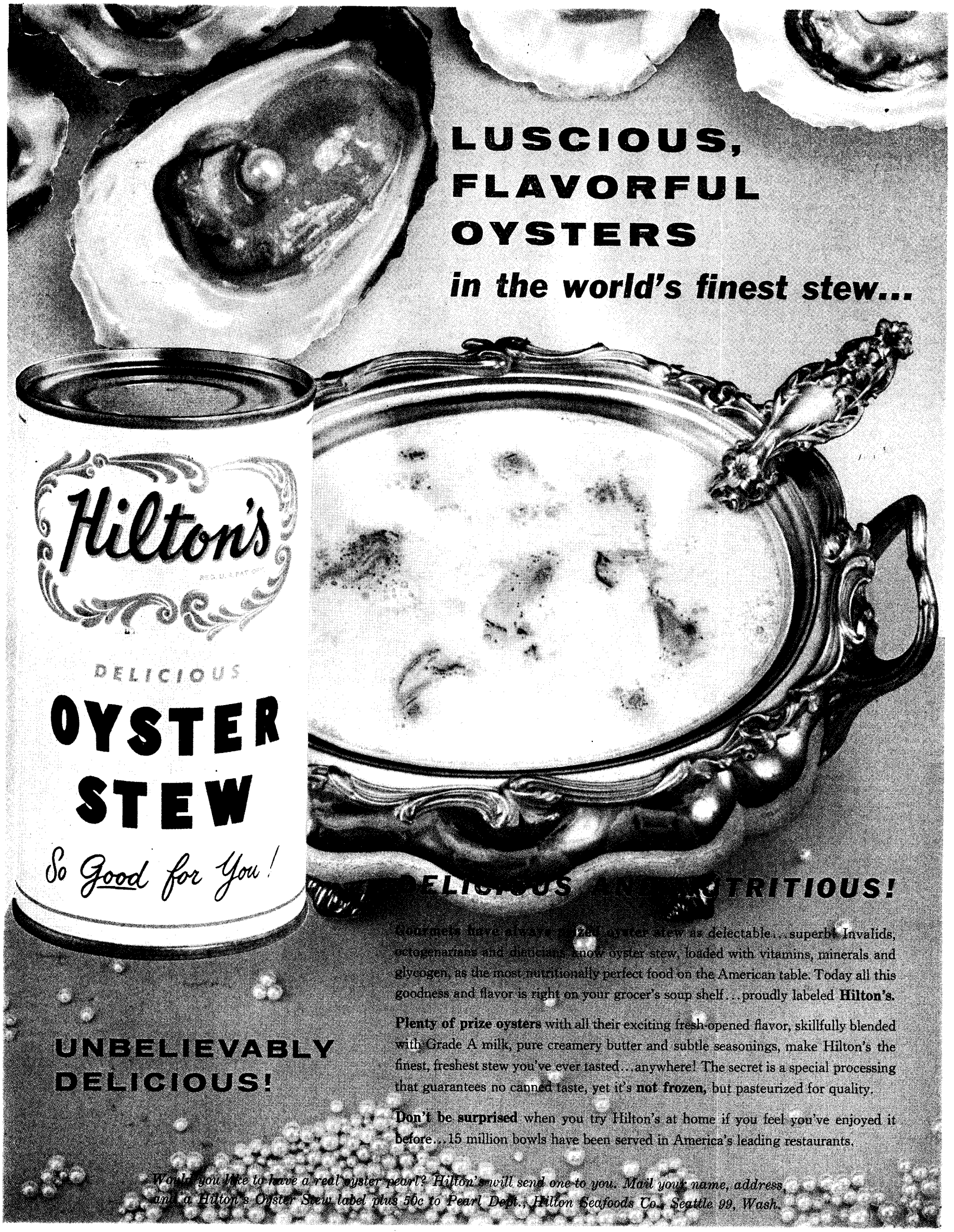
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(*Continued from Page 74*) jobs—which, in those days of depression, were all too few without the added competition of millions of freedmen.

The better classes of citizens felt that their prosperity was bound to the well-being of their Southern patrons and customers, and that anything that threatened to sever the commercial ties which tied together the two sections of the country was a peril to be averted at all costs. New York City was not a hotbed of patriotism for the Union.

Eric Nelson saw the inordinately tall personage alight from the carriage. An uncouthly long neck protruded from the collar of an ill-fitting coat of black. A tall stovepipe hat magnified the man's stature grotesquely. Hairy wrists dangled from too short sleeves as Mr. Lincoln lingered for a moment on the sidewalk before the granite walls of the hotel. With some lack of dignity he stretched comfortably, hoisting long arms, made powerful by manual labor, high above his head. Then he turned and surveyed the unfriendly crowd that hemmed him in. There was curiosity in the gaze of his melancholy eyes and something of tolerant humor—but nothing of alarm. He made no haste to the shelter of the hotel, but scanned the spectators for a few moments. He seemed to sense that in that gathering of 40,000 human beings he possessed not one personal friend. The perceptive eye might have seen that he did not resent this hostility; his gaze was the gaze of a patient man, of a man who knew how to wait and to endure.

Eric's eyes turned to the face of the older of the two beautiful women. It was not beautiful now, but distorted by bitterness and hatred. She said something under her breath to her companion, who did not respond for a moment. She seemed to be turning something over in her mind; and then her voice, speaking clearly, came to Eric's ear.

"But he's kind," she said. "He's sad and kind."

"Yvonne!" said her companion sharply.

The girl was, for a moment, under some spell. Something had traveled to her across the space that separated them from the President-elect.

"He's so ungainly," she said presently, "and patient. And not a gentleman. *Tante* Carlotta, maybe it's time we had a President who is not a gentleman."

"A backwoods boor," said the woman who was addressed as aunt. "Think of that lout receiving the ambassador from England or from France!"

The girl, Southern though she was by inflection, was not suppressed by her aunt's scorn. "There's something about him," she said slowly, "that touches the heart."

"You," responded the older woman, "are Yvonne Constant of Val-Fleury plantation in Louisiana. Be ashamed."

The girl did not reply to the rebuke. She was a Southerner, and the things she loved and revered most were Southern things. The great plantation on the river, with its hundreds of slaves; the way of life, gracious and gay; the chivalry of the men and the pampering of the women! She could not conceive of an existence in which there would be no black men and women to serve and to adore her. In no thought was she disloyal to her homeland. Yet this gauntly tall man with the unforgettable face touched some heartstring. If, she felt, his election caused a war between the states, that war would not be of his creating. One long glance at Abraham Lincoln had convinced her that he was not the evil man her compatriots accused him of being—not a savage enemy of anyone.

"Never again," said Madame Ouverard, "will I venture forth save in my own carriage." She looked at her companions on the omnibus superciliously and at the impeding mob with bitter scorn.

"But, *tante*, we are not in New Orleans among gentlefolks," Yvonne said. "We are in the Yankee North, where everything is different and such things as this are to be expected." This puzzled her. Why was this sort of thing, the outpouring of an unwashed mob, more to be expected in New York than in New Orleans or Richmond or Charleston? She studied the question briefly and shook her lovely head. It was a different world and she did not understand it. What it lacked, it seemed to her, was a landed gentry, a ruling aristocracy.

"I," said Carlotta Ouverard in a voice that carried, "shall thank God when we are no longer one nation."

Breaking the silence that followed was a burlesque Southern voice with exaggerated Louisiana idiom. "Lil' missy," it said, "hush yo' mouf'. Yo'-all bettah light a shuck and put out fo' home if yo'-all doan like what we-all got here. Jus' yo' trifle off home, missy, 'n' git out yo' black-snake whip 'n' lash the hide off'n yo' niggahs' backs."

This grotesque sally was rewarded by snickers and even open laughter. Madame Ouverard rose to her feet and drew her niece after her. "Come, Yvonne," she said. And then to any who might be within earshot, "*Canaille*," she spat. And, heedless of the mob that lingered and pushed and elbowed on the street and the sidewalk, she descended to the pavement, chin in air and eyes flashing.

Eric Nelson, moved by something which might have been instinctive chivalry, though his solid Swedish mind would have shrunk from that term, got to his feet and followed. As the three placed feet on the pavement, there came one of those sudden surges of the mob which have no purpose and no meaning. Madame Ouverard was separated rudely from her niece and shunted away toward the hotel. Yvonne almost fell to her knees, but a strong hand grasping her elbow held her erect and somehow found a passageway through the crowd to the wall of the abutting building. Here Eric Nelson, as gently as possible, urged the girl to stand with her back against the bricks while he, bracing legs and spreading strong arms on either side of her, interposed himself as a sort of breakwater against the surging of the mob.

"For heaven's sake," Eric panted, "don't faint."

"I," retorted Yvonne breathlessly, "am not the fainting kind."

Pressure relaxed somewhat as the sweating, odorous throng stood still as unexpectedly as a moment before it had been on the point of stampeding. Eric could look down upon the top of Yvonne's bonnet and grin quizzically to himself.

"I thought," he said, "that all Southern belles had the vapors and fainted at the drop of a hat."

"It is quite evident," she said tartly, "that you have had little acquaintance with Southern ladies."

"Nor with Northern ladies, either," he said.

She tilted her head back and looked up at him under the poke of her bonnet. His gray eyes were gay and quizzical and amused. Were they bold, she asked herself? Undoubtedly the young man was handsome, but was he a gentleman? Southern gentlemen would not have found the predicament comical.

"You were on that bus," she said, vaguely remembering his face.

"I enjoyed that privilege," he said. "I saw you plunging into the milling herd, so I tagged along."

"Why?"

He shrugged as well as his braced arms would permit. "Call it *noblesse oblige*," he answered. "If a workingman and an emigrant is entitled to such a delicacy."

"At any rate," she said, looking into his eyes, "I thank you. . . . My aunt!" she exclaimed in sudden alarm.

"Your aunt," said Eric tartly, "seems a woman able to take care of herself."

"My aunt," Yvonne said, "is ——"

Eric interrupted, "A lady whose *noblesse oblige* comes unraveled in the wrong places. A little pushing around by *hoi polloi* may do her good."

In her heart Yvonne could not but agree, but never would she admit it. Instead she said, "At least, you are an educated laboring man and emigrant. Foreign words."

"If a cat may look at a king," he said lightly, "a serf may open a dictionary."

She closed her eyes and placed a gloved hand on his arm. This alarmed him. "Hey," he exclaimed, "no fainting."

"I promise," she said in a whisper.

"Temporarily," he said, "you're without a chaperon. It happens in crude Northern cities. So it looks like you'd have to take up with a strange young man."

"You are impertinent."

"No, just informative. You, Miss ——" He raised his voice in question.

"Constant," she informed him.

"And I," he said with a slight bow, "am Eric Nelson. You, Miss Constant, don't look as if you could, unaided, find your way from the front door to the kitchen. So, if you'll tell me where you live, I'll try to get you out of this mess and take you home."

"You," she snapped, "would be surprised to know how well I can find my way! But this—this is different. You may see me home, sir," she said with some condescension. "I live on Washington Square with my aunt, Madame Ouverard. At least I am her guest."

The pressure of the crowd relaxed until it was possible for them to move. Eric guided his charge away from Broadway, till they found a vehicle which would take them to Washington Square. Yvonne pointed out to him the dignified, three-story mansion on the north side of the square where her aunt resided. At the foot of the steps she gave him her hand with prim graciousness, but did not invite him to come in. He grinned down rather impertinently.

"If," he asked, "I furnish credentials, a financial statement and a patent of nobility, may I hope to call on you at an early date?"

"Mr. Nelson," she replied with equal mock formality, "it will be correct for you to call upon my aunt, who may see fit to present you to me when she has satisfied herself of your qualifications for that honor."

Again she extended her hand, which he touched, and then, looking into each other's eyes, both of them burst into uninhibited laughter.

Eric Nelson was not a man to let grass grow under his feet. On the first opportunity when his duties to John Ericsson permitted, he arrayed himself in his best suit and made his way to Washington Square. The neighborhood was not strange to him because he had been graduated from New York University, whose crenelated buildings dominated the park. The park itself was a tract of land that, within the memory of ancient citizens, had been a swamp, and later, following the dreadful yellow-fever scourge of years ago, had been drained and converted to the uses of a potter's field—and also, more gruesomely, to a place of execution. For there a gallows tree had lifted its grisly head. There survived a public pump which furnished potable water to the inhabitants of this island of the elite.

Eric straightened his shoulders, felt critically of his cravat and mounted the steps to the white, handsome, classic door. He rang, and a colored butler in livery opened the paneled portal. Eric presented a card and announced that he was calling upon Madame Ouverard. The servant stood aside and admitted him to a vestibule, where he waited while the Negro disappeared up a stairway visible through the archway.

Presently madame descended, his card in her hand. "Mr. Nelson?" she asked.

"It was my good fortune," he said, "to be of slight service to Miss Constant the other day. I am calling to inquire if the experience had unpleasant consequences."

"None whatever," replied madame. "My niece has spoken of you. She thought it possible you might call. Will you step into the drawing room, sir?"

It was all very formal and correct—and to Eric's antic humor a trifle comical. Madame was so serious that he knew he must hold in check his tendency to irreverent humor.

"If we had a common friend," he said gravely, but with twinkling eyes, "I should, naturally, have begged him to present me. As you see, madame, I am in excellent health and correctly dressed. I am a graduate of the university which faces the park. I am an engineer at present employed by a gentleman who is the most famous inventor of this period. I was born in Sweden, but am a citizen of the United States. I have never attracted the attention of the police. I am employed by Mr. John Ericsson, the engineer."

"You are explicit, Mr. Nelson," madame said not forbiddingly. The young man made a satisfactory impression. He was not exactly handsome, but he was worthy of a second glance. His manner indicated that he was a gentleman. She was not so old that a virile young man would not impress her. Indeed, she was at the height of her beauty and desirability.

"This Mr. Ericsson—" she asked, "—is he the one who invented a propeller for steam vessels? Who was given a medal by the City of New York for inventing a new kind of fire engine? Who has experimented with armored ships and even with cannon?"

"That," Eric answered, "is my employer." (*Continued on Page 79*)

• •

Winter Twilight

By John V. Hicks

The dimension of darkness
draws you
Little by little away
From the window where
you sit palely illumined
By what is left of the day;
And shadow arms that
found you
As the blue dusk came
down
Are folded about you and
take you at last from me
When the faint light is
flown;
And the passing prophet
moments
Throb in the heart's ear—
Oh, my love, reach out but
a finger, touch me,
Let me know you are near.

• •

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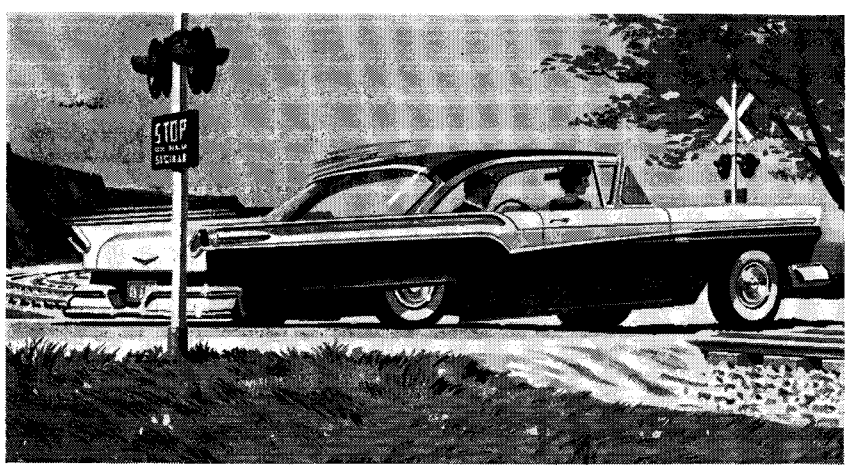

"bottoming" on bumps?

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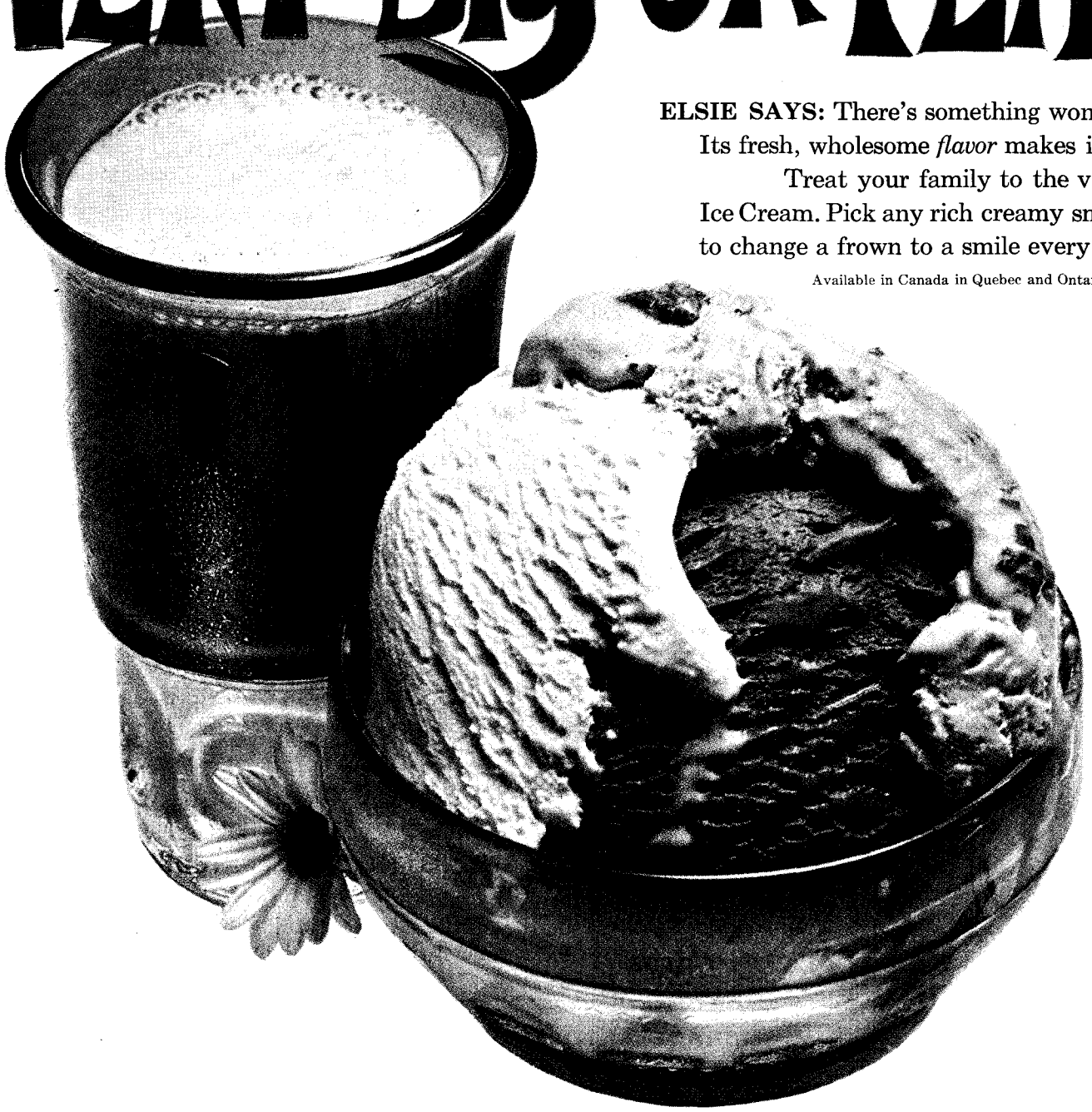

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(*Continued from Page 76*) "My niece," said madame, "is a visitor in the city. My own friends are not so young as she. It would be pleasant for her to have acquaintances of her own age. Your connection with the distinguished John Ericsson is a guarantee of your respectability." She paused and her fine eyes became intent. "Tell me, Mr. Nelson, if it is no secret, is Mr. Ericsson engaged in any naval invention of importance at the moment?"

"He is working on caloric engines, but he has constructed a model of a warship of a new design and power—which, he claims, could all by itself sink the wooden navies of the world."

Eric was not being indiscreet. Security such as it exists today was all but unknown in 1861. And Ericsson himself, if opportunity presented itself, would describe his monitor in any public gathering without hesitation. Madame Ouverard was a shrewd woman whose sharp, beautiful eyes were ever fixed on the main chance. So she filed away this titbit of information as a thing that might not be without value to her. Also her cordiality toward Eric was not for himself, for his appearance, or his manners, but because his intimate connection with John Ericsson made of him a source of information which, in certain circumstances, might become of value.

She pulled a bell cord, and when the butler entered she said, "Ezekiel, will you tell Miss Yvonne that there is a caller in the drawing room."

Miss Constant entered primly, dropped a curtsy to Eric, her pert face preternaturally grave. Eric bowed from the waist. He preserved a face of sobriety.

"I trust," he said, "you suffered no ill consequences from your unpleasant experience the other day."

"None, I assure you. For which I am grateful to you."

Then came awkwardness. Madame Ouverard was a determined chaperon. She sat erect and regal upon a settee and directed the conversation.

"Are you a patron of the theater, Mr. Nelson?" she asked.

"I have little leisure for it," he replied.

"You should make leisure. Tonight in the Irving Place Opera House the distinguished Italian, Signor Muzio, is conducting *Un Ballo in Maschera*."

"I shall be sorry to miss it," he said.

Miss Constant contributed to the conversation. "It is in Italian," she informed him.

"Not many will understand it, then," he said. "Why not in English?"

"It would not be suitable," said Madame Ouverard.

That seemed to close the topic of opera. "Ezekiel," said Madame presently, "will serve refreshments."

"That," said Eric, "will be delightful."

A continuance of this stiffness, he felt, would cause him to do or to say something which would be as unsuitable as opera in English. He stole a glance at Miss Constant, who was biting her lips and seemed to be holding her breath. Her slender shoulders quivered. Could it be she was with difficulty holding back laughter? Madame showed no inclination to leave the young people together.

"Mr. Nelson," she said to her niece, "is an engineer."

"On a railroad?" asked Miss Constant innocently, with placid face.

"My dear! He helps the eminent Mr. Ericsson to design engines."

"How very odd!" Yvonne said, wide-eyed.

"Odd?"

"That," said Yvonne, "an engineer should design engines."

"It would be more peculiar," said Eric, "if an engineer designed ladies' hats."

"But you couldn't do that!" Miss Constant said in a shocked voice.

"Why not, Miss Constant?"

"It would not be suitable," she said, her eyes wide and candid.

Madame Ouverard, who had no dealing with humor and no comprehension of the absurd, was bewildered by this exchange. She felt that she was being talked around by these young people and that they might even be venturing to be impertinent. But she could not place a finger on any impropriety.

"Do you, Mr. Nelson," she interjected, "prefer the little cakes with white icing, or those with chocolate frosting?"

"Madame Ouverard," he said somberly, "you surely cannot expect me to make such a decision offhand!"

"But you will think it over?" pleaded Miss Constant.

"And on my next call I shall tell you my decision."

"Mr. Nelson," Miss Constant said, shaking her head from side to side, "please be definite about it. I mean, you must say either white or chocolate, and no dodging."

He rose to his feet, towering over the two women. His steel gray eyes sent a message to Yvonne, a message of understanding and humorous appreciation. He bowed ceremoniously to madame. "You were gracious," he said, "to receive me."

"My niece knows so few young people in New York," madame said. "I hope you will call again."

"Yes," said Yvonne, "it will be suitable."

He walked to the archway, where he turned. "I don't know about Italian," he said, "but the English language can be very useful. Thank you, Miss Constant, for being so clever in it."

He went out of the door, which was opened for him by Ezekiel, and descended the steps briskly. He did not look backward as he crossed the street and walked in a southerly direction through the park. He was chuckling to himself. His appreciation of Miss Yvonne Constant had grown. Not only was she a beautiful child but she was undoubtedly a scamp. Eric Nelson liked scamps.

Midway across the park he passed a seafaring man, identifiable as such by his expensive and well-tailored nautical garb and cap set jauntily on his handsome head. The two men did no more than glance at each other casually. If they could have read the future, their scrutiny would have been more searching.

The seafaring man continued across the park and mounted the steps of Madame Ouverard's residence. He rang the bell, and in a moment or so the door was opened by Ezekiel.

"I am calling on Madame Ouverard," he said in a pleasant, musical voice.

"What name shall I say?" asked the butler.

"Captain Tempest," the sailor said and stepped over the threshold, brushing Ezekiel out of his way. The old servitor, his back stiff with displeasure, stepped aside to admit the arrogant caller. He was handsome, almost excessively handsome. He swaggered. His brown hair curled above a broad, intelligent brow and bold blue eyes. His features were on the aquiline side with skin bronzed by the winds and sun of the Atlantic Ocean. He was a dandy, overbold of expression and bearing, but impressive and commanding attention.

Madame appeared in the archway, frowning forbiddingly. "Captain Tempest," she said resentfully, "how dare you come here?"

"It seemed necessary to come to New York," he said smoothly. "There are matters to discuss."

Madame became aware of Yvonne standing behind her. "My dear," she said and her voice was peremptory, "I have business to discuss with this gentleman. Will you go to your room?"

"Can this," Captain Tempest said, bowing to the younger woman, "be Miss Constant, of Val-Fleury plantation?"

"It is," madame said discourteously.... "Please do as I ask, Yvonne."

Taking for granted her niece's obedience, madame led the way into the drawing room. Yvonne, instead of mounting the stairs immediately, went into the back library to select a book before she went to her room. Only portieres separated the rooms, and the voices of madame and the captain came to her clearly.

"Has something gone wrong, captain?" madame asked.

"Nothing as yet, Madame Ouverard."

"Then why do you venture here?"

"There is no risk," he said. "I have connections. And who will recognize the captain of the *Saturn?*"

"The last voyage. Was there trouble?"

"From Africa to Cuba we did not see a hostile sail. The health of the cargo was amazingly good. The weather could not have been more favorable. Of our cargo of four hundred and fifty blacks we arrived with four hundred and twenty-seven. A disappointment to the sharks, madame." His tone was saturnine, almost insolent.

"The slaves were satisfactorily disposed of?"

"In Havana. I've seen better prices and I've seen worse prices. The cost of the voyage was, in round figures, ninety thousand dollars. The blacks brought on the Cuban market an average of six hundred dollars apiece. The approximate profit to you, Madame Ouverard, was a hundred and sixty thousand."

"Banked with my agents in Havana?"

"To the last penny." He laughed shortly. "Not so profitable as the last trip of the *Excelsior*. Bigger ship, better market. You'll remember the cost of that expedition, including the purchase of the ship, was three hundred thousand. We brought in twelve hundred Negroes and the market was high. An average of eight hundred and fifty a head. Prime stock. That profit was considerably more than half a million, and we had the ship on hand."

"And when," she asked, "do you sail for Africa again?"

"That, madame, is what I came to discuss. Or rather, not to discuss, but to tell you. I have made my last voyage as a slaver. Oh, one, maybe two more voyages might be possible."

Yvonne, frozen with horror in the library, could almost see the man shrug his splendid shoulders as he chuckled. "But not for me. There has arisen a slight prejudice against the traffic. And soon, madame, sooner than you think, there will be no market for the commodity."

"Nonsense, captain. The Southern states will always provide a market."

"The handwriting is on the wall," he said gravely. "'The irrepressible conflict.' Who said that? Seward, wasn't it? When Abraham Lincoln was elected, that meant war between North and South. Not in five years, not in two years, but immediately."

"Good!" exclaimed madame exultantly. "A short, victorious war! The South an independent nation without the Yankee states impeding her prosperity. Then slavery will be extended to the territories beyond the Mississippi. No Wilmot Provisos or Missouri Compromises."

"Not a short war—a vicious war. And in the end, the commercial, manufacturing North will win. I am an astute man, Madame Ouverard. I've made my pile, and so have you. But that goose will lay no more golden eggs. The business of slaving is dead, and the institution of slavery is on its last legs."

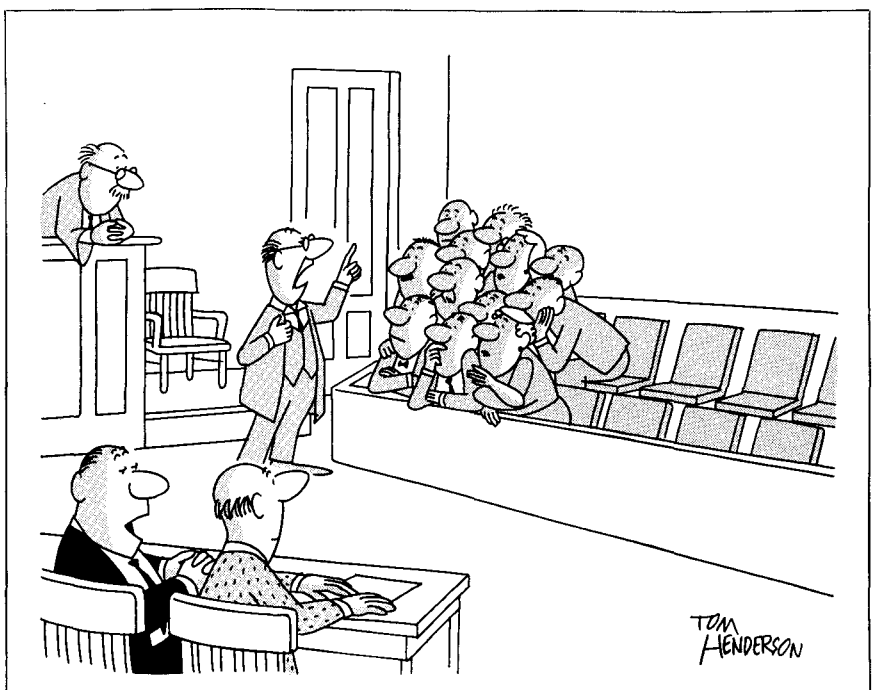
Yvonne stood numb with horror. She wanted to clap her hands over her ears to shut out the words that came from the other room. Her aunt, an Ouverard, a member of the elite, of the land-holding aristocracy of Louisiana, was a slaver! Though the South would fight to the death to perpetuate slavery, it abhorred the creatures who actually trafficked in human beings with black skins—whose charnel houses of vessels brought kidnaped black men and women to our shores.

Yvonne crept from the room, through the rear of the house and up the back stairs to the privacy of her own room. And there she sat, rigid, suffering such shame and misery as she never had known before.

"Oh, no! No!" she repeated over and over again. "It can't be true. It can't be true."

And then a question presented itself and demanded an answer. "What shall I do?" she asked herself. "What *can* I do?"

TO BE CONTINUED



"He seems to have touched on an interesting point."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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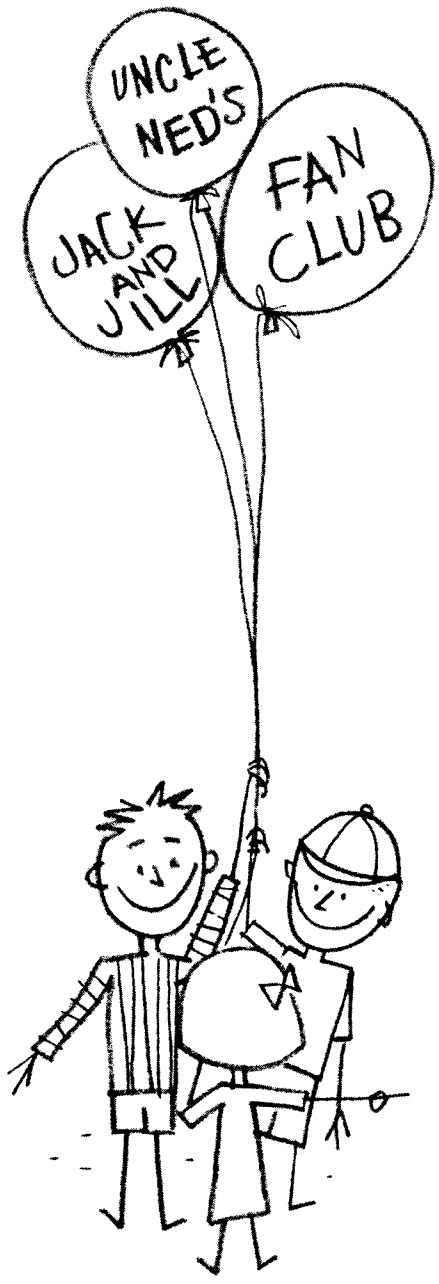

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Success Girl (Continued from Page 24)

I took in with a long look. It made her laugh. What kind of a laugh is it that seems to go up and down the scale, syncopated and full like a trained mezzo?

I said the thing that struck me. "You got a work permit?"

She turned the laugh off, but her mouth stayed curled. "Are you a checker?"

Looka here now, I thought, *the kid's a contralto at fourteen.* I shook my head.

"I was nineteen, for your information, on October twenty-fourth last. I do have a work permit. I've used it for over a year. The chili is especially good today." She leaned a little toward me.

I'm thirty-two years old and don't feel a day over ninety. This was a kid. But I backed away from her because what she was hit me in the face and the heart. I didn't want any part of it. And you can't stay young forever, can you?

"I put some extra onions in it myself," she whispered conspiratorially.

How can a whisper have echoes? All right, so if I'd actually discovered her, I would have added the whisper, the laugh, the talk, made a record, had it big. I didn't say I discovered her. I said I saw her first.

I ate my chili and stared out of the window. You see things in Hollywood you don't see anywhere else—not stars, except the ones they've painted in white on the streets. Movie stars stay home and catch up on a little rest mostly.

No, what you see on the Boulevard is a lot more interesting. You see the ones who thought they'd make it and never got it and still pretend, for instance. While I chewed on an extra piece of the kid's onion one of them went by.

Corseted despite the heat, high false young bust, yellow wig doubled over on itself in that reverse kind of pompadour a cheap wig has, and flowing free in Mary Pickford curls all the way down the age-humped back, she limped along, her face runneled and painted.

Five steps behind her, like tomorrow stepping on the heels of yesterday, was a real beat—beard, dirty T shirt, dungarees low to the point of indecency his sandals slapping the hot pavement.

You'd think I would get with it, being in the dead center of it all for so many years. But there's something in me from my ancestors that has a lot more in common with clean. well-dressed tourists.

I couldn't finish the chili. Somehow the old and the way-out young had managed to push aside the only good thing to come my direction in a year—that filly's smile and the chromatic laugh.

She was there again beside me and she was trying—I could feel it, like vibrations.

"Relax, kid," I said, not looking up. "What you waiting for? A talent scout?"

She slipped the little roll of tape in front of me at the same time she snatched away the bowl of chili. "I'm waiting for you, Mr. Randall."

I looked up then. All right, so some of them still are vulnerable. Some of them have eyes that can open their doors and let you peek way back in, like a row of mirrors.

"What's this?" I sounded like I never saw a tape before. "How do you know my name?"

"Dolores, she works here, you know Dolores." I knew Dolores, all right. "And she said I could substitute next time she was out of town."

Back when I was getting educated there was a word for Dolores' out-of-town trips—"euphemism," it was called.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because I walked by your building—and I couldn't get the courage, and you come here. I need you, Mr. Randall. All I need is you—a manager, a good manager."

I sighed. I closed my eyes. They burned despite the air conditioning. All morning in my cubicle—staring at those newspapers, and nobody knocking on the door—and here she was, sounding as if I'd come from a plush office of my own building, with a gold sign on the outside, RICHARD RANDALL, ARTISTS' REPRESENTATIVE.

"Dolores says you're the best in the business."

Get that, will you? Two cheap dinners, one movie, three kisses and Dolores promotes me to head of the William Morris Agency.

I opened my eyes. There was a mirror at the end of the aisle of booths. I looked at us. I could see the circles under my eyes from that distance yet. The kid looked twelve, not fourteen, leaning over, eager, even her hair bent forward and asking.

"Give me the check," I said. "I'm in a hurry."

Do it clean. Everybody connected with the industries knows what I mean. Movies, TV, records, dancing, dramatics, whatever—do it clean. Cut it off sharp and tight to the nerve and get it over with and send them back home where they came from, where they belong.

The check was there. I fumbled for eighty-five cents plus tax, added a dime and slid out.

Way I felt, if I'd had a place I came from, I would have been on my way that minute. But at the door her hand came down on my arm. I wear short-sleeved shirts. She really touched me. I jumped and shook my wrist.

"I didn't hear you behind me," I said. "You got no right to spook me like that."

"Here," she said quietly. She opened my hand and put the tape in it. She closed my fingers back on it. I stood there like a six-foot dummy in the waxworks, and she went back behind the counter.

"Too many onions in that darned chili," I found myself yelling. I slammed the door behind me.

My cubicle was hot. I turned the fan outward. Somebody said that helped. I sat down at the secondhand desk. If there had been room I would have set my feet up and leaned back and gone to sleep. I like sleep. It's dark there, and nobody's trying; and there's no charge, and the bills are paid.

Instead I sat bolt upright. Against the walls were all the pictures of the other ones. I started at the top line and studied them horizontally. A couple I got good auditions for and talked up a great future for. Somebody listened—and it was all over.

They'd knocked at my door—last resort for most of them. I built them up and told them they had talent and got myself enough dough to go to Dogville and sleep in Mrs. Desmoines' back room. Why I ever put their pictures on the wall I'll never know.

There they were, fresher than springtime, newer than love, and all their young eyes reproached me. Never for a moment did those eyes admit that they couldn't sing or dance or act, that they could only exist and be young just once and that they would throw that youth away trying.

I turned away from them. In the corner was the hi-fi. There was the tape in my hand. I hooked it on—had to put it someplace before it melted in my palm. On the way back to my pocket, my hand bumped against the switch.

And there was *Jelly Beans.* And there was Janie Brooks. And there was I.

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All right, all right—so she discovered me. She lay in wait for me and opened the fingers of my hand and set herself, in tape, on my palm. She said, in essence, "Here I am. I know I am here. Now you know. And it is up to you to tell them all."

The tape was made on a home machine. It had only a piano against that voice, a chord here and there. After three, I didn't hear them. All I heard was Janie.

O.K., so maybe you don't like rock 'n' roll and think it's for kids and fools. That's the way Dan Elliot felt—and perhaps a million others. But it isn't time for Dan Elliot yet. It's just time to think about Janie—and *Jelly Beans*.

Only I don't know how to say it, and nobody does. It comes along once in a

... ...

Lady in Distress

By Georgie
Starbuck Galbraith

A lady ever in distress,
She lists the worries that
beset her:
Her new slip covers are a
mess;
The cleaners stretched her
hand-knit sweater.

She's had to pay a parking
fine;
She's drafted for some Drive
Committee;
She's got to ask the Browns
to dine ——
Such boring people! What a
pity!

So through her days bright
worries fizz
To burst their effervescent
bubbles,
And prove how great her
fortune is,
That can afford such
champagne troubles.

... ...

decade, or a quarter century. When it lands it touches earth just long enough to skyrocket, or missile or whatever. Then it takes off.

Art Tatum had it. James Dean had it. It was more than eyes or hands, or even talent. Rich—that was it; a richness of person behind all structure that cried out and said it for all of us, no matter what the means.

Janie Brooks had it in a silly little song about counting jelly beans in a jar, with just four basic chords hit at the proper time on the piano—and on a homemade tape.

When I got over it, which took longer than I would have believed, I ran back to Dogville. She was waiting at the end of the counter, leaning on her sharp little elbows, with her eyebrows black and strong, as if they typified her insides.

"Janie," I stormed while the door was still open.

Jelly Beans, it had said on the tape. A SONG BY JANIE BROOKS, ACCOMPANIED BY JACKIE BROOKS.

She lifted herself from her elbows and looked at me with all the doors open. I nodded.

"Yes," she said. There was never such a smile, not in Hollywood, California, there was never. "Wait till I get my purse."

I was so excited I wasn't even ashamed to have her see my cubicle. She sat on the desk and swung her feet. I called people and grinned at her and all the young faces on the wall. It was like she'd vindicated the whole parade of them—and *vindicated me, too, somehow.*

When it happens in Smogville, it happens fast. Downstairs there was the recording studio, no bigger than a living room, but equipped with the right sort of stuff, precise as a watch. Across the street in Sam's Café there was the small combination of hopefuls, four of them stowing their hearts on the ends of horns and blowing them out in splinters—for peanuts and a chance at Larry Finley's show any time after midnight. In Janie's purse was the melody line for *Jelly Beans*, badly copied because Janie didn't know much more than her small brother Jackie about notes on paper.

I corralled them all. I put Janie with them. Two hours later, after sitting in a dazzle of sweat and hope, watching them, yelling instructions, cutting them off, getting them started again, I knew we had a demo.

I picked up the platter as if it were already a gold one. I bought Janie a cup of coffee, gave her a couple of aspirin, took four myself and sent her home. Then I started walking.

I wanted to give it to Dan Elliot. I knew that little disc in my pocket would make a place for itself anywhere in town—and anywhere in the country eventually. But I wanted to give it to Dan. I had reasons.

It takes a certain kind of man to walk through the maze of this town and not get twisted around. Dan Elliot was that kind of man, even when I first knew him almost five years ago.

He walked into my cubicle one day back then and smiled and said, "Do you manage disc jockeys?" He put up a hand. It was a good hand, powerful and maybe it had used a shovel once, or held a football. "A different kind of disc jockey," he added. "One who wants good music and nothing else."

I remember what I said. "I manage everybody and everything. But there's no place in the business for a square deejay."

He had a "you poor fool, you" look on his face then. "I said good, not square," he corrected.

I shook my head. He looked over the photographs carefully, sat down at the piano, sweetly evoked a breath of Mozart, got up, put his hands in his pockets and smiled at me. "You're adamant?" he asked.

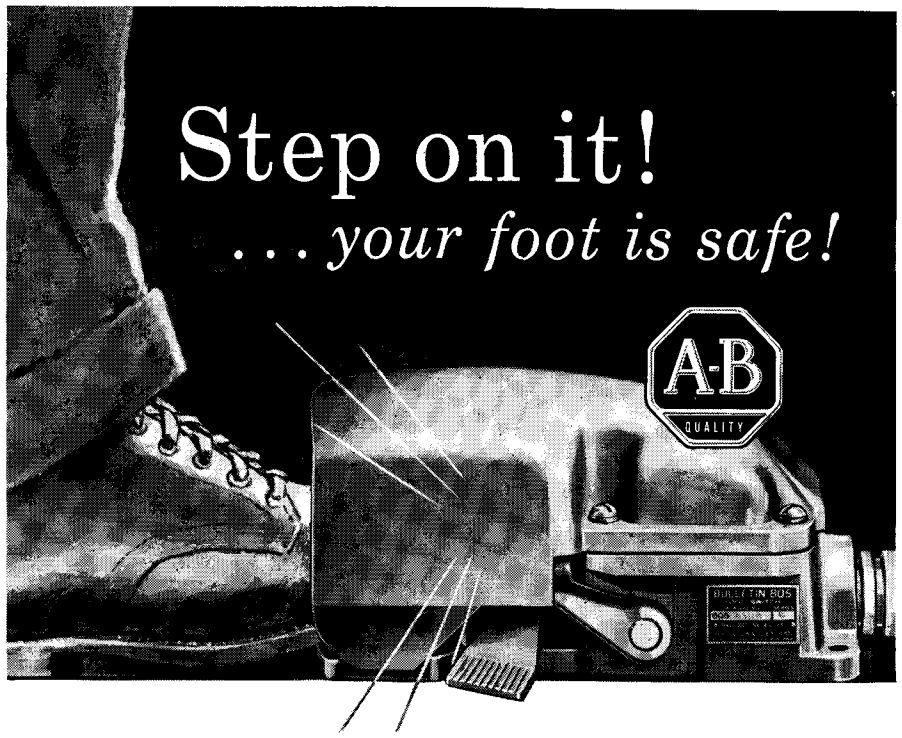
I nodded. "Man, I'm dug in," I stated deliberately.

So he gave me a thanks-anyway grin and walked out.

The rest is history, and it's holes in the head for Richard Randall. That little gray building on Beverly I've been drooling over, that sports car, maybe a bachelor apartment, all of them could have been mine—if I'd just had brains enough not to sit there, dug in, and watch those straight shoulders vanish through my cubicle door.

Because Dan Elliot had it. He got a job with the smallest radio station in town. He sat on a kitchen chair, boxed in by controls and tables, blond, scrubbed, polite-voiced. From the beginning he picked them—really fine packages, straight music, honest sounds, new beats. He parlayed that station out of the red with a broad, black stroke.

He parlayed himself too. That sure instinct led him to Rose Recordings. First thing you knew, there he was—president, no less. Romanoff's, La Rue's,



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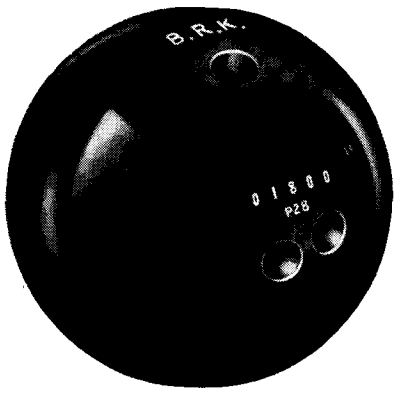

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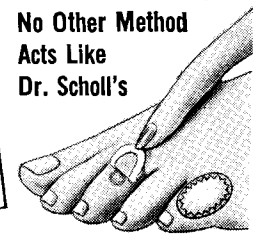

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every column and plug and cry boy around wanted his seal of approval.

Only it was hard to get—especially with rock 'n' roll. He wouldn't do many of them. Those he did went golden in a matter of weeks.

So I had to walk a long time, old "adamant" me. We never crossed swords or paths, and it wasn't going to be easy. But I wanted Dan Elliot for Janie Brooks.

I went down the Boulevard and over Gower. Finally I stood outside the modern building that houses Rose Recordings. I kept touching *Jelly Beans* there in my pocket. It was like touching Janie Brooks' black eyebrows, smoothing them. Strangely it soothed and strengthened me.

Man, but air conditioning, soft rugs and gentle voices can do something to the metabolism of a thirty-two-year-old failure. It isn't magic either; it's misery. You get used to not making it, and the thought of success scares you silly.

Dan Elliot hadn't changed, though. He put out his hand quickly and warmly. "What can I do for you, Mr. Randall?" he asked pleasantly.

"I've got Janie Brooks," I announced loudly. "And a song called *Jelly Beans;* and I know how you feel about the jeans biscuit, but I'm doing you a favor ——"

That was all wrong. I didn't have Janie Brooks. Just for a moment, her hand on my arm, and listening to *Jelly Beans* for the first time—that's all I had her. The excitement turned to lead in the chest. Just one of the crazy day's roller-coaster rides. Second thing, nobody did Dan Elliot favors. Once he needed one, and who said no? What good is a favor five years late?

I took a deep breath against his smile. "Well, no," I corrected. "I'm asking one. I want you to listen to her. That's all. Just listen. First chance."

"I'll listen," he said quietly.

All the yammer went out of me. I watched Dan carry the little disc to the turntable. I watched the needle go down.

I closed my eyes at contact and I prayed—for Richard Randall, Artists' Representative; but mostly for Janie Brooks, who had stood beside my booth in an aura of faith and trying and wanting so strong it bit sharper than the chili with too many onions.

He never got back to his desk. The music of the boys from Sam's Café took one little lick. Dan took two steps. When Janie began counting jelly beans, he stopped so fast he could have had a gun jammed into his back—not a hair stirring, or a finger, until it was all the way through.

I knew how he felt. I shook with it, too, all over again. There was silence—heavy, like they say in books.

"Get her," Dan Elliot commanded, and he was a far cry from the kid I'd met that time. Top of Rose Recordings, he was, seeing the pennies flow free and beautiful, a copper Niagara Falls, into the coffers.

I bumped into two chairs and the corner of the desk getting to the phone. She answered on the first ring, and I could see her, little and dark and waiting. Her voice was her voice, and I had heard it always.

"Janie? Dick," I said.

"O.K.?" she asked. "O.K., Dick?"

"O.K.," I said. I wanted to bawl. "Come to Rose Recordings. It's a big man waiting for you." I turned toward Dan with the question on my face. He nodded. He looked gone and dreamy. "And a contract."

"Thank you." It's all right for nineteen-year-old girls to cry. It's fine for them to cry when it's happiness in their throats. "Thank you, Dick. Oh, thank you."

"For nothing," I said, sharper than I meant. "Now hop it." I let the receiver go down slowly and stared at it.

I'm not psychic. Who is? But I could see Janie standing there beside Dan. He and Janie belonged together. They were two untouched in a touched community. They would make the rounds and the columns and get married and have wonderful, healthy, untouched kids. They'd both make a fortune and a fabled life.

"Sam's blow boys go with the package," I said firmly—businesslike; it takes hold easy.

Dan Elliot started moving then. He walked briskly to his desk, pushed buttons, shuffled papers and called a pretty secretary. I called Sam's Café.

It was a good moment—like Santa Claus in July—a very rich good moment when Janie walked in. And the hungry combo was on its way. If I twisted it just a little I could tell myself I did it all.

Janie's dress was red cotton with a small white pattern. She had brushed her hair smooth and pinned it up. She stood in the doorway and looked at Dan Elliot. He stood beside me and looked at her. All I had to do was wait awhile and see it work out.

"Build her up first," Dan Elliot told me. "Whet the curiosity. Plant the items. Get the interviews. We'll pick up the tab. I'll be busy here. Sam's boys can be the core, but I want a lot more—arrangement, solid in back of swinging jazz, strings maybe. And we have to have a flip side."

You start promoting somebody, you get to know him. I got to know Janie. She had a mother, father, brother Jackie. She lived in a house up one of Hollywood's side streets, and she was born there. Janie was sweet and wise for her years and glad about everything. She was breathless with Dan Elliot; and full of power, contralto and sureness at the recording sessions. She had a million things to share with me.

Friend, it was a privilege. Every day I picked her up. We did the rounds of the dee-jays, TV local shows, newspapers. We left behind us a stream of words on taped interviews, notes jotted down for future columns, a fan club to be released with *Jelly Beans*. Dan Elliot's name was part of the persuasion. Janie herself, with her curly mouth and freckles, was the other part.

I was just there, the carrier of the message, the chauffeur, the listener, the extra place at supper with her family, the one who taught Jackie the fifth and minor chord to go with his practical four.

It was enough. It was more than I'd ever had. It took care of the long hot days and the dinner hours.

Dan Elliot took care of the evenings—all of them. Janie looked strange and wonderful, very grown, in a sheath which glittered and a shimmering comb in her hair. She looked wonderful in print, in every column in town. She probably looked wonderful, too, dancing at the Crescendo, the Interlude, the Cloisters, Ciro's, The Palladium.

I didn't know about that, except what I read in the papers and clipped carefully and filed away in the folder labeled JANIE BROOKS.

But that didn't take care of the long hot nights—not by a bag of oats it didn't.

Jelly Beans was finally finished with Dan Elliot's perfectionism. It was rock 'n' roll still. But it was something else, too, when he got through with it. It was "good music," and it would hold for a long time.

Dan took me into his office one day. "We'll take it from here, Randall," he said. He sounded good, but I wasn't sent by his voice. "Our publicity department has the after-release campaign all set up. Thanks for your help."

"Called off the case?" I asked.

He smiled. White teeth can look snow-cold, you ever noticed? "Janie," he said gently as always, "has a far place to go, Randall. Once she starts, you're going to be a mighty popular agent. You'll get your per cent for life. But we want to walk up there with her."

"You," I amended, almost under my breath.

"Me," he nodded. "Why not?"

O.K., we stood eye to eye and toe to toe, like a couple of heavyweights. Then I shrugged. I predicted it, didn't I? I wanted to give Janie Brooks to Dan Elliot.

Janie called me once. "Dick." She sounded breathless. "Long time no see." That sounded phony. "I'm busy on the flip side." That sounded logical. "I'll see you at the party on the big night." That sounded doubtful.

I said yes to everything. O.K., then, I got a cut into the contract; percentage, the gray building; soon as *Jelly Beans* hit, more clients than could drink martinis and eat shrimp Louie. I was Richard Randall, Artists' Representative assured.

I felt awful. I went to Dogville—the way you haunt the scene of the crime. I sat looking out of the window, and Hollywood was back in perspective—dreary sad, going nowhere at all.

The *Examiner* said, "Dan Elliot is seen everywhere with his new find, the pixy Janie Brooks. Next week promises to weld them closer together than ever, when Rose Recordings releases the first shellac, *Jelly Beans*."

The *Hollywood Reporter* said, "Big fire blazing between disc-exec Dan Elliot and one soon-not-to-be-unknown Janie Brooks, composer and vocalist who will next week be unwrapped by Rose." The rest were all the same.

I discovered that, by rearranging the filing case and record player, I could get my feet up. I found out that the fan turned in was just as stirring as turned outward. I sat in my cubicle, and it was a matter of great pride that every time I picked up the phone to call Janie I put the receiver down before I dialed the number.

One day in the mail I got a package. I opened it, and it was the first waxing—*Jelly Beans*, JANIE BROOKS, SAM'S FOUR AND ORCHESTRA, it was labeled. I set it down very carefully on the player.

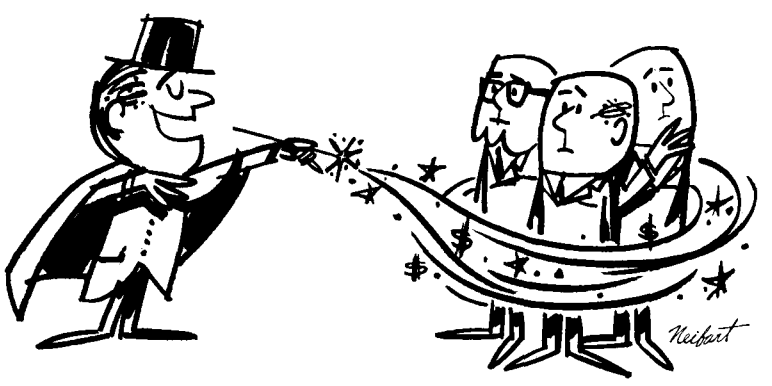
Then I got up and pounded down the hall and out into the street and across to Sam's Café, and I had two stiff, sudden drinks. Sam wasn't cordial. He hadn't found anybody else to play for peanuts and he blamed me.

I didn't mind. I didn't mind anything, except that it was release day; except that I had to go back to the cubicle and play *Jelly Beans*. I had to.

I did. Afterward I turned on the radio. On every station I hit, they were announcing it, had just played it, were playing it or were talking about having played it. My phone started to ring. It kept on ringing most of the day—offers for Janie, dozens of them; even a few clients for Richard Randall.

By four-thirty I took the phone off the hook and totted everything up and copied it neatly. I let it get dark outside. I played *Jelly Beans* once more. At last I put the phone back on the hook and started to go. It rang again.

I picked it up. It was Janie. There wasn't a thing I could do. "Dick," she cried, "Dick, (*Continued on Page 84*)



The Perfect Squelch

Young Johnson, a brisk, fast-talking product of Madison Avenue, was telling a group of businessmen all the plus values their firms could get from advertising. Never using one superlative where two could be squeezed in, he talked glowingly of research, product analysis, creative planning, packaging and other services.

All these services, he asserted, were part of modern advertising. In fact, he managed to suggest that his advertising agency practically took each client by the hand and led him through all possible commercial jungles to some sunny peak of success.

When he finally paused to ask if anyone had a question, one elderly man rose. "How much would an advertiser have to spend," he asked, "in order to get all those services from *your* agency?"

"Why?" Johnson asked with his best salesman's smile. "Are you a prospect?"

"No," the man said quietly, "a client."

Clark Lewis

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They're linking your furnace to a natural gas field

They're helping to bring the energy that our expanding economy needs. Our population is going to grow more in the next 15 years than it has in the past 30. If we're going to be able to provide for everyone—including nearly 60 million more people—and still maintain our standard of living, we need energy. Energy to grow.

It's up to the petroleum industry to furnish over half of our nation's burgeoning energy needs. There's a huge job ahead of finding oil and natural gas. Just as important is the job of transporting these fuels to the people who need them.

Oil and gas pipelines alone will have to increase from 440,076 miles today to 698,000 miles by 1975. From wells, over terrain with hills running almost straight up, across rivers, through swamps and miles of solid rock, lines will be laid to terminals near you. Natural gas lines will end at your home and at many of the 20 million new homes we'll need by 1975.

Mighty Caterpillar Pipelayers—some capable of shouldering nearly 70 tons of pipe and laying it down gently, will be busy building the lines. Dependable, heavy-duty Caterpillar Diesel Engines and Electric Sets will power the pumps and other transmission equipment that keep oil field products flowing through the pipes to destinations hundreds of miles away.

Right now we have energy to spare. But we won't have long. With all the growing we're about to do, it's time for us to get busy. Preparing for our nation's future is a job for all of us. After all, if we don't do it . . . who will?

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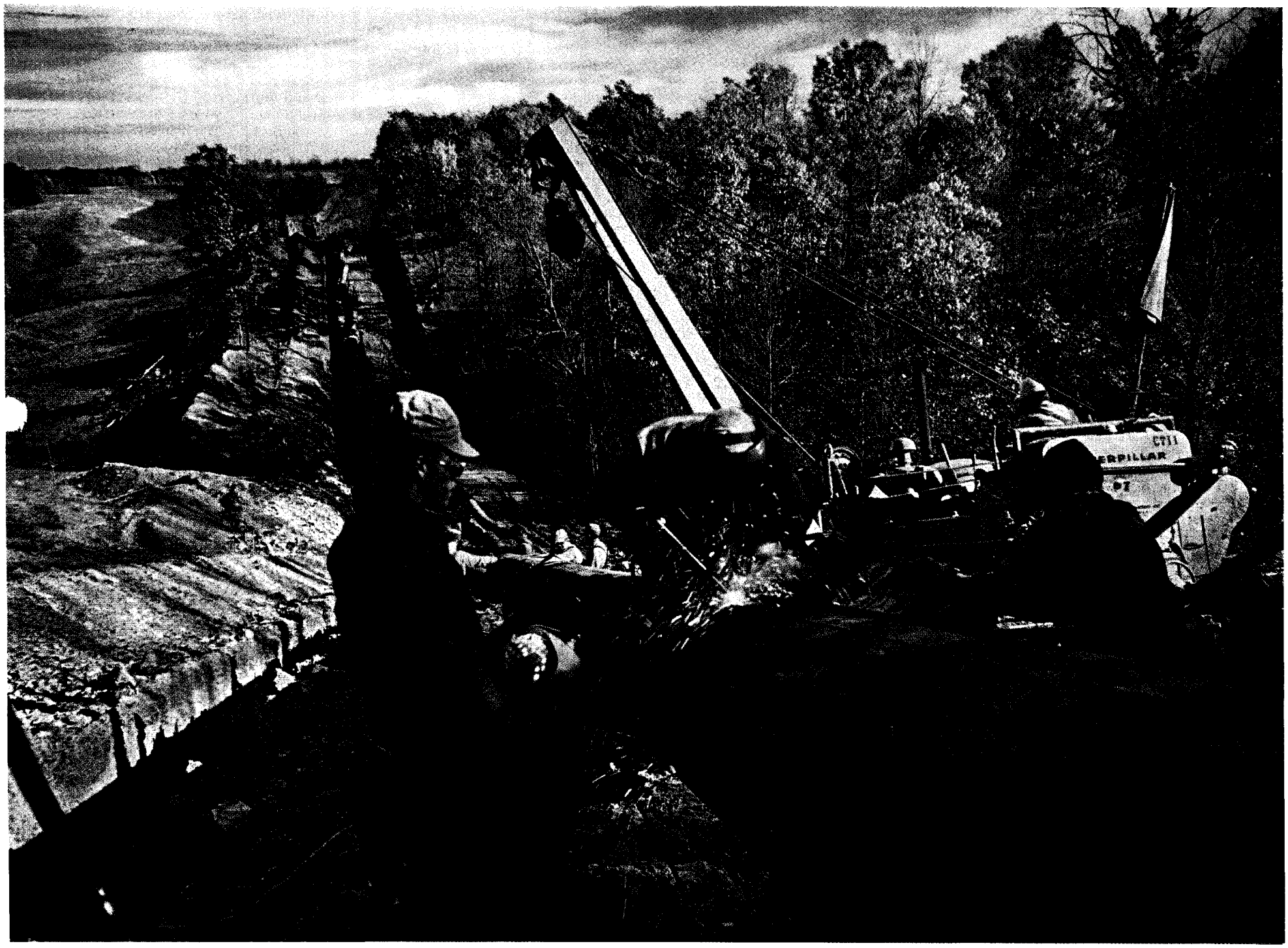

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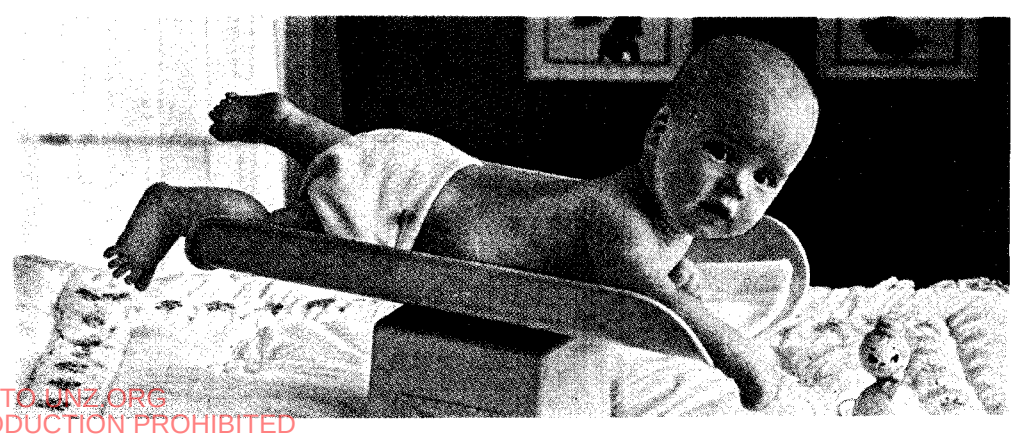

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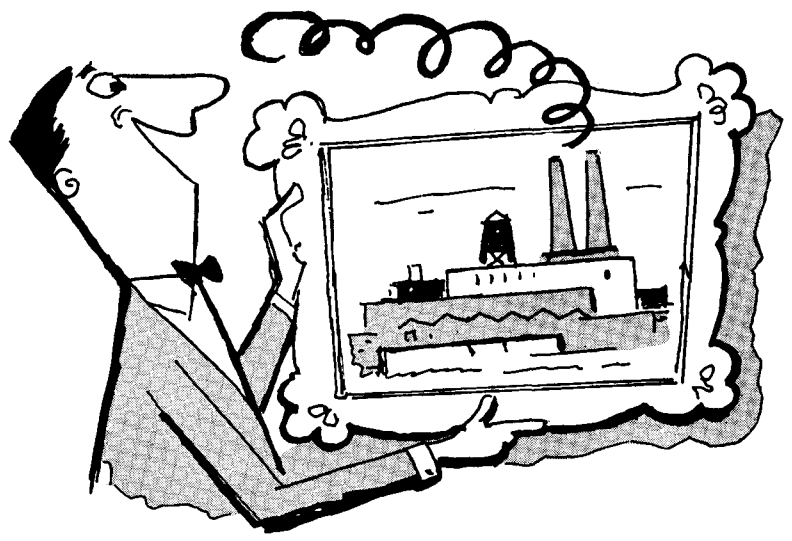

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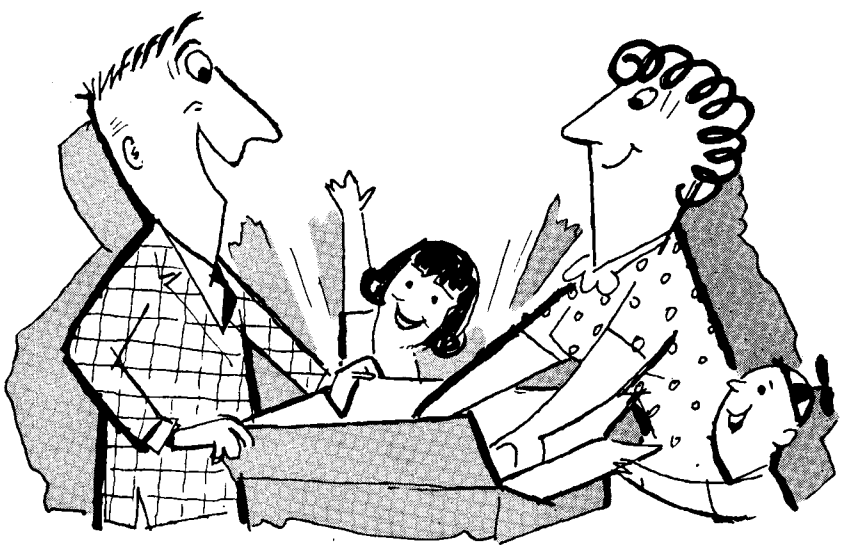

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BRAND NAMES FOUNDATION, INC., 437 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N.Y.

(*Continued from Page 82*) I'm on my way to the party. You'll be there?"

"No," I said. "What party?"

"Rose Recordings." There was a quiet. "Did you hear them? All day ——"

"I heard them."

"You don't sound glad. Please be glad, Dick. Why won't you be there?"

"Janie," I said fiercely, "I'm tired. There's work on my desk. You're going so far up you'll never be able to look back." I stopped. I changed it. "Congratulations, doll. I'll get in touch. You and Dan have fun." I let silence run into the receiver.

Janie broke it gently in a voice smaller than I'd heard before. "Did you play the flip side?"

"Flip?"

"The other side, dope." There was a little more tone.

"Not yet."

"Play it," she commanded strongly. She hung up.

I reached for the disc. I turned it over and snapped the switch. In the dark I sat down and stared out of the window. Hollywood was still there.

What was in my cubicle was pure and unfiltered, solid and terrible. It was Janie's voice, the whole of it, round and no beat, or hardly any beat—like a lullaby love song, so gentle, deep as a well.

Three words, over and over, were in between intimate little sentences of love. Three words—"I need you, I need you."

I don't care who you are, if you're ninety and dried ready to blow; or a cheat, or just Richard Randall, Artists' Representative. It isn't fair. It isn't right to listen to such a murmuring, such a secret delicious outpouring—not and know it's all for somebody else, it isn't.

No wonder she didn't want me around to hear her make it. I'm surprised she and Dan could let the control boys and the musicians in on it. "I need you." I guess I left the record spinning. I don't remember. I was just suddenly on the Boulevard. For once I didn't see any of them—neither the new trying ones nor the old pathetic ones.

I thought about Dan Elliot and Janie Brooks—a pretty picture, dancing somewhere, everybody coming over to congratulate them. Dan would stand up after a while and hold up those good successful hands for quiet.

"I have an announcement to make," he would say in that sure voice. "This is a big night in more ways than one ——"

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Elliot. It figured. It fitted. I knew Dan had it for Janie the moment he saw her. I knew Janie had it for Dan, the breathless way she had with him. The flip side—how could you prove it deeper than that flip side?

Wherever I was I turned around and started back to wherever I was going. I knew something for sure—*I* didn't discover Janie Brooks; I never had her. And I didn't want a gold-lettered sign. I didn't want to float to affluence on the hem of Janie's fluted petticoats. I didn't, as a matter of pure fact, want anything; not anything at all, from anybody at all in the whole stinking smog-filled world—except a cup of coffee. I'd take a cup of black coffee, bitter and harsh against my tongue. What do they call it? Counter-irritant?

I hurried to Dogville. I went directly to the back booth. Nobody was ever so tired. I put my elbows carefully on the table top. I made a cup of my hands, set my forehead into the cup and closed my eyes.

Through it all then, the weariness and—all right, let's go Hollywood dramatic—the despair, I began finally to feel it. It was a trying, like vibrations. "Relax, kid," I said, not looking. "It's all right. Everything's all right."

"Of course," she agreed. She leaned forward. I felt the movement, the hiss of the party dress, the smell of new perfume. I kept my head down. "Did you play the flip side?" she whispered.

I sat up then, pulling on resources I hadn't ever used.

"I did, Janie," I said, quiet and dignified. "It's probably the most beautiful—piece of corn in the pops field."

You shouldn't slap a kid, honest. Not across the eyes. I made a smile. "Sorry, doll," I lightened it. "What I meant is—congratulations. You and Dan are sure to have the life perfect. And Dan was smart. That ballad opens up a whole new field ——"

She nodded. "Dan and me. Yes."

"Wait till the dee-jays get hold of *I Need You*. It's too good for a flip, doll. It should be the hot platter of the next hit."

She moved around the table and sat down across from me. "How do you know Dan is in love with me?"

"I'm psychic." I was, too—for sure, I was.

She nodded again. "Why didn't you come to the party?"

It hit me. "What are you doing here?"

I made her laugh. Her freckles seemed to dance. "Putting extra onions in the chili."

It was too much for me. "I have to go." I moved a little. Then her hand was on my arm, below the short sleeves, like that other time.

An important task should be given to a busy executive. He will see that his secretary attends to it.

JOHN C. VIVIAN

"Dick," she said, and oh, it was soft, just for the booth. "The flip side of *Jelly Beans* is *Lazy River*."

"Huh?" I grunted.

"*Lazy River*."

"I don't get it."

"You will." She nodded. Her lower lip pushed out and up. "I—I made a very special cut, Dick; a one-of-a-kind master, Dick." I sat there and stared at her. She stared right back. Finally I got the strength to fish a dime out of my pocket for the coffee nobody had ever brought me. I stood up. She stood up too.

We walked out of Dogville, faster and faster, until we came to the faded building with its echoing corridors. We went down them and into the cubicle.

The record was still spinning. In the dark I lifted the needle gently and set it down. I heard Janie's dress breathe and Janie breathe. I leaned against the wall. The record began. It went on. It finished.

With my head lifted I could see all those glossy photos dimly—fresher than springtime, younger than love.

So I kissed her. I kissed my girl. I kissed Janie Brooks. She kissed me back with her curly mouth, and I stroked her eyebrow—the left one, I guess. Yesterday stepped on the heels of tomorrow, and it was all now.

The tired old man of thirty-two was gone. The flip side was like all those up there on the wall, and I'd had it all the time. Only I forgot.

If you think you've heard Janie Brooks give out and over in any of the LP's or singles you've bought, you're dead wrong, man. You ain't heard nothing—not the golden record, the pure solid fourteen-carat polished and forever-golden record.

That's mine. Like Janie, that's mine for keeps and always. You see, I saw her first. THE END

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Harvest Bully (Continued from Page 37)

dark mustache. "I'm a raw-hider. There'll be no mercy."

It was heavy teasing, and Johnny Dee was searching his mind for something to come back with, but his father's mild voice spoke before he could find it. "I'll give him a hand if he can't keep up." He said it and instantly was sorry.

"When it's my turn at the bandcutter's table," Johnny Dee said, his face red, "I'll be there with a load." He glared and walked away.

"Touchy," Wade said.

Johnny Dee's father shook his head wryly. "I shouldn't have said it. He's at kind of an in-between time."

"My old man always believed a plow-line across the rump —," Wade began, but Johnny Dee's father shook his head.

"I've seen whip-broken stock."

Johnny Dee was fourteen that year. He was a tall fourteen, stork-shanked and clumsy. His growth had seemed to come on him almost during one night of his drowned sleep. Almost in the same night, too, the world around him had changed and he was a stranger in it, lost. One day he was a kid, taking joy from kid things, and the next day those joys were gone and there was nothing lasting or sure. Last year, in puppyish affection, he could nudge himself under his father's arm and wriggle under a pat or squirm under a Dutch rub, or he could hug his mother to breathless laughter. All that was gone. The hands that had soothed and fixed were now touches that he shied away from.

It was a time of deep confusion and stumbling uncertainty. Some days the world was smiling before him and he would shout just to hear his voice. The next day he would trudge sullenly through his chores, feeling alone. Such things made that year a time when he walked softly, moved with caution, distrustful, suspicious and being shaken by surges of sudden anger.

He stood away from his father and Wade Tillotson, and squeezed his stringy biceps, eager for thrashing to begin and the chance to prove himself a man. The crew would probably josh him and play tricks on him. But he'd learned about skyhooks and left-handed wrenches, and this year, being one of them, he might just play a few tricks himself.

He looked back at Wade and his father and caught his breath. He was looking at his father and seeing a stranger. A strange little lump of a slump-shouldered man with mild eyes the color of bluing poured thinly into clear water. Wade Tillotson stood half a head taller, and Wade's arms, under rolled sleeves, were brown and hugely knotted. Johnny Dee felt weak as he stood looking at the little man who had always stood silo tall.

He was standing so, feeling like a prized possession that had turned out to be a dime-store gimcrack, when his mother called them to eat. He followed the men in and sat down. His father smiled at him, and Johnny Dee couldn't face him. It wasn't that he was still mad about how he'd shamed him before Wade by making him look like a kid. It wasn't that. It was like he'd discovered a long-time trick. By some craft his father had always made himself look like a big man, and now, beside Wade, Johnny Dee saw he had been just a little man all the time.

Wade was big. He was a giant. He swung a big leg over the chair back to sit down and looked over at Catherine and did not look away. He rubbed his dark strip of mustache and smiled a slow smile. Johnny Dee looked at his sister and felt a jolt in his chest. She was looking at Wade, and Johnny Dee saw that she was aware, too—that she knew all about awareness. She wasn't just looking at Wade. She was *seeing* him.

He watched his mother and father communicate swiftly with closed mouths, seeing them catch Wade's preening and their daughter's interest. He saw his father smile, and the reassurance he conveyed to her was as real as if he had reached out his hand. Wade's big voice talked about thrashing. Catherine picked at her food and seemed hearing something far away. Johnny Dee ate hugely from habit, but the food could have been straw. Flyaway fragments of memory from the years of his unawareness came together in vague shape. He dimly recalled adult voices that had cut off in midsentence as he came into the room, an echo of Wade Tillotson dying in the air. Almost as dim as the memory itself, the knowledge of what things were whispered of him made the image of Wade Tillotson become shimmered with excitement in Johnny Dee's mind. That Wade Tillotson was a *man*.

Wade finished his coffee and stood up. He took a breath that brought his checkered shirt tight against the awesome arch of his chest, and his eyes on Catherine were testing, teasing, and in them there was a dark smoldering.

"You've sure shot up since last thrashing, Catherine," he said. "And filled out."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Catherine met his eyes for a moment and then looked away.

What could he see in her, Johnny Dee wondered angrily. Catherine, that old long slats, tart as vinegar and touchy as a boil.

"You going to grease that old bull engine, Wade?" he asked loudly.

"I guess," Wade answered absently, his eyes not leaving Catherine's face.

"I'll help out," Johnny Dee said, and when Wade didn't even look at him, he pushed in front of Wade. His father got up and went out with them.

Wade swung up on the engine platform, tilted an oil drum on edge and rolled it.

"Somebody give me a hand here?" he asked, and Johnny Dee waited for his father to go forward. But he did not. He looked at Johnny Dee and smiled.

"You help him. My back is giving me trouble."

It was a gesture that didn't help a bit. Wade vaulted down and stood ready, and Johnny Dee grabbed the drum, top and bottom. The shock of the weight as the drum cleared the side almost took him down, and he felt Wade take the biggest part of the load. But he stayed with it, fighting it all the way down; and with Wade it didn't matter that he hadn't lifted his share. Wade could lift the engine itself.

"Age creeps up on a man," his father said regretfully. Johnny Dee looked at him and saw their eyes were almost level.

"I think," he said in wonder, "I think I'm going to be a bigger man than you." His father smiled at him.

"It's what every father hopes," he said, and walked away.

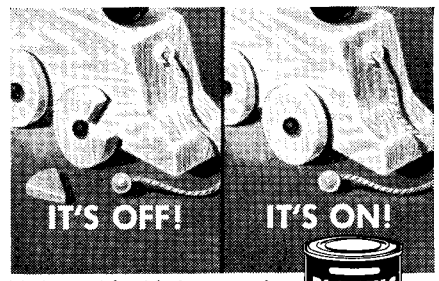
Johnny Dee stayed and helped Wade grease the bull engine, savoring the importance he felt. When they had finished, Wade washed up and went into town to gather his crew. Johnny Dee stood watching how Wade's double-tree width of shoulder swayed widely with each stiff-legged step. When he was gone, Johnny Dee turned toward the house and stopped, unable to go in. He turned into the bundle-strewn fields, imagining just where the engine and separator would be, trying to feel the excitement that the sight brought, the strawstacker slanting and spewing chaff, the strawbuck wearing a barley sack over his head with eyeholes in it. A daylight ghost that had always made him shiver. But the excitement wouldn't come. He was robbed of it by the angry awareness that in this world a father could shrink to mite size and grow old in a single day. He walked aimlessly, fingering the knowledge as he would an incipient boil. Painful already, but promising of much more pain.

The kildee startled him by beginning her fluttering retreat almost under his feet. The boil surged to a head, and he worked the furled slingshot out of his hip pocket and picked up a rock. She was a mother, dragging one wing, tolling him from her nest. His right hand gripped the cottonwood crotch, while the left pulled back the shoe-tongue pocket. The rock almost missed. It hit in front of her, took its first bounce and knocked her into a flung bundle of gray feathers. She was warm and limp in his reluctant hand. Two perfect ribbons of black set off the white breast and a tiny circle of yellow outlined the die-cut nostril in the beak. A seep of blood welled from the nostril and grew to a drop.

Johnny Dee, fourteen years old, on the day before he became a man, stood crying over a dead bird.

All beings seek safety and comfort where those things have always been found. Johnny Dee, carrying the bird, went to find his father, forgetting how he had shrunk, (*Continued on Page 87*)

TOYS BROKEN?



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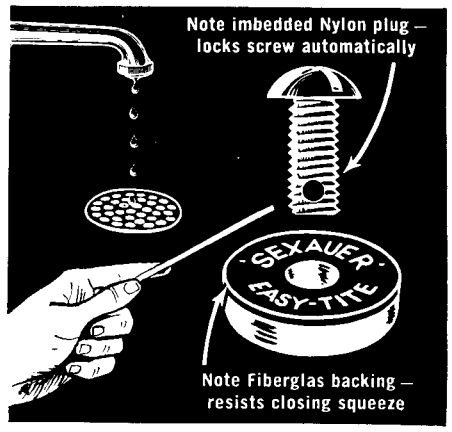
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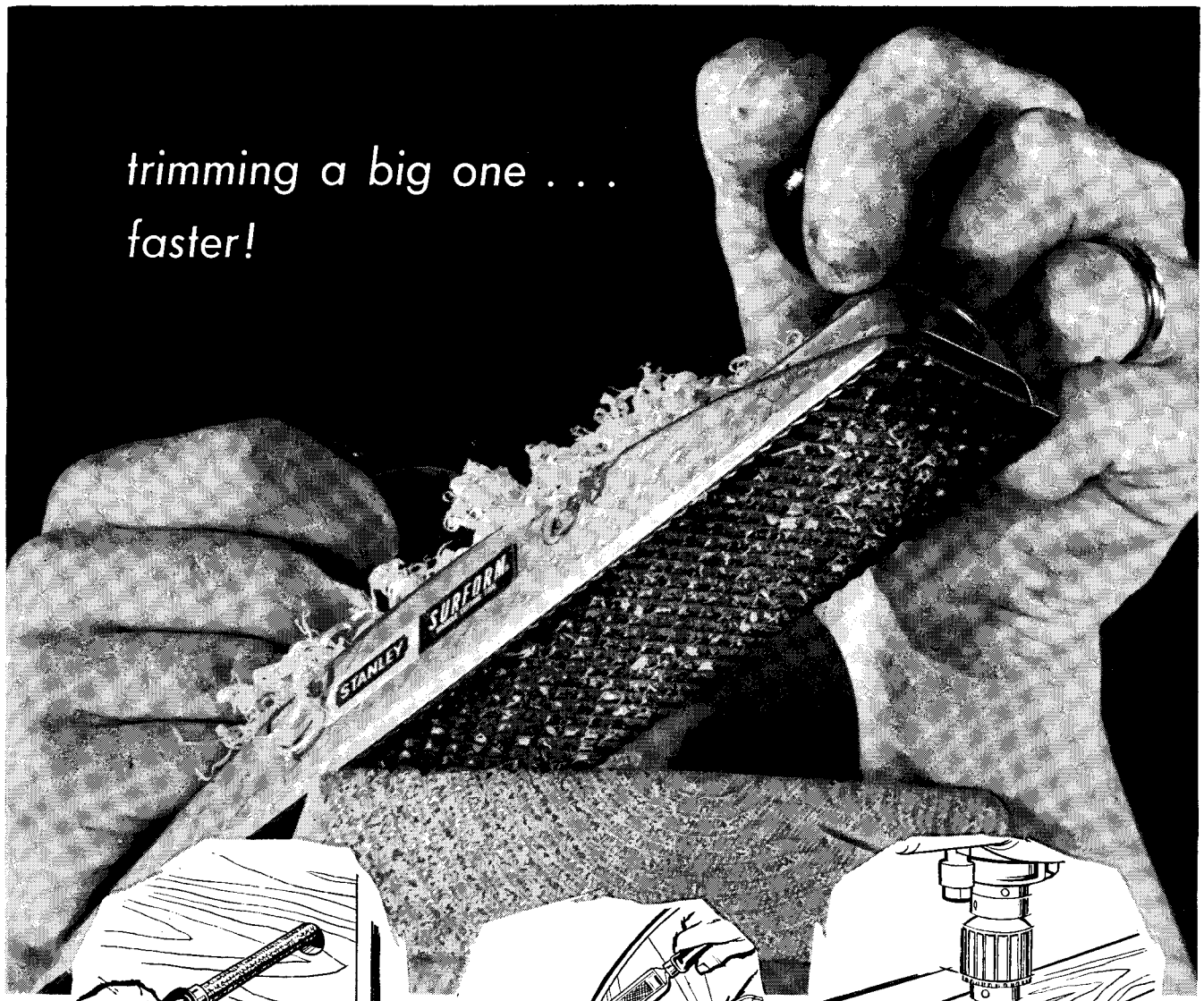
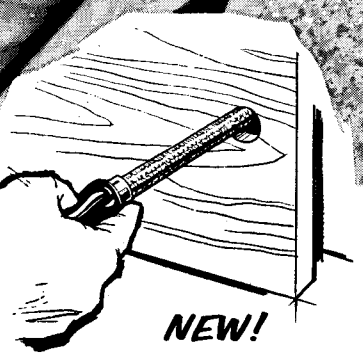
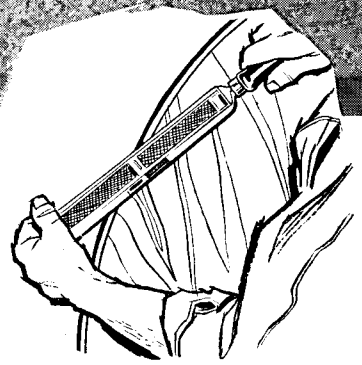
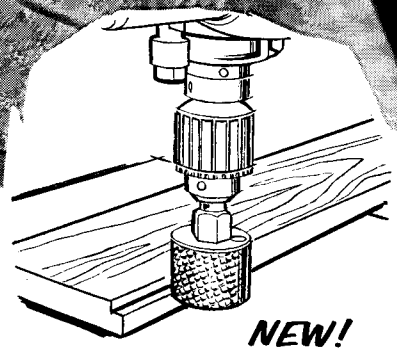




enlarging hole with round file



smoothing with flat file



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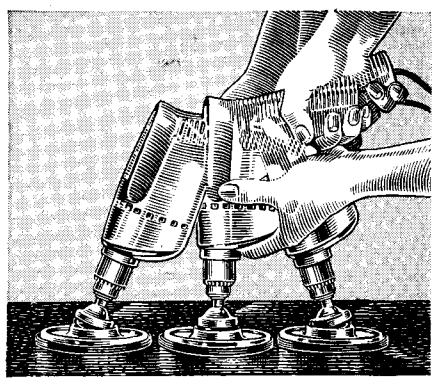

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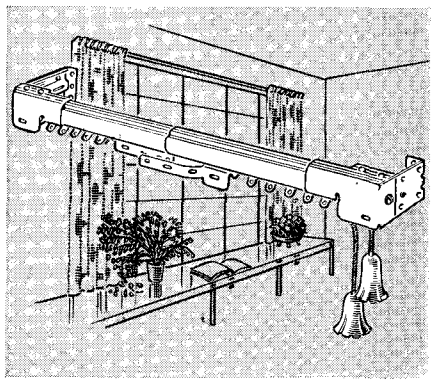

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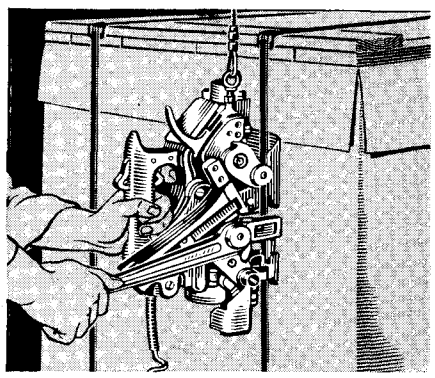

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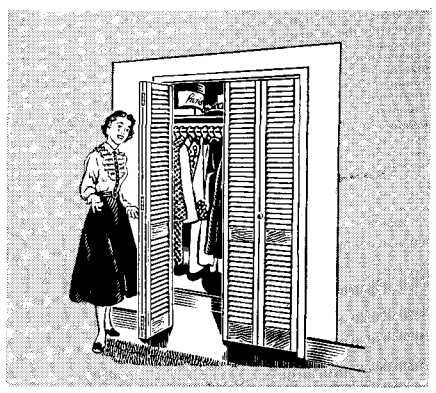

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(*Continued from Page 85*) remembering only that he had been a source of comfort.

He was standing bent-shouldered at the workbench. Johnny Dee stood behind him and saw that he had not regained any stature at all. His father sensed him there and turned.

"What is it?"

"Nothing," Johnny Dee said harshly.

His father waited, and habit and need were too strong. Johnny Dee brought his hand around in front of him, offering the dead bird without comment. His father hefted its limp deadness, his lips sucking in a tiny sound of sorrow. "Was she tolling you?"

"I didn't want to."

"I know. You aimed and hoped while you aimed. Hoped you would and hoped that you wouldn't."

He had been filing a hoe, and he picked up the file again and punctuated his talk with short strokes of the file on blade.

"A kildee is a strange and wonderful creature. The mother lays her eggs right on the ground, but the eggs are sharp-pointed so the wind can't blow them away. But the most wonderful thing about them, though, is the way the mothers have of offering themselves to danger, tolling it away. I always let them lead me away. Our world is such a small place and beauty so scarce in it. Anything we kill in it shrinks that world, makes it more lonely and more frightening."

"She could just have flown away or sat quiet," Johnny Dee said.

"Oh, no. She didn't have a choice. She was doing just what nature built into her. A man, I guess, is the only creature on earth that has a choice. When something threatens him he can run, fight, hide or talk. Man can think, so fighting has become a silly thing nowadays."

"Sometimes," Johnny Dee said sullenly, "a man has to fight."

"No. We're reasoning creatures, not animals acting by instinct."

Preaching, Johnny Dee thought, and was angry again. It used to be that if he did wrong he was punished. Now it was preaching. He looked into his father's face, and it was like opening the third-grade reader. A book long ago read and forgotten. But the page was different. He saw a pleading in his father's eyes and felt his anger increase. He felt almost sure that his father had been talking about neither birds nor fighting.

"Some things," he said and picked up his dead bird, "a man has to fight over."

Wade Tillotson was back from town and busy at the engine. "Got one, did you?" he asked, seeing the bird. "Now's the best time for kildees."

He poked a big finger into the softly feathered breast, and his words showed the quick shift of his thought. "I just can't get over," he said, "how that sister of yours has shot up this past year."

"That old slats!" Wade laughed and threw an arm over his shoulder, and Johnny Dee savored the weight of it.

"Would you fight, Wade?" he asked. "Over something important?"

"Why, kid," Wade said strongly, "I'll fight for money, chalk or marbles. A man's not a man unless he fights."

After supper Johnny Dee tried to read and threw down the book. He shook his head against a game of carom. He watched his father and felt a twitching in him, an unease like a sleeping dog in a dream chase. His father knocked out his pipe, stretched and said, as he had said every night since Johnny Dee was a small boy, "Better put the stock to bed, I guess."

It had been an enduring ritual. Johnny Dee had always risen, got a match from the kitchen box and had lighted the back-porch lantern. Together they had made the slow passage down the stalls in the quiet barn, and there was a certain mystery in it, an atmosphere created so that it was not hard to talk about things impossible at other times.

"I'm not going," Johnny Dee said loudly, and his mother raised her head from her mending and looked at him. His father stood still a moment, then fumbled for his pipe and blew hard through it. "I'm tired too," he said.

Johnny Dee clumped up to bed, and as he lay there he felt an anger and a terror swell in him, and he could not sort out what he was mad about or afraid of. But just as sleep came drifting in, he knew. He felt alone. And he wished strangely that he had buried the bird instead of throwing it to the cat.

He was first up the next morning, and all that was forgotten in the excitement of harnessing up. The thrashing crew arrived and moved with dawn stiffness to build a fire beside the separator and stand hunched to its warmth. Johnny Dee rode his wagon into the fields like a chariot driver, following the roaring, hissing bull engine. It was hard, hot and dusty work, and he used his strength on it. He wiped sweat from his eyes and batted chaff from his collar and licked the salt savor of man on the neck of the passed water bottle. When a dusty man shouted a joke, Johnny Dee laughed as loudly as any man jack of them.

But the ranks of men shift reluctantly to permit the entry of a boy. A man must constantly prove that he is a man, and a boy driving his first bundle wagon offers easy proof. He can be withered by a look, reduced to tongue-tied nothingness with a word. The initiation into manhood has always entailed humiliation, and Johnny Dee had the bitter taste of it on his tongue more than once as the morning wore on. Sometimes he laughed too loudly, and the others chopped off their laugh to look at him in stone-faced soberness.

Goose Roberts was the strawbuck and hated the dusty job. He was the worst. He could say things in his drawling twang that made Johnny Dee's face shine with sweat of shame. Johnny Dee imagined himself knocking Goose down and standing over him. Wade Tillotson would come and pull him off and call him a regular catamount. And when he looked at Goose's hooded head, he knew that Goose knew exactly what wild imaginings were in his mind and was grinning inside that barley sack.

Wade blew a sustained blast on the whistle for dinner. They unhitched and rode the teams in. Johnny Dee walked to the house beside Wade and swayed his shoulders with each stiff-legged step. Everybody but Wade gave himself a quick lick and a promise at the washstand, but he took off his shirt and made his muscles jump while he washed like a man going to a dance. All for an hour at the table, all for that silly sister.

Catherine moved between range and tables, serving platters of biscuits, chicken, potatoes and the desserts that farm wives served only to thrashing crews. There were no bigger pantry gossips in the world than members of thrashing crews, and every woman on the circle outdid herself to keep them from carrying tales. Johnny Dee squeezed in at Wade's side and waited for Wade's big drum of a voice to tell the world how well he'd done on the wagon. But Wade kept the whole table laughing over his teasing of Catherine, and Catherine was pink-faced and flustered, smiling. *Showing off*, Johnny Dee thought in contempt.

The crew ate fast and went out under the cottonwood to lie in its noon-short shade, their hats over their faces. Only Wade stayed at the table.

"You never married," Johnny Dee's mother said, and Wade laughed.

"Never found a girl dumb enough to take an ugly old thing like me," he said, and winked at Catherine.

"Now," Catherine's mother said dryly, "you're not all that ugly. I'd think a man thirty-four or -five, such as you, must have run across some awfully dumb girls."

Wade looked up at her quickly. "Well," he said, "if they're dumb enough to have me, they're too dumb for me to have them."

Catherine laughed, but her mother did not. She scooped up his coffee cup and answered him. "There may be a lot of truth there," she said, and her husband coughed for peace.

Outside, Johnny Dee walked with Wade's walk up to the group of hat-blinded thrashers, wishing he could swat a rump or crack a good joke and make an opening in the circle. But he did not. He came up silently and sat outside. At that moment the mouth under Goose Roberts' stained hat spoke.

"Old Stud Tillotson at it again. I might just give Wade a run for his money with this pullet. Might as well be me as him."

A voice answered lazily. "You figuring to rock her cradle?"

Goose Robert's answering voice carried the same smell as the inside of his hat. A hot, sour smell. "Girls are a lot like potatoes. If they're big enough, they're ready."

Today's underprivileged child is one who has to share the family car with his parents.

HAROLD COFFIN

Goose raised up to take his laugh, his hat falling, and he saw Johnny Dee. He cut his laugh off and waited.

Johnny Dee waited too long. When he finally whacked his leg and cackled in appreciation, the thing wasn't right at all. "That's a good one, Goose," he said.

Goose closed the ranks tightly, forcing him. "What's a good one?"

"About the potatoes being big enough."

"You know what we're talking about?" Goose asked carefully.

"I wasn't hatched yesterday."

Some hats were removed slowly, some tumbled as men sat up quickly. In seconds Johnny Dee was facing a circle of closed faces. He tried a sick grin, and it didn't work. He felt his face get red and suddenly didn't care whether Goose accepted him as one of the crew or not. He got up awkwardly.

"I take it back, Goose," he said. "You got to take it back too."

"Or what?" Goose asked softly.

"Or whip me."

Goose got up and stood almost as tall as Wade Tillotson. He dared Johnny Dee with his cool grin, and Johnny Dee charged, swinging wildly, bawling like a baby. Goose batted down his arms and held him, laughing.

"What's the trouble?" Johnny Dee heard his father's voice behind him.

"Just monkeyshines," Goose said uneasily, and Johnny Dee tore himself away.

"He was making remarks about Catherine." He watched his father's face harden and then almost immediately become remote and a little sad.

"You've got to learn about Goose Robertses. They talk. Nobody pays any attention. Some men just never grow up. They stay boys all their lives, boys with slingshots killing pretty things. Goose is one of those."

Goose licked his lips and looked around him and found every face closed and neutral. He rubbed his nose, kicked a clod and then raised his eyes to the man who was shaming him. Johnny Dee watched his father look at Goose, waiting.

"I'm sure sorry," Goose mumbled. "I was way out of line."

"That's all right, Goose."

He turned and walked toward the house. Johnny Dee looked after him and refused to believe it was all over. He caught his father at the gate.

"That's all?" he asked. "Goose gets away with just that?"

His father looked at him calmly. "Did you want me to fight him?"

"Wade says if a man is a man ——"

"Why, Wade has to believe that," his father cut in. "That's all Wade has, and all Goose has is his big talk. Anyway, Goose could have whipped me. I'm no fighter."

"You were scared then." It was almost a whisper.

"No, I wasn't scared of a whipping. But fighting would have made Goose look big. Goose apologized. I feel sorry for him."

Johnny Dee fought sudden tears and lost. "Sorry!" he choked. "I feel sorry for you!"

His father raised his hand, a plea, and Johnny Dee backed away from it. He ran to the barn, got his team and rode apart from the others back to the fields.

When Johnny Dee's father opened the kitchen door, his wife turned and looked at him. That one look was enough.

"You go down in the cellar," she said to Catherine, "and straighten the fruit jars. All of them."

When Catherine had gone, she turned to her husband. "Now," she said. "Now."

"You never told me," he said wryly, "that one day he'd be standing as tall as I am and expecting fried dragon every morning for breakfast. I'm no fighter."

He sat down, and she stood beside him, one hand on his neck, soothing. "You may not be a fighter," she said. "But then again, you may be a terror when the fight has to be fought. Tell me."

They were people who to each other could say large things simply. Their years together had brought them an understanding that was in the very fiber of them. Although never spoken of, they knew and knew that the other knew, of the certain divinity that parenthood brings. They knew that childless men in their graves are dead men indeed. They knew that there is a covenant which each man makes with nature with his first child's first cry. With that cry he is offered a kind of immortality. For children of men are like no other young. They come forth naked in all ways and must be clothed, and how a man invests his son will determine how long beyond his span he will endure. If he clothes him richly, teaching him well what is the spirit and what is the letter; what things are to be judged good; and if he so stands that he bears true witness to himself, then that man will not die, but will live on in his son and his grandsons and their sons' sons. Knowledge of this covenant can be a terrible knowledge to possess, for it must force mean men to strive for good, form strong men from yielding stuff, and fire dross into sword steel.

All this was between them.

"He thinks I'm a coward," he said.

"A coward!" she cried.

"He's come to think Wade Tillotson is quite a man. He thinks Wade is the kind of man he wants to be. It looks as if both our children think Wade is quite a man. Are you worried about Catherine?"

"Not a bit," she said without hesitation. "We've loved our children and shown them we love each other. We've done all we can. We can only start them out. They've got to keep going alone. If

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we've done a good job, Catherine will know what Wade is. Every girl should meet a Wade Tillotson and find out what he is. It's part of growing up."

But she did not fool him. She laughed ruefully and went on. "Oh, I'm worried sick and you know it."

"Yes," he agreed. "I am too. It's strange. I've tried to be a good man and a good father, and somebody like Wade comes along and steals my children without even trying. Just yesterday Johnny Dee came to me with a mother kildee he'd killed while it was leading him from her nest. I told him almost every creature has some way of protecting its young. A man ought to be able to do as much as a bird. And yet we're saying that all we can do is wait."

"Maybe," she said comfortingly, "when thrashing is over and they've moved on, maybe it will be like it was."

"No," he said with certainty. "It won't be the same. It's courage that Johnny Dee admires. Wade's brand of physical, violent courage. He's probably never met a man he couldn't whip."

He got up. "It's funny," he went on thoughtfully, "that mother bird was acting by blind instinct. I can choose—hide, run or fight."

He hugged her quickly and went out. She looked after him, and her face was troubled.

Johnny Dee was unloading his wagon at the bandcutter's table when he saw Catherine coming with the afternoon switchel, and his mouth watered at the thought of swallowing the cool mixture of water, vinegar and ginger. Wade dropped off the engine and went to meet her. He held her in heavy teasing and didn't even glance at Johnny Dee, who had come up. He watched Wade follow her with his eyes when she left.

"You ought to have seen me," he said loudly, "tell that Goose Roberts. I let him know who laid the chunk."

"What do you mean?" Wade asked absently.

"Oh, he was passing remarks about Catherine, and I told him to keep his mouth off her."

Wade turned to look at him thoughtfully and then over at Goose Roberts, who was still at the strawstacker, the barley sack protecting his face from the chaff.

Wade waited until Catherine was approaching Goose with the switchel jugs, and then he acted with a suddenness that left Johnny Dee gasping. Wade wheeled, cut in front of Catherine, set himself and hit Goose a sudden and terrible blow over the wishbone. Goose never saw him coming. He doubled up, fighting for breath and fumbling blindly at the barley sack. Wade stepped back and brought up his big boot into Goose's face. Goose cried out, turned a twisting half somersault and hit the stubble like a dead man.

"That'll teach you," Wade bellowed, "to pass remarks about Catherine."

Catherine dropped the switchel jugs and brought her hands up to her white face. Then she ran to where Goose lay and began struggling with the sack.

"Leave him lay," Wade said with authority. "He had it coming to him."

Catherine turned to look up at him and her voice was very clear. "You big loud-mouthed animal," she said. She got the sack off and tore off the hem of her skirt to sop up blood from Goose's shattered mouth. Wade swallowed, looked around at the faces of his crew, and his mind was already hearing the laughter behind his back, the jeers and hoots.

"I won't be forgetting that," he gritted to Catherine's back and then whirled to face his crew. "All right, get humping there!" he said viciously.

Only Johnny Dee lagged and sidled over to Wade, stiff-legged and sway-shouldered. "I guess that'll show him who laid the chunk," he said, but his voice caught in the treble and wasn't right. He climbed onto his wagon and tried to tell himself that it didn't matter that Wade hadn't let Goose get the sack off and had kicked him in the mouth.

After that, thrashing was just a plain chore someway. Goose was gone, and Wade hadn't been joking when he said he was a rawhider. They worked, and the whistle from Wade's engine kept them humping. Meals were silent and soon over. Wade tried just once to tease Catherine, and she stopped and turned eyes so cold and contemptuous on him that there was no more table teasing. Johnny Dee avoided his family. He went to bed right after supper and was first up in the morning. He worked in a frenzy, and Wade never once made a comment.

They thrashed out on the fifth day, driving hard, and the crew moved out with the engine and separator. Only Wade stayed behind to make settlement. As Johnny Dee walked with him to the washup bench, Wade grabbed his shoulder. "You'll do, boy. Any time you want to thrash with me, come running."

"You mean it?" Johnny Dee asked, and Wade looked at him and read his yearning.

"Your dad would skin you alive."

"He couldn't stop me."

Wade looked away from him, over at the kitchen window where Catherine's fair head moved as she worked at the sink.

"Tell you what," Wade said thoughtfully. "Just maybe we can make a deal. I'd like to make things up with Catherine. You think you could get her out by the tankhouse to talk to me? Tonight, say. About eight o'clock? If you can, why, it might just be we could be thrashing partners. You and me."

It was a picture that lighted his eyes. "I'll do it."

While his father and Wade were settling accounts, Johnny Dee found Catherine at egg gathering and told her Wade wanted to see her alone to apologize.

"Why didn't he ask himself?" she asked tartly.

"Scared you wouldn't talk to him, I guess, after the way you put on out there in the field."

"Well, he's right."

"Catherine," he said, and suddenly didn't like the taste in his mouth, "it's—it would be a big favor to me."

He had to beg, and it was her curiosity concerning how it could be a favor to him that finally drove her to consent.

"I suppose he doesn't want anybody to know. That's Wade's sneaky way."

He opened his mouth to deny it and found he had nothing to say. *That's the way she would look at it*, he told himself finally.

After supper, while Catherine and her mother did the dishes, Johnny Dee sat silently with his father. Johnny Dee kept an anxious eye on the clock, and a little before eight he caught Catherine's eye and frowned. She looked scornfully at him, sighed loudly and went out.

"Where's she going?" her father asked.

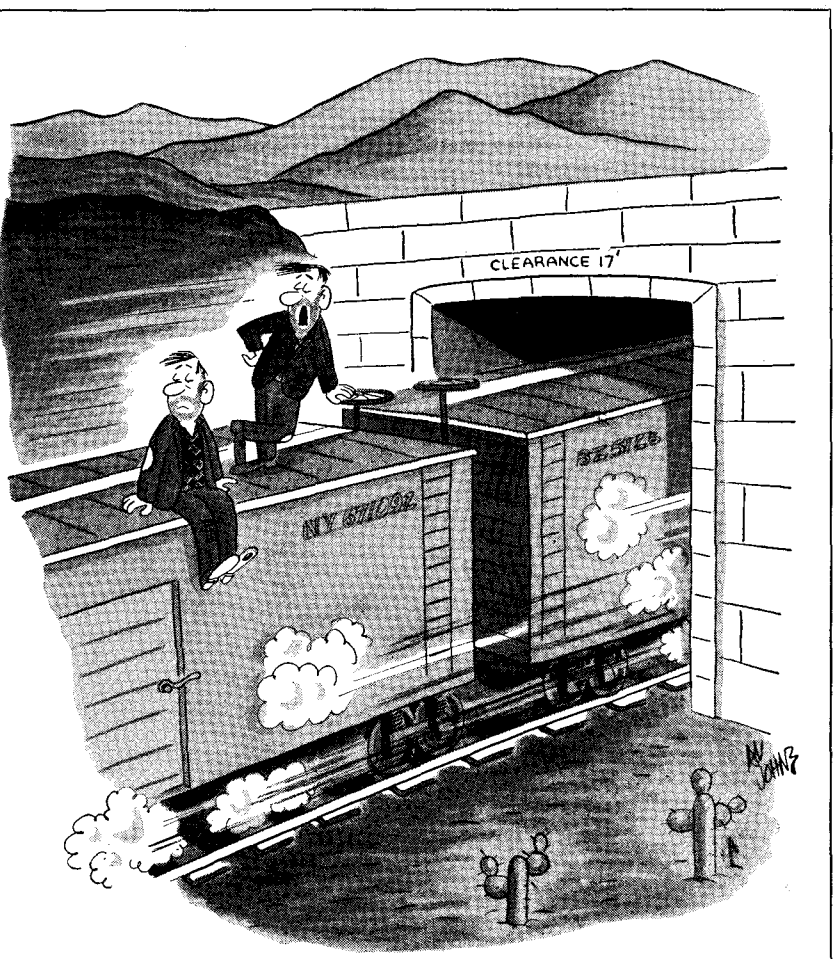
"Probably out mooning," Johnny Dee said, and added, "by herself." The disagreeable taste was strong in his mouth, but he sat back and imagined him and Wade thrashing the big circle. His father knocked out his pipe, stretched and started for the lantern on the back porch. "Time to put the stock to bed."

"I guess I'll go along," Johnny Dee said, and his father turned in pleased surprise.

After the slow passage down the stalls, Johnny Dee spoke in the darkness. "I'm probably leaving right away. Wade wants me."

His father held up the lantern. "I want you too," he said quietly.

"It's not the same," Johnny Dee said miserably, and in the silence that followed his voice they heard a heavy, stumbling foot in the yard and a deep, reckless voice.



"I'm thinking about making this my last trip."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Why, it's Wade." Johnny Dee's father raised the lantern again. "You knew, didn't you? Oh, I'm sorry about that."

"He just wanted to apologize."

"No. He lied to you."

They heard Catherine's voice raised angrily, and Johnny Dee's father moved away, leaving him in the dark, alone.

"All right, Wade," he heard his father call out in a steady voice, "harvest is in. Time to move on."

But Wade was drunk, and it showed in his low, mean laugh. The raised lantern showed Wade's dark face above Catherine's fair head, and Catherine struggling against Wade's pinning arms.

"One thing to thrash out yet, little man," Wade said, and his eyes were too wet, too bright.

"Don't struggle, honey," the man said calmly. "I'm coming." He slipped out of his coat. Wade watched him in disbelief, holding Catherine, and Johnny Dee heard his father's mild voice talking to him.

"One thing we didn't say about that kildee the other day. A mother kildee will try tolling you, but when that fails, she'll peck your eyes out."

He stood in front of Wade Tillotson and looked up at him. "Wade," he said, his voice taunting, "I think you'd run like a rabbit if you knew you *couldn't* win. That's not courage. Will you fight me?"

"I could break you like kindling," Wade said, and pushed Catherine aside.

"Go to your mother," Johnny Dee heard his father say to Catherine, as he dodged Wade's rush. But Wade came in more carefully the second time, and his big fist tore through and Johnny Dee saw his father knocked down.

"Wade!" he heard himself shout. "Oh, don't!"

But he was too late. His father rolled over and got up again, and Wade, smiling, knocked him down again. Wade stepped back to get his boots in range, and Johnny Dee shouted wordlessly and sprang. He felt Wade's broad back against his chest and then Wade's big throat pulsing against his ridged forearm as he throttled Wade Tillotson. Wade rolled over on him, got a grip on a wrist, tore, and threw Johnny Dee. When his head cleared, he saw Wade standing over him and a wavering shadow that he knew was his father coming in from the side. Wade turned to face it.

"Wait!" Johnny Dee said desperately. "He was only protecting her."

Wade faltered, and Johnny Dee cried out in a hopeless voice, "You just couldn't ever be fair, could you?" And he was surprised to hear himself crying.

Wade stopped, looked down at Johnny Dee, and his voice was suddenly sober and calm. "Why, kid," he said, explaining everything, "I fight to win."

He frowned, gestured vaguely as if to explain further, and then let his arm drop. He looked at the two beaten figures, raised his chest and walked out of the yard, a winner.

Johnny Dee got up painfully and looked at his father. He started to say something, and didn't know where to begin. He turned, washed his face in the horse trough and went down the dark lane, stumbling in the ruts and crying over something lost.

A long time later he was still sitting in the dark at the roadside. He saw a lantern glow coming toward him. It was his father, he knew, and still had not framed what he could say to him. The lantern drew close, the figure raised its arm, and the man's shadow was flung toward him. And he saw it was the shadow of a big man, and the battered face that looked anxiously down at him was the face of a friend so dear and so steadfast that there was no need to say anything at all.

THE END

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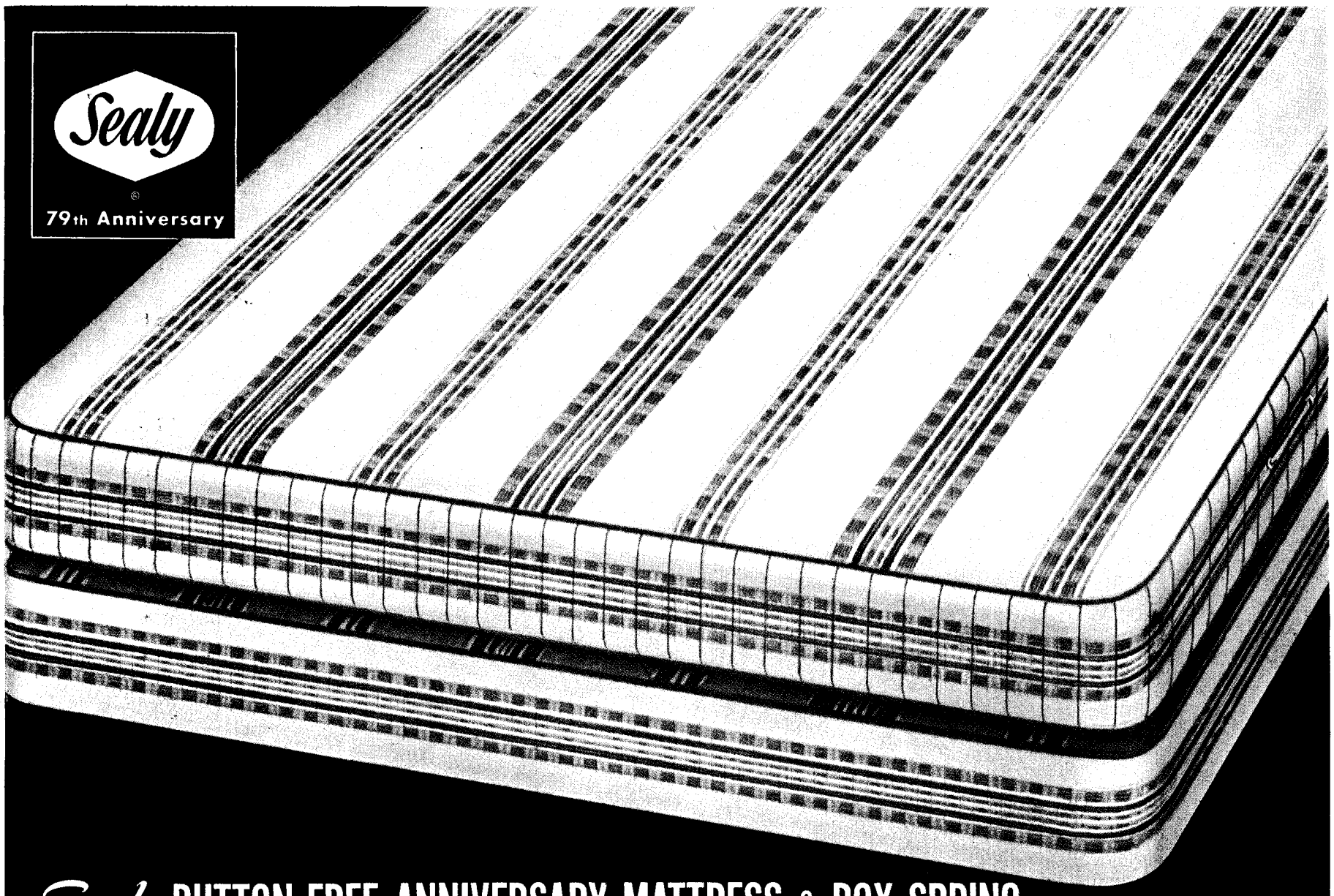

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IN THE FEBRUARY

HOLIDAY

MAGAZINE

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CHARLES DE GAULLE—First of two-part close-up on the soldier, the statesman and the man. This article shows how De Gaulle's early years prepared him for his present responsibility.

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS—Do we really need the Red Cross? Is it just another bunch of do-gooders who serve coffee and donuts? Find out what the real story is, what is fact and what is rumor.

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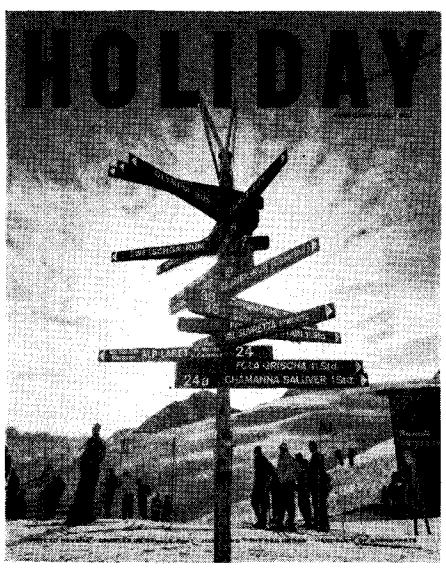

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A CURTIS MAGAZINE

The Cool Kind (Continued from Page 21)

buy it, poor man! Send your wife in here. Tell her to ask for me, Miss Frank. I'll see that she gets the right dress and I guarantee it won't be this one! Now let me close up, please."

Grateful but puzzled, Mike escaped while he had the chance, marveling at how much women knew about women, even those they had never met. Miss Frank had described her with eerie accuracy—the girl he loved, the one who was not in the blue dress. It had been like talking of a mutual friend, someone dear to both of them.

Somewhere she existed! Sometime, somehow, he would meet the girl Miss Frank had described.

We skip quickly over the next few days, which was more than Mike could do. The weekends are the worst at twenty-two. Mike made good money. He was not the head of the Beverly Hills branch, but he would be someday. He had a good apartment in Beverly Hills, with daily maid service and a swimming pool.

It was on a hot Saturday afternoon that he went down to the pool. At the water's edge he stopped. The tenants here were all bachelors like himself, yet there in the water were six couples. Six of the men who lived here had brought their girls over for a swim.

Mike could have stood this. What he could not stand was the seventh man. An extra man with no girl of his own, a mendicant among riches, the fool was swimming up and down the pool all by himself. Mike saw him bump one of the girls in the water. He stammered, "Oh, excuse me!" The girl gave him a cruelly friendly smile. "Oh, that's all right! You certainly swim well," she said.

Then she swam across in her tight little swim suit to join her own man. Mike cringed with shame, seeing the abject loneliness on the extra man's face. *I will not make such an exhibition of myself,* he thought. *I will not!* He went back to his apartment and dressed.

Thirty minutes later he was standing in front of the shop on Wilshire. He had no idea how he came to be here, but we do, don't we?

He felt exultant relief to see that the blue dress was still in the window. But it was now marked down to $19.95, and instinct told him it could not last long at this price. He stood there with his face close to the glass, dreaming of the girl he loved—the one, that is, who was not in the dress.

Suddenly Miss Frank appeared in the other side of the window. Mike was sure she could not remember him, out of all the people who came into the shop, but he stepped back quickly. He drew a sharp breath as he saw her whisk the blue dress out of the window.

Why, the girl was in there now! She was buying the dress! Certainly Miss Frank would not sell it to any but the right girl, feeling as she did about messages. Why, all he had to do was wait until she came out!

He waited. He had no idea what he intended to do when the girl came out, but something would happen. When it was *the one girl in the world*—well, what had to be would be. He had never been surer of anything in his life.

Twenty minutes passed. Thirty. Forty! The blue dress was not put back in the window. Mike eagerly scanned the people who came out—an old couple, a stunning blonde with dangling earrings and too much green eye shadow, a stout matron, and two pretty young housewives who looked as though they wished they could afford something. None of these could have bought the blue dress.

What was taking her so long? She'd have to be fitted, but how long would that take? Was there a back door? Of course, of course! There had to be a parking lot attached to everything in Los Angeles. Had he missed her? Perhaps he should look inside, just to ——

A girl came out of the shop, and his heart leaped, soared briefly and fell to rock bottom again.

It was the wrong girl. He got only a glimpse of a sweet but rather plain face as she turned and walked swiftly away from him. Her hair was brown, not black. It was straight, not curly, and it was cut short in a sort of tomboy style. Her mouth was large, firm, serious.

Mike absently watched her cross Wilshire. Not even her figure was right! Good legs, and she walked well. But the other girl would be taller and fuller in bosom and hips. This one was too slim and she was not carrying anything. The other girl—the right one—would be carrying the blue dress tenderly in a big box.

The wrong girl reached the other curb and waited there. In a few moments a bus appeared, and something in the quick grace of her slim body as she stepped up into it made Mike think of chrysanthemums nodding in a cool fall wind.

It was at this exact moment that a taxicab stopped at the curb beside Mike. The driver leaned out. "Cab, sir?" he said.

Mike glanced toward the shop door. He heard the rumble of the bus as it started. The logic of pure panic told him that the wrong girl was better than no girl at all. He got into the cab. "Catch that bus and stay behind it!" he said. "I want to see where someone gets off."

The unsurprised driver made an illegal U turn. "Yes sir. You bet, sir! You're English, aren't you?" he said, taking off after the bus. He caught it quickly and dawdled along behind it all the way downtown. Mike was not sure he would recognize the girl when he saw her again, but he did. She got off at Eighth and Hill. She was still far too slim, but she still had nice legs too.

Mike handed his cab driver some currency and leaped out. The girl vanished in the crowd on Eighth, and it occurred to him dismally that he had now lost both of them—the girl in the blue dress and this one. Then he saw her running toward another bus on Broadway. She made it, stepping up into it with that same quick, chrysanthemumlike grace. Mike looked around anxiously.

"Taxi, taxi! I say there—taxi!"

This bus led them through a part of the city strange to Mike. Highland Park, the driver said it was called, and no one had told Mike that there was anything like this in Los Angeles. It was an old district, with venerable houses that made him think of upstate New York, and even of parts of London. The bus went on and on. The cab meter ticked away, and a lonely young man grew more homesick with every stop.

The girl got off at York Boulevard and Avenue Fifty. Mike lurked in the cab until he was sure she was not going to take another bus. When she began walking up Avenue Fifty, he paid off his cab and went after her.

She stopped once to take something from her purse—a mint, apparently. She put it in her mouth and walked on, with Mike fifty feet behind her. Near where she had stopped, he saw a ball-point pen beside the sidewalk. It was a cheap one, and it looked worn out. Probably someone else had discarded it, but he picked it up, put it in his pocket and went on following the girl.

In the fifth block she went into a small stucco house, leaving him stranded. He lurked indecisively on the corner, wondering what to do now. He had spent most of his pocket money on cab fare—and for what? He had lost the right girl, the one in the blue dress, forever. Now even the wrong one had escaped him by simply going into her own house before he thought of anything to do about it. And now here he stood, like a fool.

Still he waited, and in a few minutes the wrong girl came out of the house. She was dressed now in white shorts and a demure shirt, and she was barefoot. Mike stared as she uncoiled a hose and began watering the lawn.

Remember, we're dealing with a lonely young man in a strange city—in short, a madman, as poet and psychologist will surely agree. As in a trance Mike walked toward the girl, carrying the pen. Her back was to him as he came up to her.

"Think you'll take it?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"Excuse me. Did you lose this?" he said, holding up the frazzled old ball-point pen.

Startled, she turned too quickly. The hose turned too. A gush of water swept across Mike's light cord suit. The girl dropped the hose, and her hands went to her cheeks in utter horror. "Oh, I'm so sorry! I didn't hear you," she wailed.

Her eyes were not quite green, not quite hazel. Her teeth were white and even behind her parted lips. Her skin was flawless. She wasn't beautiful, but he liked her decent look and the shape of her small ears. Wrong girl though she was, no man could lie to a girl with ears like that and still call himself a man!

"Please don't feel badly," he stammered. "It's all my fault, really. I—I followed you all the way out here from that shop on Wilshire."

"You what?" she gasped.

"I wanted to meet you." He held up the ball-point pen. "This was all I could think of. I'm terribly sorry!"

She stared at him incredulously. Soon her eyes began snapping angrily and now they were green, definitely green. "Well, of all the nerve!" she said. She turned her back on him to shut off the water. With great dignity she coiled the hose. She was still very slim, but from here, in those shorts, she looked good.

When she looked around again, Mike was still there. "You're still here, are you?" she said coolly. "Will you leave now, or must I call my father?"

All Mike wanted to do by now was square himself. "That's not necessary," he said humbly. "I realize I owe him an explanation. I'll call him myself."

He walked past her to the house. He rang the doorbell. A plump, balding, gray-haired man came to the door. He was wearing loafing clothes and was smoking a pipe. "Yes?" he said. "What is it?"

"Sir," said Mike, "I'm afraid I made an ass of myself, trying to meet your daughter. But I meant no offense and I wish you'd let me come in and explain."

The man frowned at him. "English, aren't you?"

"No, sir," Mike said wearily. "That's something I should like to explain too."

The man opened the screen door. "All right, young fellow, come in. At least it's better than sitting out there in a car and hollering and honking."

Mike went into a small, plain living room filled with very old furniture. They sat down on a comfortable old couch, and Mike took out his wallet. He talked fast, sprinkling the couch with identification and credit cards. He confessed everything—more, in fact, than he had meant to confess.

"Everyone is friendly, yet one never quite makes a friend, sir," he said earnestly. "I followed a foolish impulse, and it's no good saying it was irresistible. But it's amazing to see everyone dashing about in cars and no one walking. One gets lonely and—well, one loses one's head, sir."

The man puffed thoughtfully at his pipe. "I see."

"I hope you do, sir."

"We're plain people, Mr. Sylvester. I'm a retired fire captain, name of Lawrence O. Haig. This is our fifth and youngest daughter. Our other four married well, but mother and I have great hopes for this girl. She's the only one we could afford to send to college. She'll be a sophomore at Occidental this fall. It keeps us broke. So I'd hate for her to marry just anyone and not finish her education."

Mike swallowed hard. "Yes, sir."

"My girls were brought up to know right from wrong."

"I'm sure they were!" Mike exclaimed nervously.

"So I don't worry about them when they get to this age. Well, well, you want an introduction, do you?"

"I—I had hardly hoped for that, sir," Mike said warily.

"I'll introduce you, but that's as far as I go. My girls make up their own minds. Come along."

There was nothing to do but follow the man outside. "Honey, this is Mike Sylvester. I like his man-to-man way of doing things, but that's only my opinion," said the retired fire captain. . . . "Mike, this is my daughter, Charlotte. All right, you kids are on your own!"

He went back into the house. Mike went up to the wrong girl, to this slim stranger in shorts, this Charlotte Haig. "I didn't really ask to be introduced, Miss Haig," he said. "Your father misunderstood, but it's my fault. I seem to do everything wrong."

"Oh, how could you humiliate me so?" she said, in a low, pitiful voice. She did not look at him.

"Humiliate you?"

"Yes. To go to my father! Oh, how could you?"

"Why, you were going to call him yourself!"

She covered her face with her hands. To his alarm he heard a sob. "Will you go now, or haven't you caused enough trouble?" came her muffled voice. "Oh, I'll never hear the last of this!"

Mike threw up his hands in despair. "You have from me, I assure you!" he growled. "Good night, Miss Haig." He stalked off down Avenue Fifty, bewildered and sore at heart.

That was Saturday, remember. Sunday was awful! There was nothing to do but swim. Mike was an extra man in the pool, a lazar at the harem door, but this day he swam shamelessly. He kept bumping into wet girls and saying, "Oh, excuse me!" They looked at him and said, "Oh, that's all right. You're English, aren't you?" And before he could explain, they swam away in their tight little swim suits to be with their own men.

On Monday he sent flowers to Charlotte Haig. By now he could not remember what she looked like, but if he had humiliated her, he owed her that much, surely!

On Tuesday evening he happened to be glancing through the phone book, and there it was—Lawrence O. Haig, on Avenue Fifty. Perhaps he ought to make sure the flowers had been delivered. He dialed the number.

She answered the phone, and by her tone of voice he knew he had done something wrong again. He had no idea how shocked the fifth daughter of a retired fire captain could be by fifteen dollars' worth of yellow roses. "That wasn't necessary," she said primly. "I wish you'd just forget it. That's what I intend to do."

Very well, I shall if that's the way you feel, he thought. "But I want to see you again," he heard himself saying.

"I think not."

"Please! How about tomorrow night?"

"I couldn't possibly."

"Charlotte, aren't you being unreasonable?"

"I don't think so. We have nothing in common."

"But," he said, "how do people get things in common if they never see one another again?"

A brief, perplexing pause. Then she said. "Mike, it wouldn't work."

"What wouldn't work? I only want to take you to dinner!"

"Even that wouldn't work. Mike, we come from (*Continued on Page 93*)

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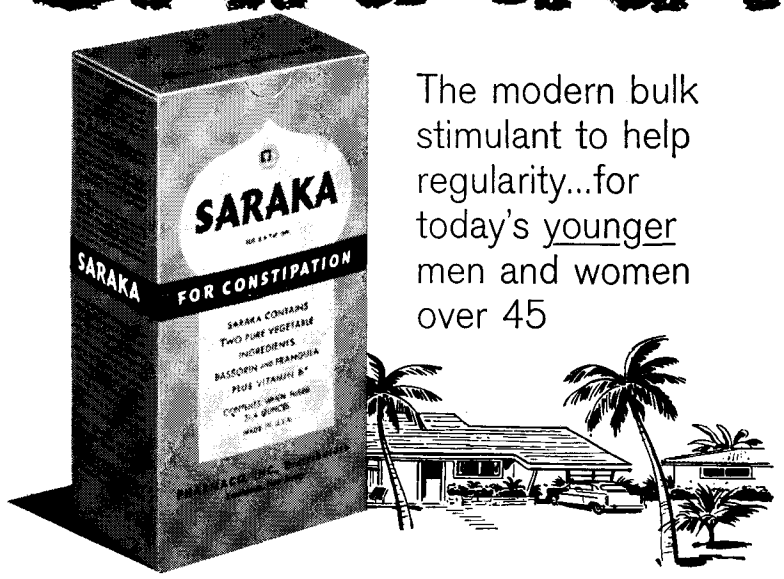

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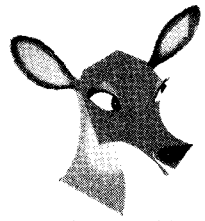

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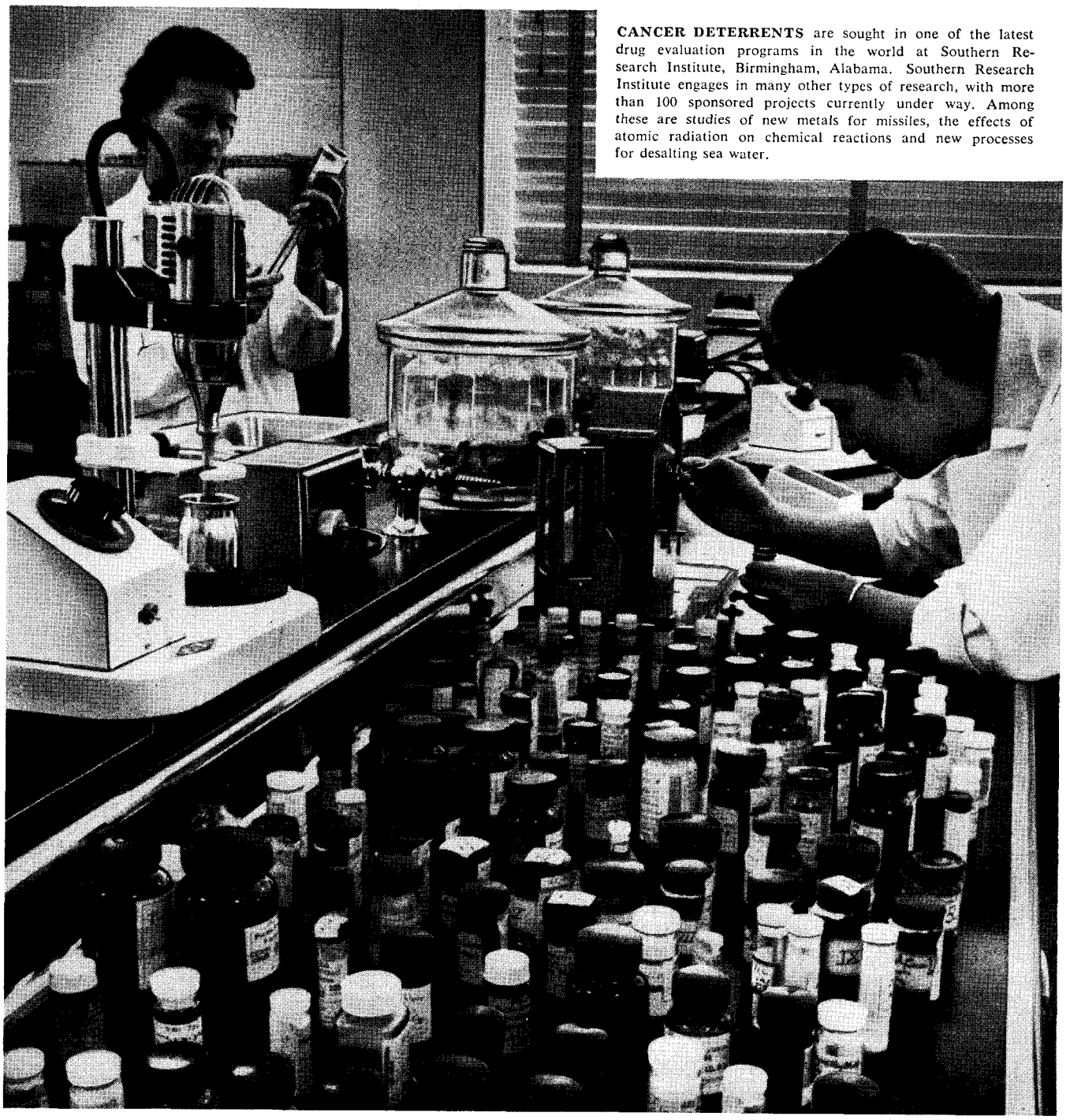

CANCER DETERRENTS are sought in one of the latest drug evaluation programs in the world at Southern Research Institute, Birmingham, Alabama. Southern Research Institute engages in many other types of research, with more than 100 sponsored projects currently under way. Among these are studies of new metals for missiles, the effects of atomic radiation on chemical reactions and new processes for desalting sea water.

Research leads in the growth of the South

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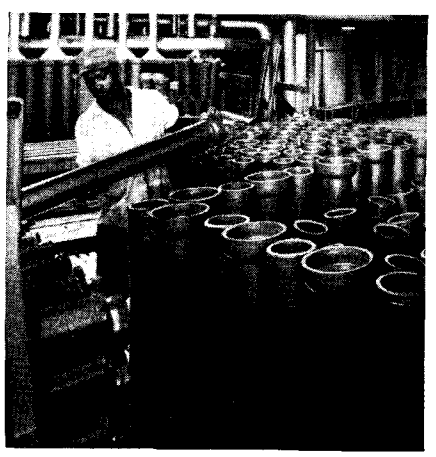
The last half of the twentieth century belongs to the South!

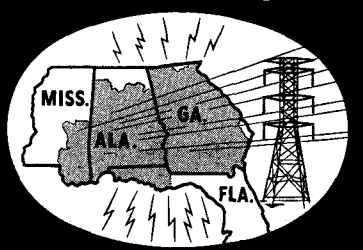
MAHOGANY enters the United States at Pensacola, Florida, for sawing at Weis-Fricker Mahogany Company. This firm is one of the country's largest importers of Central and South American mahogany for use in the production of furniture and boats.

GOLF CARTS FOR RECREATION AND INDUSTRY. E-Z-Go Car Corporation, Augusta, Georgia, is America's largest exclusive manufacturer of electric golf carts. Originally designed as pleasure vehicles, these carts are finding increasing uses in industry.

CLAY, PLENTIFUL IN THE SOUTH, is used for a wide variety of products. W. S. Dickey Clay Manufacturing Company, with plants at Meridian, Mississippi and elsewhere, is the largest producer of sanitary sewer pipe in this country.



THE SOUTHERN COMPANY



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(*Continued from Page 91*) entirely different worlds. Please, let's just drop it."

"No! I'll see you tomorrow at seven."

"You better not!" she shrieked. "Don't you dare come here again, Mike Sylvester. Don't you dare! I'm going to hang up now—but don't you dare come here!"

She hung up. Mike sat there despising himself for an inept and fawning worm who did not have the manhood to know when he was not wanted. What was there about this odd girl, whose face he could not remember, that made him do everything wrong? He would not, of course, compound the folly by going there tomorrow night. He'd send her more flowers with an apologetic note ——

Of course he did nothing of the kind. Of course he went! But as his cab traversed Wilshire, it passed the shop where Miss Frank had taught him so much. He looked and saw that the blue dress was still gone.

He averted his face. Somewhere in this strange and terrible city there was a girl. Perhaps she'd be wearing the blue dress tonight! Mike could see her in his mind as she preened before her mirror, waiting for the wrong man to come to her door. He saw her turn, as women do, to inspect the way the blue dress hung in the back. The movement made her curly black hair sweep across her shoulders. The pleated skirt swirled about her pretty legs. Her black eyes sparkled with pleasure as she closed the white lapel with the blue pin.

Ah-h! The poets may kid themselves, but they're not kidding us, are they? He was in love with a dream, yet he could not even remain faithful to it! He was at the point where any dame would do. That proves, doesn't it, that it's all crude and aimless biology?

The cab stopped in front of the little stucco house. "Wait, please," Mike told the driver. "I'm sure I won't be long, and then we'll probably go back to Beverly Hills."

Carrying more flowers and feeling like a fool, he went slowly up to the door. It was odd, though, how everything here suddenly seemed so dear to him! There was the garden hose she had coiled Saturday, after sloshing him with it. He loved it. And there she had stood, crying into her hands, while he stared at her fascinating little ears, bumbling and fumbling and saying everything wrong.

An exaltation surged up in him—a feeling that something wonderful was about to happen—as he rang the bell. It had not stopped sounding through the little old house when the screen door opened, and Charlotte popped out. She did not look at him, but she clutched his arm.

"If we're going, let's go before dad gets hold of you," she said hurriedly. "He'll talk you to death, Mike, if you give him a chance!"

Mike stared at her blindly.

This slim girl, this Charlotte Haig—why, she was wearing the blue dress!

We skip quickly over the next few minutes, which was more than Mike could do. He remembered getting into the cab. He remembered hearing the driver say, "Where to, doc?" He remembered saying, "Romanoff's restaurant, in Beverly Hills. Do you know where it is?"

"Sure thing, doc!"

He remembered that the girl's eyes had widened, but he did not know why. He had no idea how the fifth daughter of a retired fire captain would feel about going all the way out from Highland Park to Beverly Hills by cab, and then eating at Romanoff's.

All Mike knew was that her eyes were now blue, to match the dress. All he knew was that suddenly she was smiling at him from her side of the cab seat, in a sweet but rather embarrassed way. Mike, who knew what it was like to be shy, tried to think of something to say. Nothing came to him.

But women rise to these occasions. "You almost missed me when I changed buses downtown, didn't you?" she said.

"What?" Mike almost shouted.

"May I have the pen now? It's dad's, and when he gets attached to a pen, let no man put them asunder! But it was all I could afford to lose—and I had to give you some kind of excuse, didn't I?"

He stared at her, adoring her. "You knew all the time I was following you?" he said with gross male stupidity.

Her laugh was the triumphant one of a shy girl who, for once in her life, has the upper hand of a man. As her face lighted up with that glory, Mike cursed himself for ever thinking her plain. He had never beheld such beauty on earth as he saw now.

"Of course I knew! Miss Frank warned me you were waiting out there on the sidewalk to see who bought this dress."

"But I told her I wanted it for my wife!"

She shook her head smilingly. "Oh, no, you didn't! Miss Frank told *you* that, but you didn't think you were fooling her, did you? It was after you were in that she remembered me, and called me to tell me she had just the dress for me. Wasn't that sweet of her?"

Mike looked at the girl who belonged in the dress. He looked at the dress that belonged on this girl, and no other. "She knew!" he said.

"Yes. I'm sorry I was so awful to you, Mike, but when you went barging up there to talk to dad—oh, I thought I'd die if he saw that pen! But honestly, he's not such a bad old guy when you get to know him."

"He's magnificent!" said Mike.

"Miss Frank sent the dress out special, so I'd have it when you came. She has helped me so much in so many, many ways! She's a very wise woman, Mike."

Mike could remember Miss Frank's very words. A girl of strong character, simple and unworldly, romantic in outlook, yet somehow aware that she was both very desirable and very vulnerable. And how right she had been in calling this girl an improbable person! There could be only one such in the world, and here she sat, beside him.

The right girl—the one, that is, in the blue dress—slipped her hand through his arm. She leaned closer to him, liking him, trusting him, letting her guard down. The two became a group. She looked up at him with those wonderful, changing eyes.

"I met her at Occidental last winter when she came to talk to our 'lit' class," she said.

"Who?" Mike said.

"Miss Frank," said Charlotte. "She writes poetry, you know."

"O.K., four cards down and five cards up; threes, sixes and red jacks are wild; and if you catch a seven, you put in a dollar. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

My Unknown Admirer

(Continued from Page 30)

children and to those men who do not know the difference between the sea and the little lake in Central Park, New York.

You, sir, are a liar and a faker. If you think that you can make me believe that the sailors of our gallant ally Great Britain cannot distinguish a pushball with a draft of between three eighths and one half inch from a mine, think again. You are worse than those people who were designated as nature fakers by Theodore Roosevelt.

However, I do not necessarily fail to like persons because they may be fakers and liars. Accordingly, if you should ever be in the neighborhood of Phoenix, Arizona, do not fail to look us up and drop in for a drink or two.

Cordially,
/s/ C. A. MORGAN

In the U.S. Navy only very senior officers are allowed to call one another a "liar and a faker." I've been a rear admiral now for fifteen years, and this was the first time during that period that anyone had come right out and called me this in writing—until after we had become pretty well acquainted, anyway. It was refreshing to encounter such frankness. I figured. *This chap is no yes man. He may be worth cultivating.*

I'm not going to repeat the whale story in this family journal. It was a bit gamy in spots but, after all, it's just a yarn about whales doing what is perfectly natural for whales. The only thing is that whales are so big they stir up quite a commotion in the water when they do it. If there were whales in that "little lake in Central Park" nobody on Manhattan Island would get any sleep during the cetacean mating season.

The pushball reference in Morgan's letter had to do with a little story—related in my book—of some British soldiers who caused quite a flap when they saw this harmless piece of athletic equipment floating near the water's edge and mistook it for a mine that had broken loose from its moorings.

I replied to my new-found admirer as follows:

San Juan, Puerto Rico
25 November 1957

Dear Morgan: Thank you for your flattering letter of 17 November from the *S.S. Monterey.*

Of course I'm a liar and a faker, but why make a Federal case out of that? Who isn't? If you try to claim you're not, then I'll know for sure that you are a dangerous character to be at liberty.

In regard to the pushball incident, I agree that any seafaring man would have known immediately that this light-draft object was not a mine. But if you check that yarn again, you will find it was not the sailors of our gallant British allies who made this mistake. It was a bunch of British Army blokes in an antiaircraft battalion, who didn't know the difference between the port gossard and the starboard anchor.

About the whales, I simply relate the facts as they occurred. If that little incident leaves a bad taste in your mouth, I strongly recommend that you do not read any of the current best sellers, as most of

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them are jammed with every four-letter word in the language.

Sincerely,
/s/ D. V. Gallery

P.S. The well-known British pirate Morgan operated around here back in the seventeenth century and is reported to have buried a lot of gold here. I doubt that Captain Morgan ever married, but I am sure you must be a direct descendant of his.

I felt sure the P.S. would call forth some sort of a reply. And the "gossard" was a booby trap that I stuck in just to find out if Morgan was as salty as he claimed he was.

In due time I received the following:

3 January 1958

My dear Gallery: I am greatly obliged for your letter of 25 November 1957, and that notwithstanding the dirty crack regarding my ancestry. It is not improbable that my ancestry contains some of the type of characters which you intimate are in it, although the fact is that my four grandparents immigrated to this country from Ireland.... I am not concerned with your insinuations, as I suspect from your writings, letters, and so on, that you have in your ancestry horse thieves and prohibitionists....

That brings up another complaint. In your letter of 25 November, you say, "It was a bunch of British Army blokes in an antiaircraft battalion, who didn't know the difference between the port gossard and the starboard anchor." I know what an anchor is, whether port or starboard, but damned if I know what a gossard is, whether larboard or starboard. First, I looked in Felix Riesenberg's *Standard Seamanship for the Merchant Service*. If Felix knew what the thing was, he kept the information to himself. D. Phillips-Birt, the author of *Rigs and Rigging of Yachts*, failed to mention it. My next recourse was my two dictionaries. *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition Unabridged, explained that "gossard" meant gooseherd. Acting on these hints, I came to the conclusion that the term may represent the escort vessel in a convoy. I therefore made a careful study of *United States Destroyer Operations in World War II*, but nowhere, in either the text or the index, could I find the term referred to. Incidentally, all of these books, and several others, are in my own library.

I notice the fact that your picture is on Page 310 of *Destroyer Operations*. There is also quite a laudatory description of your feats and of you. Did you write this part of the book, or did you bribe someone to write it? If this question embarrasses you, you don't need to answer it.

In any event, a Happy New Year.

Sincerely,
/s/ C. A. Morgan

He had swallowed the gossard, hook, line and starboard anchor. He spent a whole month of scholarly research on it. I replied as follows:

San Juan, Puerto Rico
7 January 1958

Dear Morgan:

I take back what I said in my previous letter and will now certify publicly that you are indeed an honest man. The gossard proves it.

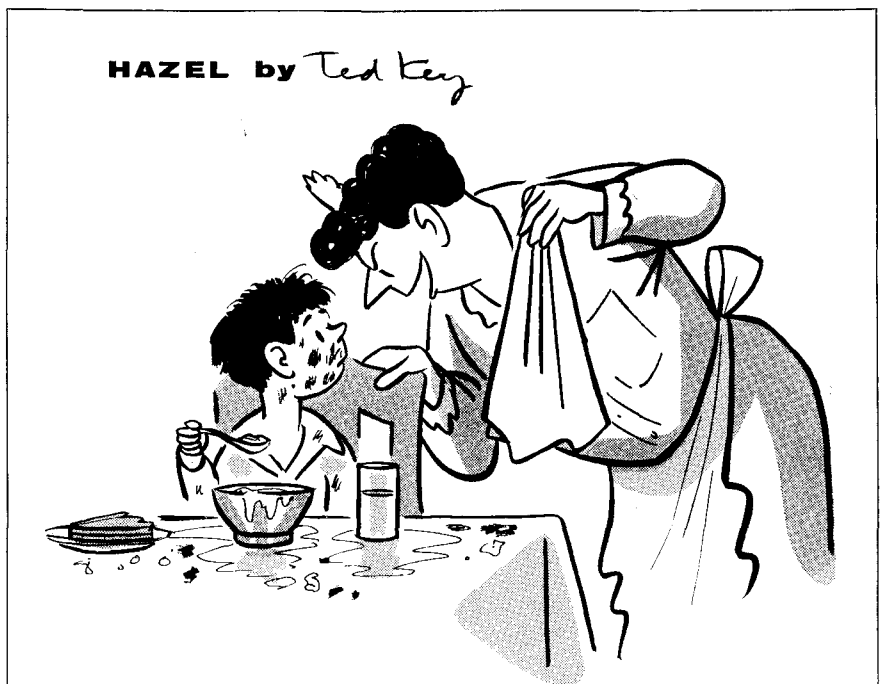
From your first letter I gathered that you considered yourself rather well informed about ships and the sea. So I made up the term "gossard" out of thin air and stuck it in my letter to find out. If you had swallowed it and made no mention of it—as if you knew what it was—then I would have known you were a phony. Now I have to revise all my previous estimates and admit that you are the man Diogenes was looking for.

Regarding the picture and the blurb in *Destroyer Operations*, I did give them a brief summary of my naval career which I finally managed to boil down to six single-spaced typewritten pages. But the editors butchered my summary, ripped all the guts out of it and left nothing but the pathetic little squib that you mention. So I don't think it's fair to say I *wrote* what appears in the book.

Best regards and good wishes for the New Year.

Sincerely,
/s/ D. V. Gallery

There was a year and a half of stony silence after this letter. I was beginning to think I had gone too far with the gossard business and had broken up a beautiful friendship. Then *The Saturday Evening Post* published a fiction story of mine and ran a blurb on the last page of the magazine about my Little League activities here in Puerto Rico. This called for the following ray of sunshine from Morgan:



"I have here what we call a napkin."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

United States Lines
29 July 1959

Dear Gallery: My good woman and I have been in Europe since landing in Southampton on 9 June, having crossed on *Queen Mary*....

Someplace in Europe I picked up a copy of *The Saturday Evening Post* and read your story of the gold coin. The idea was most excellent, but as usual, you messed it up.... (This was followed by a couple of paragraphs of nit picking about my story, which was the main feature of the July fourth issue of S.E.P.)

I also noticed the item on the last page of the same issue under the heading Tales of the Authors. As to this, I extend my sympathy. I can imagine the eighteen single-spaced typewritten pages of self-laudatory autobiography which you submitted to *The Post* for inclusion in this section, and the miserable remnant of it which they published.

I was much interested in that part of your autobiography which *The Post* used which deals with your baseball activities with Puerto Rican boys. Boys are plentiful in Puerto Rico, and money for such purposes must be scarce, and I enclose my check for fifty dollars to help the good work along.

Regretfully I have to make the check out to you, since I know of no other way to write it. I think that the chances are about seventy-five to twenty-five that you will pocket the money yourself. Even if you do, I will have had the same pleasure as one receives in giving money to a beggar, even though in actual fact the beggar has more funds than the donor has.

I might also warn you that if you do swipe it, you had better be damn sure that you report it on your income-tax return.

Cordially,
/s/ C. A. Morgan

The generally friendly tone of this letter—*and* the check for fifty bucks—apparently made me a little smug and imprudent. At any rate I sent Morgan the following weak-kneed and sycophantic reply:

San Juan, Puerto Rico
3 August 1959

Dear Morgan: Thank you for your good letter of 29 July. I appreciate the check for the Little League very much indeed, and I assure you it will be put to good use by the Martin Pena League. Enclosed is a photo of the area from which the Martin Pena League draws its players—one of the worst slums in North America. I'm sure the fifty dollars couldn't be put to any better use than it will be here. Enclosed also is a duly notarized statement from the treasurer of the Martin Pena League certifying under oath that he has received the check.

I am touched and flattered by your confidence in my integrity as reflected by the odds you were willing to quote on whether or not I would abscond with the dough. I wouldn't dream of laying seventy-five to twenty-five on a proposition of this kind, even if the individual involved were a banker, clergyman or United States Senator. I would say fifty to one is about the right price. So it's nice to know I have at least one admirer who thinks I am an exceptionally honest man.

Sincerely,
/s/ D. V. Gallery

In due course the mail brought the following reply from Morgan:

31 August 1959

Dear Gallery: My good woman and I returned to the United States aboard the *America* on 4 August. Upon arrival in Phoenix I found your good letter of 3 August, with the photograph and certificate.

The certificate which evidences the fact that you did not abscond with my contribution to the Martin Pena Little League is fairly satisfactory, but I think you might have furnished evidence that M. P. Brall is actually the treasurer of the league. For all I know he is a fellow conspirator of yours, and you may have split the swag with him. Fortunately my good wife is not as suspicious as I am, and she has asked me to enclose her check for fifty dollars, but as you will observe, she has, at my suggestion, made it payable to the league.

Have you seen a physician or chiropractor lately? I think that you are losing your punch. Your letter amazed me; not an insult in it! You must be slipping.

Cordially,
/s/ C. A. Morgan

Morgan, never having anything important to say in his letters and being a thrifty soul besides, usually sends his communications by regular mail. I, on the other hand, being a modern man, always use air post to expedite my letters. I replied as follows by the first mail plane I could catch:

San Juan, Puerto Rico
7 September 1959

Dear Morgan: First of all, please convey to Mrs. Morgan my thanks for her generous and welcome contribution of fifty dollars to the Martin Pena Little League. We cashed her check immediately and used the money to pay for bats, balls, gloves and other equipment. I must admit we did not do this with your check. We put it in the bank with our fingers crossed and allowed two weeks for it to bounce before we drew on it.

You suggest the absence of insults in a previous letter indicates I am losing my grip and should consult a loony-bin specialist. But, after all, I was replying to a letter of yours which was very flattering. The only thing you said in your letter that even the most thin-skinned might interpret as a derogatory statement was your offer to lay three to one that I would pocket your check.

As I pointed out in my reply, this was a remarkable vote of confidence in my honesty.... Like I said in the same letter, the right price on a proposition of this kind is about fifty to one for military officers of two-star rank. (For three- or four-star characters the odds become prohibitive.)

So I regarded your letter as a heart-warming endorsement of my integrity. And besides, if anybody really insults people who start cluttering up his mail with fifty-dollar checks he should have a gossard with a bowline on a bight wrapped around his neck.

Sincerely,
/s/ D. V. Gallery

Later, when I told Morgan in one of my letters that the editors of *The Post* wanted to publish some of our correspondence, he replied in part:

"I think I can say truthfully that I have not missed seeing more than a half dozen issues of the S.E.P. since 1907 . . . but I am wondering how much longer I can stand it. You see, I can remember the great days of *The Post*. . . . It has now come to a sorry pass, when it prints the stuff you write, and its editors will even consider our communications as proper material for its chaste columns. I do not want to add to *The Post*'s troubles, but if they want to print our correspondence, it cannot last long, and one more little push on the road to oblivion will not make much difference. . . ." THE END

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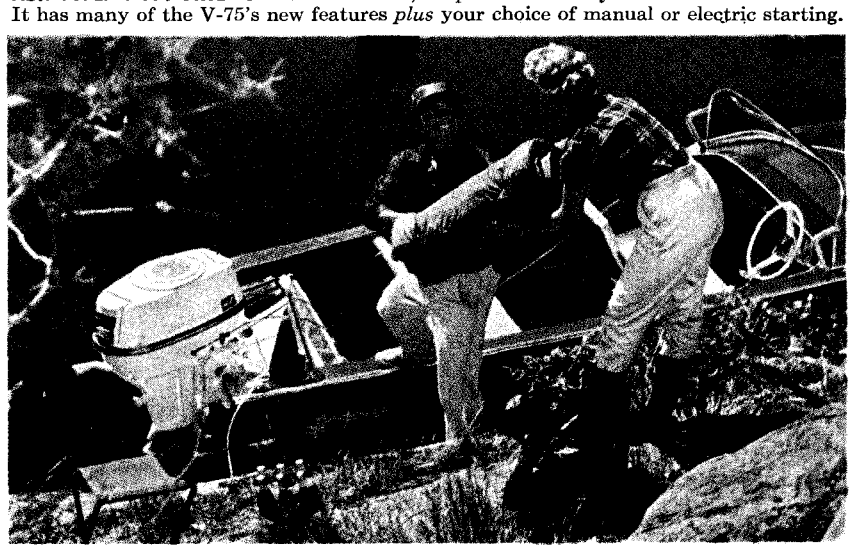

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Keeping Posted

The Admiral and His Pen Pal

Rear Adm. **Dan Gallery,** U.S.N., who writes articles and fiction with equal grace, racks up his eighteenth *Post* appearance on page 30. Maybe you remember his exciting first article in 1945, which told how his ship, the baby flattop *Guadalcanal*, and the task group he commanded, hunted down, boarded and captured the Nazi submarine *U-505* off Africa. It was the first time the Navy had done that to an enemy man-of-war on the high seas since 1815. The admiral, an expert on explosives, among other things, is a bit explosive himself, an example being his 1949 article, AN ADMIRAL TALKS BACK TO THE AIRMEN, in which he lambasted people who then believed that the next war could be handled with air forces alone. He figures that Korea proved him right on that one.

Gallery has long been a skillful flier himself; he was a member of the Gray Angels, a trio of flying admirals who at air shows put jets through breath-taking paces in formation. Winner of the Distinguished Service Medal and other honors, Gallery has had a career involving important commands at sea and posts ashore, and now he is commander of the Caribbean Sea Frontier, with his headquarters at San Juan.

Gallery's current article concerns some letters written to him by a man he has never met—C. A. Morgan, of Phoenix. In the photo, Morgan is opening the king-size mailbox he uses while carrying on a similarly fey pen-palling with various people. When neighbors occasionally drop outgoing letters in his box, he gravely gives them to the postman to mail. Morgan, a retired banker, and his wife have a swell time pursuing a number of hobbies, foreign travel ranking No. 1.

Letter-writer Morgan and his letter box.

Mrs. Martin in Monaco

Pete Martin gives you his impression of Prince Rainier and Princess Grace of Monaco in his series opening on page 13; so let's seek a woman's impression—that of Mrs. Virginia Martin. She met them several times, but it was during the intimacy of a small cocktail party given for the Martins at the palace that she really came to know them.

Mrs. Martin found the princess more beautiful than during her Hollywood heyday. "I think this is because she is so happy with her husband and children, and with her dedicated effort to do well in her new role of royalty. She often goes to the Monaco Red Cross headquarters and to the hospital, and people there had expressed to me their admiration and affection for her. While chatting with Grace, I thought, *She's the perfect princess.*" As for Rainier, the visiting lady recalls, "He was animated, amusing, teasing, the fun kind of man. He wasn't in Grace's shadow. You might say he made his own shadow, the party revolving around him. And he is definitely better looking than his pictures." At the party, Mrs. Martin's husband didn't want to foul things up by jotting down notes, so he retired twice to the gentlemen's powder room, where he feverishly made notes on old envelopes. By the way, Simon and Schuster will publish Pete's recent Jerry Giesler series this spring, the book material being much enlarged by inclusion of transcripts of dramatic moments in Giesler trials.

Tales of the Authors

Cameraman Don Ornitz.

Charlotte Edwards with Teen-Rockers Band.

Don Ornitz, creator of the picture story on page 38, is one of this country's most published photographers, scoring around 600 appearances a year, mainly in the major magazines. He was born in Brooklyn, but he grew up in Hollywood, where his novelist father, Sam Ornitz, moved the family when he took a screen-writing contract with Paramount. Don was a combat photographer in Europe during World War II, and when he was sent to the German salt mines to photograph stolen gold, he had the thrill of participating in finding the art treasures hidden there by the Nazis.

After **Charlotte Edwards** sold her page 24 story featuring a fictional song called *Jelly Beans*, she presently found herself composing and authoring the lyrics for a real song about jelly beans. One thing led to another until—what do you know!—Max Ward's Teen-Rockers Band decided to give it a whirl on their California engagements.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"I Saw What Makes Communism Work"

Stewart Alsop's significant report on a motor tour through East Europe's captive Communist countries.

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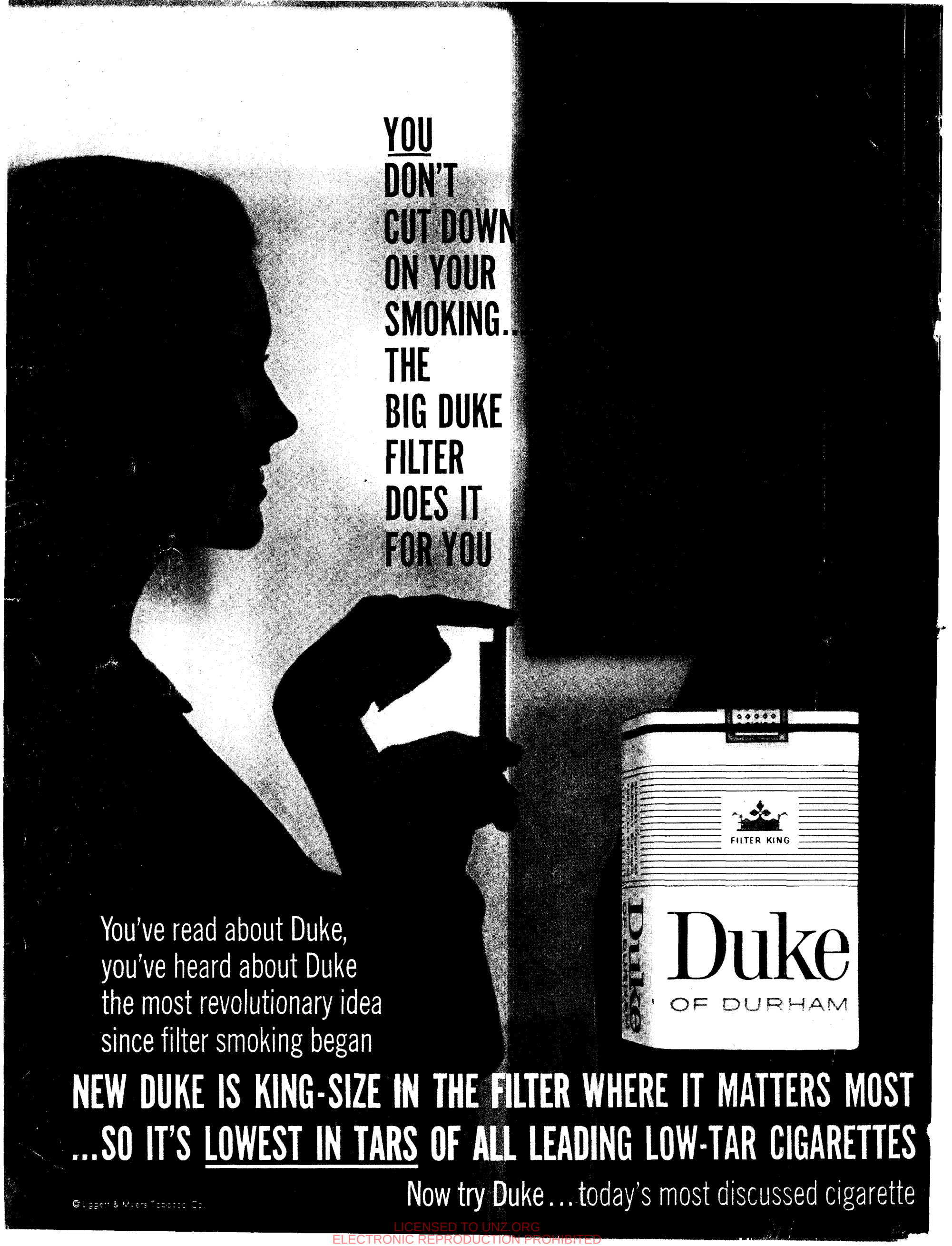

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